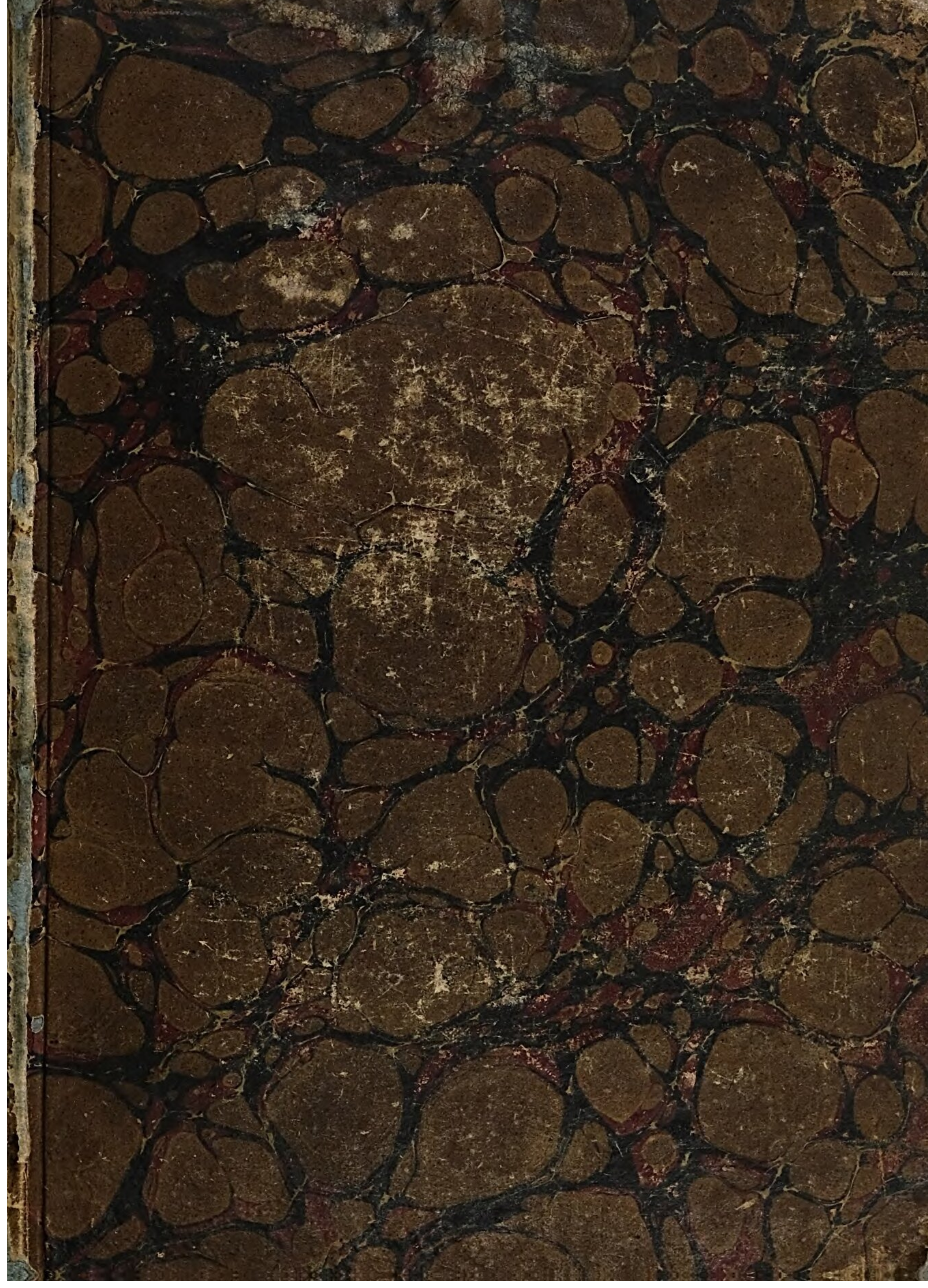




L. ang.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY .

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

VOL. XVII.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1853.

HORSHOLD WORDS

THE

LIBRARY OF THE

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



THE

LIBRARY OF THE

CONTENTS.

	Page
Christmas 1852. — The Poor Relation's Story	VII
The Child's Story	XVI
Somebody's Story	XIX
The Old Nurse's Story	XXVIII
The Host's Story	XLVI
The Grandfather's Story	XLIX
The Charwoman's Story	LVII
The Deaf Playmate's Story	LIX
The Guest's Story	LXVI
The Mother's Story	LXXIII

Trading in Death	1
The Great Yorkshire Llama	8
Cogswell's	14
Chips. — Funerals in Paris	23
Tittlebat Tactics	28
Christmas Customs in Norway	192
A Wedding in the Clouds	31
A House full of Horrors	38
Imperial Anecdotes	49
The Ghosts' Banquet	59
Mechanics by Instinct	62
Stop Thief!	66
A Child's History of England. — Chapter XXV.	73
Chapter XXVI	280
A Foe under Foot	82
Doctor Chillingworth's Prescription	88
Really a Temperance Question	97
Forty famous Arm-Chairs	105
The Crusade of the Needle	116
The Roving Englishman. — On Horseback	123
A few more Hints	197
Some Compliments of the Season	130
When the Mill Goes —	138
The Bush with the Bleeding Breast	153
South American Christmas	154
A Pack of Cards	161

	Page
Rational Schools	171
Butter	181
Time and the Hour	193
Where we stopped growing	202
French National Defences	207
My Friend Spanner	216
The Masque of the New Year	223
Justice to the Hyæna	225
The Golden Vale	234
My Man. A Sum	242
Silk from the Punjaub	249
The great Cranford Panic. — In two chapters. Chapter the First	253
The Dirty Old Man. — A Lay of Leadenhall	266
Tit for Tat	267
Bleak-Skin a-head	272

A ROUND OF STORIES

BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

CHRISTMAS, 1852.

CONTENTS.

The Poor Relation's Story.
The Child's Story.
Somebody's Story.
The Old Nurse's Story.
The Host's Story.

The Grandfather's Story.
The Charwoman's Story.
The Deaf Playmate's Story.
The Guest's Story.
The Mother's Story.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

HE was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle by the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really — But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honour to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I *am* supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake — the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do,

which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous — in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful — in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road — a very clean back room, in a very respectable house — where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast — my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee — at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge;

and then I go into the City — I don't know why — and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintance are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and three-pence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I look into the old-established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging — fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am

sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard Street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard Street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, “Sir,

your little son has dropped his glove.” I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part

from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavoured to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose

to Christiana. I had loved Christiana, a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing

along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to

pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favoured, yellow old woman — our only domestic — always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the snivelling milk-sop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, to-morrow day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezabels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word

"On my death — death — Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-coloured, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, Sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, Ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, Ma'am. I understand

there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, Ma'am — and you, your husband, Miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now, be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be

weakened to the shadow of what it is!" Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother: without considering that what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith: sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I cannot bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labour with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child — now married — was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honour.

Matters between us, took this turn: — On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned. "Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning,

John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful to the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house — which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship — went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connexion, with a shrug, and a shake of the

head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me —"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case — I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to humour it —"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humour it. I want to correct it."

"And I, too!" said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We

both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire as he slowly rubbed his hands), not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together — which frequently happens — and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grand-children are always about it, and the young

voices of my descendants are delightful — O, how delightful! — to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling, is the priceless blessing of my house; from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I cannot bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once, at the Theatre, when I was there with Little Frank; and the child said, wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand!"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take Little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year — the Christmas and New Year time — I am seldom out of my Castle. For, the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is —" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately.

My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

THE CHILD'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with that child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home — where was that, they wondered! — whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimnies, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury.

But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for, they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books: all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell — or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But, they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at

prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he had lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen — just like Fanny in the corner there — and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and coloured just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly — just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was

teazed sometimes — just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes — just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon — all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But, the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in Summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his Wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on to-

gether through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning grey. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was

necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said "My dearest, I am summoned and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood: so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke

his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So, the traveller sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honoured and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

SOMEBODY'S STORY.

A WHOLE year of Christmas days have come and passed, since a wealthy tun-maker, named Jacob Elsen, was chosen Syndic of the Corporation of tun-makers, in the town of Stromthal, in Southern Germany. His family name is not to be met with, perhaps, anywhere now. The town itself is

gone. The inhabitants once unjustly taxed the Jews who dwelt there, with the murder of some little children, and drove them out; forbidding any Jew to enter their gates again. But the Jews took their quiet revenge; for they built another town, at a distance, and carried all the trade away, so that the new town gradually increased in wealth, while the old town dwindled to nothing.

But, Jacob Elsen had no knowledge of this persecution. In his time, Jews walked about the sombre, winding streets, and traded in the market-place, and kept shops, and enjoyed with others the privileges of the town.

A river flows through the town, a narrow winding stream, navigable for small craft, and called the "Klar." This river, being of very pure sweet water, and moreover very useful for the commerce of the town, the people call their great friend. They believe that it will heal ills of mind and body; and although many afflicted persons have dipped in it, and drunk of the water, without feeling much the better for it, their belief remains the same. They give it feminine names, as if it were a beautiful woman or a goddess. They have innumerable songs and stories about it, which the people know by heart; or did in Jacob Elsen's time—for there were very few books and fewer readers there, in those days. They have a yearly festival, called the "Klar-fluss-day," when flowers and ribbons are cast into the stream, and

float away through the meadows towards the great river.

"Is not the Klar," said one of their old songs, "a marvel among rivers? Lo, all other streams are nourished, drop by drop, with dews and rains; but the Klar comes forth, full grown, from the hills." And this, indeed, was no invention of the poet; for no one knew the source of this river. The Town Council had offered a reward of five hundred gold gulden to any one who could discover it; but all those who had endeavoured to trace it, had come to a place, many leagues above Stromthal, where the stream wound between steep rocks; and, where the current was so strong that neither oar nor sail could prevail against it. Beyond those rocks were the mountains called the Himmelgebirge; and the Klar was supposed to rise in some of those inaccessible regions.

But, though the people of Stromthal honoured their river, they loved their commerce better. Therefore, they made no public walks along its banks; but built their houses, mostly, to the water's brink on both sides. Some, indeed, in the outskirts, had gardens; but, in the centre of the town, the stream caught no shadows, except from ware-houses and the overhanging fronts of ancient wooden houses. Jacob Elsen's house was one of these. The sides of the bank before it had been lined with birch-stakes, and the foundation was dug so close to the water, that you might

open the door of his workshop, and dip a pitcher in the stream.

Jacob Elsen's household consisted of only three persons besides himself; namely, his daughter, Margaret; his apprentice, Carl; and one old servant woman. He had workmen; but they did not sleep in the house. Carl was a youth of eighteen, and, his master's daughter being a little younger, he fell in love with her — as all apprentices did in those days. Carl's love for Margaret was pure and deep. Jacob knew this; but he said nothing. He had faith in Margaret's prudence.

Whether Margaret loved Carl at this time, none ever knew but herself. He went to church with her on Sundays; and there, while the prayers that were said were sometimes mere meaningless sounds to him, through his thinking of her, and watching her, he could hear her devoutly murmuring the words; or, when the preacher was speaking, he saw her face turned towards him, and felt almost vexed to see that she was listening attentively. She could sit at table with him, and be quite calm, when he felt confused and awkward; at other times she seemed always too busy to think of him. At length, his apprenticeship being completed; the time came for his leaving Elsen's house to travel, as German workmen are bound by their trade-laws to do: and he determined to speak boldly to Margaret before he went. What better time could he have found for this, than

a summer evening, when Margaret happened to come into the workshop, after his fellow-workmen were gone? He called her to the door that opened on the river, to look out at the sunset, and he talked about the river, and the mystery of its source; when it was getting dusk, and he could delay no longer, he told her his secret; and Margaret told him in return her secret; which was, that she loved him too. "But," said she, "I must tell my father this."

That night, after supper, they told Jacob Elsen what had passed between them. Jacob was a man in the prime of life. He was not avaricious, but he was prudent in all things. "Let Carl," he said, "come back after his *Wanderzeit* is ended, with fifty gold gulden; and then, if you are willing to marry him, I will make him a master tun-maker." Carl asked no more than this. He did not doubt of being able to bring back that sum, and he knew that the law would not allow him to marry until his apprenticeship was ended. He was anxious to be gone. On the morrow he took his leave of Margaret, — early in the morning, before anything was stirring in the streets. Carl was full of hope, but Margaret wept as they stood upon the threshold. "Three years," she said, "will sometimes work such changes in us that we are not like our former selves."

"And yet they will only make me love you more," replied Carl.

"You will meet with fairer

women than I, where you are going," said Margaret, "and I shall be thinking of you at home, long after you have forgotten me."

"Now, I am sure you love me, Margaret," he said, delighted; "but you must not have doubts of me while I am away. As surely as I love you now, I will come back with the fifty gold gulden, and claim your father's promise."

Margaret lingered at the door, and Carl looked back many times till he turned an angle of the street. His heart was light enough in spite of their separation, for he had always looked forward to this journey as the means of winning her hand; and every step he took seemed to bring him nearer to his object. "I must not lose time," thought he, "and yet it would be a great thing if I could find the head of our river. My way lies southward: I will try!" On the third day he took a boat at a little village and pulled against the stream; but, in the afternoon, he drew near the rocks, and the current became stronger. He pulled on, however, till the steep grey walls were on each side of him, and looking up he saw only a strip of sky; but at length, with all the strength of his arms, he could only keep the boat where it was. Now and then, with a sudden effort, he advanced a few yards, but he could not maintain the place he had won, and after a while he grew weary, and was obliged to give it up and drift back again. "So, what has been said about the rocks

and the strength of the water is true," thought he; "I can testify to that at least."

Carl wandered for many days before he got employment; and, when he did, it was poorly paid, and scarcely sufficed for his living; so he was obliged to depart again. When half his term was completed he had scarcely saved ten "gold gulden," though he had walked hundreds of miles and worked in many cities. One day he set out again, to seek for employment elsewhere. When he had been walking several days, he came to a small town on the bank of a river; whose waters were so bright that they reminded him of the Klar. The town, too, was so like Stromthal that he could almost fancy that he had made a great circuit and come back to his starting place again. But Carl did not want to go home yet. His term was only half expired, and his ten gold gulden (one of which was already nibbled in travelling), would make a poor figure after his boast of returning with fifty. His heart was not so light as when he quitted Margaret at the door of her father's house. He had found the world different from his expectations of it. The harshness of strangers had soured him, and there was no pleasure that day in being reminded of his native town. If he had not been weary he would have turned aside and gone upon his journey without stopping; but it was evening, and he wanted some refreshment.

He walked through straggling

streets that reminded him still further of his home, until he came to the market-place, in the midst of which stood a large white statue of a woman. She held an olive branch in her hand: her head was bare, but folds of drapery enveloped her, from the waist to the feet. "Whose is this statue," asked Carl of a bystander? The man answered in a strange dialect, but Carl understood him.

"It is the statue of our river," he answered.

"What is your river called?"

"The Geber: for it enriches the town, enabling us to trade with many great cities."

"And why is the head of the woman bare while her feet are hidden?"

"Because we know where the river rises; but, whither it flows none know."

"Can no one float down with the current and see?"

"It is dangerous to search; the stream grows swifter, running between high rocks, until it rushes into a deep cavern, and is lost."

"How strange," thought Carl, "that this town should be, in so many respects, so like my own!" But a little further on in a narrow street, he found a wooden house with a small tun hanging over the doorway, by way of sign, so like Jacob Elsen's house, that if the words "Peter Schönfuss, tun-maker to the Duke," had not been written above the door, he would have thought it magic. Carl knocked here, and a young woman came to the door; here the like-

ness ended, for Carl saw at a glance that Margaret was a hundred times more beautiful than she.

"I do not know whether my father wants workmen," said the young woman; "but if you are a traveller, you can rest, and refresh yourself until he comes in."

Carl thanked her, and entered. The low-roofed kitchen, so like Elsen's house, did not surprise him; for most rooms were built thus at that time. The girl spread a white cloth, gave him some cold meat and bread, and brought him some water to wash; but, while he was eating she asked him many questions, concerning whence he came, and where he had been. She had never heard of Stromthal, for she knew nothing of the country beyond the "Himmelgebirge." When her father came in, Carl saw that he was much older than Jacob Elsen.

"And so you want employment?" said the father.

Carl bowed, standing with his cap in his hand.

"Follow me!" The old man led the way into the workshop — through the door of which, at the bottom, Carl saw the river — and putting the tools into Carl's hand, bade him continue the work of a half-finished tun. Carl handled his tools so skilfully, that the old man knew him at once to be a good workman, and offered him better wages than he had ever got before. Carl remained here until his three years had expired. One day he said to Bertha Schönfuss

(his master's daughter), "My time is up now, Bertha; to-morrow I set out for my home."

"I will pray for a happy journey for you," said Bertha; "and that you may find joy at home."

"Look you, Bertha," said Carl, "I have seventy gold gulden, which I have saved. Without these, I could not have gone home, or married my Margaret, of whom I have told you; and, but for you, I should not have had them. Ought I not to remember you gratefully, while I live?"

"And come back to see us one day?" said Bertha. "Of course you ought."

"I surely will," said Carl, tying his money in the corner of a handkerchief.

"Stay!" cried Bertha. "There is danger in carrying much money in these parts. The roads are infested with robbers."

"I will make a box for the money," said Carl.

"No; put them in the hollow handle of one of your tools. It is natural for a workman to carry tools. No one will think of looking there."

"No handle would hold them," replied Carl. "I will make a hollow mallet, and put them in the body of it."

"A good thought," said Bertha. Carl worked the next day, and made a large mallet, in which he plugged a hole; letting in fifty gold pieces, he retained the remainder of his treasure to expend on his journey, and to buy clothes and other things; for he could

afford to be extravagant now. When everything was ready, he hired a boat to travel down the river, a portion of his journey. The old man bade him farewell affectionately, at the landing-place of his own workshop; and Carl kissed Bertha, and Bertha bade him take care of his mallet.

The boy who rowed the boat, was the ugliest boy that could possibly be. He was very short in the legs, and very broad in the chest, and he had scarcely any neck; but his face was large and round, and he had two small twinkling eyes. His hair was black and straight; and his arms were long, like the arms of an ape. Carl did not like the look of him when he hired the boat, and was about to choose another from the crowd of boatmen at the landing-place, when he thought how unjust it was to refuse to give the boy work on account of his ugliness, and so turned back and hired him.

Carl sat at the stern, and the boy rowed, bending forward until his face nearly touched his feet, and then throwing himself almost flat upon his back, and taking such pulls with his long arms, that the boat flew onward like a crow. Carl did not rebuke him, for he was too anxious to get home. But the boy grew bolder from his license. He made horrible grimaces when he passed other boats, tempting the rowers to throw things at him. He raised his oars sometimes, and struck at a fish playing on the surface; and, each

time, Carl saw the dead fish lying on its back on the top of the water. Carl commanded the horrible boy to row on and be quiet—but he replied in an uncouth dialect which Carl could scarcely understand; and a moment after began his tricks again. Once, Carl saw him, to his astonishment, spring from his seat, and run along the narrow gunwale of the boat; but his naked feet clung to the edge, as if he had been web-footed.

“Sit to your oars, Monkey!” cried Carl, striking him a light blow.

The boy sat down sullenly and rowed on, playing no more tricks that day. Carl sang one of the songs about the “Klar;” and the boat continued its way — through meadows, where the banks were lined with bulrushes, and often round little islands — till the dusk came down from Heaven. The river-surface glimmered with a faint white light. The trees upon the bank grew blacker, and the stars spread westward. Carl watched the fish, making circles on the stream, and let his hand fall over the side to feel the water rippling through his fingers as the boat went on. But growing weary after awhile, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and placing his mallet beside him, lay down in the stern, and fell asleep. The town where they were to stop that night, was further off than they had thought it. Carl slept a long time and dreamed. But, in his sleep, he heard a noise close to his head, like a splash in the water, and

awoke. He thought, at first, that the boy had fallen in the river; but he saw him standing up, midway, in the boat.

"What is the matter?" said Carl.

"I have dropped your hammer in the stream," said the boy.

"Wretch!" cried Carl, springing up; "how was this?"

"Spare me, my master," said the boy with an ugly grin. "It flew out of my hand as I tried to strike a flying bat." Carl was furious. He struck at him several times; but the boy avoided him, slipping under his arm, and running again along the gunwale. Carl became still more furious, and fell upon him once, so violently, that the boat overturned, and they both fell into the river. And now, Carl finding that the boy could not swim, thought no more of his mallet but grasped him, and struck out for the bank. The current was strong, and carried them far down; but they came ashore at last. They could see the lights of the town near at hand, and Carl walked on sullenly, bidding the boy follow him. When they came near the town gate, he turned and found that the boy was gone. He called to him, and turned back a little way, and called again; but he had no answer; and at last he walked on, and saw the boy no more.

Carl could not sleep that night. At daylight, he offered nearly all the money he had retained, for a boat, and set out alone down the river. He thought that his mallet

must have floated, in spite of the weight of the gold pieces, and he hoped to overtake it. But though he looked every way as he went along, and though he rowed on all day without resting, he saw nothing of it. He passed no more islands. The banks became very desolate and lonely. The wind dropped. The water was dark, as if a thunder-cloud hung over it. And now the stream ran swifter, winding between rocks like the Klar. The wall on each side became higher and higher, and the boat went on faster and faster, so that he seemed to be sinking into the earth, until he caught sight of the entrance to the cavern, of which the stranger had spoken to him; and at the same moment he espied his mallet floating on a few yards in advance. But the boat began to spin round and round in an eddy, and he felt sick. He saw the mallet float into the cavern; when the boat came to the mouth, he caught at the sides and stopped it. Peering into the darkness, he saw small flashes of light floating in the gloom; he could see nothing else; and there was a great roar and rushing of water. He was obliged to give up the pursuit; but it was not easy to go back against the stream, as the oars would not help him to stem the current. He kept close to the side, however, where the stream was weaker, and urged his way along, by clutching at ledges and sharp corners in the rock. In this way, he moved on slowly all night; and, a little after dawn, got again

above the rocks, and went ashore. He was very weak and tired. He flung himself upon the hard ground and slept. When he awoke, he ate a small loaf which he had brought with him, and went on his way.

Carl wandered, for many a day, in those desolate regions, and passed many forests, and crossed rivers, and wore out his shoes, before he found his way back to Stromthal. His heart failed him when he came to the dear old town. He was tempted to go back for another three years, but he could not make up his mind to turn away without seeing Margaret; "and besides," thought he, "Jacob Elsen is a good man. When he hears that I have worked, and earned this money, though I have it no longer, he will give me his daughter."

He wandered about the streets, a long time and saw many persons whom he knew, but who had forgotten him. At last he turned boldly into the street where Jacob lived, and knocked at his old home. Jacob came to the door himself.

"The 'Wanderbursche' is come home," cried Jacob, embracing him. "Margaret's heart will be glad."

Carl followed the tun-maker in silence. He felt as if he had been guilty of some bad action. He scarcely knew how to begin the story of his lost mallet.

"How thin and pale you are!" said Jacob. "I hope you have led a strict life? But these fine

clothes — they hardly suit a young workman. You must have found a treasure."

"Nay," replied Carl. "I have lost all; even the fifty gold gulden that I had earned by the work of my hands."

The old man's face darkened. Carl's haggard look, his fine apparel, all travel-soiled, and his confusion and silence, awakened his suspicions. When Carl told his story, it seemed so strange and improbable, that he shook his head.

"Carl," he said, "you have dwelt in evil cities. Would to Heaven you had died when you first learnt to shave the staves, rather than have lived to be a liar!"

Carl made no answer; he turned away to go out into the street again. On the threshold he met Margaret. He did not speak to her, but passed on, leaving her staring after him in astonishment. All night long, he walked about the streets of the town. He thought of going back to the house of old Peter Schönfuss and his daughter Bertha; but, his pride restrained him. He resolved to go away and seek work again, somewhere at a distance. But his unkindness to Margaret smote him; and he wished to see her again before he went. He lingered in the street after daylight, until he saw her open the door; then he went up to her.

"O Carl!" said Margaret, "this then is what I have for three long years looked forward to!"

"Listen to me, Margaret dear!" urged Carl.

"I dare not," said Margaret. "My father has forbidden me. I can only bid you farewell, and pray that my father may find, one day, he is wrong."

"I have told him only the truth," cried Carl; but Margaret went in, and left him there. Carl waited a moment, and then determined to follow her, and entreat her to believe in his innocence before he departed. He lifted the latch and entered the house, passing through the kitchen into the yard; but Margaret was not there. He went into the workshop and found himself alone there; for the workmen had not come yet, and Margaret was the first person up in the house. His misfortunes, and the injustice he had experienced, came into his mind, as if some voice were whispering in his ear: the whole world seemed to be against him. "I cannot bear this," he said, "I must die!"

He unlatched the wooden bar, and threw open the doors, letting the light of day into the dusky shop. It was a clear fresh morning; and the river, brimming with the rains of the day before, flowed on, smooth and flush to the edge. "Of all my hopes, my patience, my industry, my long sufferings, and my deep love for Margaret, behold the miserable end!" said Carl.

But he stopped suddenly; his eye had caught some object, in between the birch stakes and the bank. "Strange," he said, "It is

a mallet, and much like the one I lost! Some of Jacob Elsen's workmen have dropped a mallet here, surely." But it was larger than an ordinary mallet, and, though it was madness to fancy so, he thought that some supernatural power had brought his mallet there, in time to turn him from his purpose. "It is my mallet!" he cried; for by stooping down he could see the mark of the hole he had plugged. He did not wait to take it up, it being safe for awhile where it was: he ran back into the house, and met Jacob Elsen descending the stairs.

"I have found my mallet," said Carl. "Where is Margaret?"

The tun-maker looked incredulous. Margaret heard his call, and came down stairs.

"This way!" said Carl, leading them through the shop. "Look there!" Both Margaret and her father saw it. Carl stooped and picked it up, and, taking the plug out, shook all the gold pieces on the ground. Jacob shook his hand, and begged him to pardon him for his unjust suspicions; and Margaret wept tears of joy. "It came just in time to save my life," said Carl. "Happy days will come with it."

"But, how did this mallet arrive here?" said Jacob, pondering.

"I guess," replied Carl, "I have found the origin of the Klar. The two rivers are, in truth, but one."

Carl wrote the story of his adventures, and presented it to the Town Council, who employed

all the scholars in Stromthal to prove by experiments the identity of the two rivers. When they had done this, there was great rejoicing in the town. On the day when Carl married Margaret, he received the promised reward of five hundred gold gulden; and thenceforth the day on which he found his mallet was set apart for a festival by the inhabitants of all the towns, both on the "Geber" and the "Klar."

THE OLD NURSE'S STORY.

You know, my dears, that your mother was an orphan, and an only child; and I dare say you have heard that your grandfather was a clergyman up in Westmoreland, where I come from. I was just a girl in the village school, when, one day, your grandmother came in to ask the mistress if there was any scholar there who would do for a nurse-maid; and mighty proud I was, I can tell ye, when the mistress called me up, and spoke to my being a good girl at my needle, and a steady honest girl, and one whose parents were very respectable, though they might be poor. I thought I should like nothing better than to serve the pretty young lady, who was blushing as deep as I was, as she spoke of the coming baby, and what I should have to do with it. However, I see you don't care so much for this part of my story, as for what you think is to come, so I'll tell you at once I was engaged,

and settled at the parsonage before Miss Rosamond (that was the baby, who is now your mother) was born. To be sure, I had little enough to do with her when she came, for she was never out of her mother's arms, and slept by her all night long; and proud enough was I sometimes when missis trusted her to me. There never was such a baby before or since, though you've all of you been fine enough in your turns; but for sweet winning ways, you've none of you come up to your mother. She took after her mother, who was a real lady born; a Miss Furnivall, a granddaughter of Lord Furnivall's in Northumberland. I believe she had neither brother nor sister, and had been brought up in my lord's family till she had married your grandfather, who was just a curate, son to a shopkeeper in Carlisle — but a clever fine gentleman as ever was — and one who was a right-down hard worker in his parish, which was very wide, and scattered all abroad over the Westmoreland Fells. When your mother, little Miss Rosamond, was about four or five years old, both her parents died in a fortnight — one after the other. Ah! that was a sad time. My pretty young mistress and me was looking for another baby, when my master came home from one of his long rides, wet and tired, and took the fever he died of; and then she never held up her head again, but just lived to see her dead baby, and have it laid on her breast before she

sighed away her life. My mistress had asked me, on her death-bed, never to leave Miss Rosamond; but if she had never spoken a word, I would have gone with the little child to the end of the world.

The next thing, and before we had well stilled our sobs, the executors and guardians came to settle the affairs. They were my poor young mistress's own cousin, Lord Furnivall, and Mr. Esthwaite, my master's brother, a shopkeeper in Manchester; not so well to do then, as he was afterwards, and with a large family rising about him. Well! I don't know if it were their settling, or because of a letter my mistress wrote on her death-bed to her cousin, my lord; but somehow it was settled that Miss Rosamond and me were to go to Furnivall Manor House, in Northumberland, and my lord spoke as if it had been her mother's wish that she should live with his family, and as if he had no objections, for that one or two more or less could make no difference in so grand a household. So, though that was not the way in which I should have wished the coming of my bright and pretty pet to have been looked at — who was like a sunbeam in any family, be it never so grand — I was well pleased that all the folks in the Dale should stare and admire, when they heard I was going to be young lady's maid at my Lord Furnivall's at Furnivall Manor.

But I made a mistake in thinking we were to go and live where

my lord did. It turned out that the family had left Furnivall Manor House fifty years or more. I could not hear that my poor young mistress had ever been there, though she had been brought up in the family; and I was sorry for that, for I should have liked Miss Rosamond's youth to have passed where her mother's had been.

My lord's gentleman, from whom I asked as many questions as I durst, said that the Manor House was at the foot of the Cumberland Fells, and a very grand place; that an old Miss Furnivall, a great-aunt of my lord's, lived there, with only a few servants; but that it was a very healthy place, and my lord had thought that it would suit Miss Rosamond very well for a few years, and that her being there might perhaps amuse his old aunt.

I was bidden by my lord to have Miss Rosamond's things ready by a certain day. He was a stern, proud man, as they say all the Lord Furnivalls were; and he never spoke a word more than was necessary. Folk did say he had loved my young mistress; but that, because she knew that his father would object, she would never listen to him, and married Mr. Esthwaite; but I don't know. He never married at any rate. But he never took much notice of Miss Rosamond; which I thought he might have done if he had cared for her dead mother. He sent his gentleman with us to the Manor House, telling him to join

him at Newcastle that same evening; so there was no great length of time for him to make us known to all the strangers before he, too, shook us off; and we were left, two lonely young things (I was not eighteen), in the great old Manor House. It seems like yesterday that we drove there. We had left our own dear parsonage very early, and we had both cried as if our hearts would break, though we were travelling in my lord's carriage, which I had thought so much of once. And now it was long past noon on a September day, and we stopped to change horses for the last time at a little smoky town, all full of colliers and miners. Miss Rosamond had fallen asleep, but Mr. Henry told me to waken her, that she might see the park and the Manor House as we drove up. I thought it rather a pity; but I did what he bade me, for fear he should complain of me to my lord. We had left all signs of a town or even a village, and were then inside the gates of a large wild park — not like the parks here in the south, but with rocks, and the noise of running water, and gnarled thorn-trees, and old oaks, all white and peeled with age.

The road went up about two miles, and then we saw a great and stately house, with many trees close around it, so close that in some places their branches dragged against the walls when the wind blew; and some hung broken down; for no one seemed to take much charge of the place; — to

lop the wood, or to keep the moss-covered carriage-way in order. Only in front of the house all was clear. The great oval drive was without a weed; and neither tree nor creeper was allowed to grow over the long, many-windowed front; at both sides of which a wing projected, which were each the ends of other side fronts; for the house, although it was so desolate, was even grander than I expected. Behind it rose the Fells, which seemed unenclosed and bare enough; and on the left hand of the house as you stood facing it, was a little old-fashioned flower-garden, as I found out afterwards. A door opened out upon it from the west front; it had been scooped out of the thick dark wood for some old Lady Furnivall; but the branches of the great forest trees had grown and overshadowed it again, and there were very few flowers that would live there at that time.

When we drove up to the great front entrance, and went into the hall I thought we should be lost — it was so large, and vast, and grand. There was a chandelier all of bronze, hung down from the middle of the ceiling; and I had never seen one before, and looked at it all in amaze. Then, at one end of the hall, was a great fireplace, as large as the sides of the houses in my country, with massy andirons and dogs to hold the wood; and by it were heavy old-fashioned sofas. At the opposite end of the hall, to the left as you went in — on the western side —

was an organ built into the wall, and so large that it filled up the best part of that end. Beyond it, on the same side, was a door; and opposite, on each side of the fireplace, were also doors leading to the east front; but those I never went through as long as I stayed in the house, so I can't tell you what lay beyond.

The afternoon was closing in, and the hall, which had no fire lighted in it, looked dark and gloomy; but we did not stay there a moment. The old servant who had opened the door for us bowed to Mr. Henry, and took us in through the door at the further side of the great organ, and led us through several smaller halls and passages into the west drawing-room, where he said that Miss Furnivall was sitting. Poor little Miss Rosamond held very tight to me, as if she were scared and lost in that great place, and, as for myself, I was not much better. The west drawing-room was very cheerful-looking, with a warm fire in it, and plenty of good comfortable furniture about. Miss Furnivall was an old lady not far from eighty, I should think, but I do not know. She was thin and tall, and had a face as full of fine wrinkles as if they had been drawn all over it with a needle's point. Her eyes were very watchful, to make up, I suppose, for her being so deaf as to be obliged to use a trumpet. Sitting with her, working at the same great piece of tapestry, was Mrs. Stark, her maid and companion, and almost as old

as she was. She had lived with Miss Furnivall ever since they both were young, and now she seemed more like a friend than a servant; she looked so cold and grey, and stony, as if she had never loved or cared for any one; and I don't suppose she did care for any one, except her mistress; and, owing to the great deafness of the latter, Mrs. Stark treated her very much as if she were a child. Mr. Henry gave some message from my lord, and then he bowed good-bye to us all, — taking no notice of my sweet little Miss Rosamond's outstretched hand — and left us standing there, being looked at by the two old ladies through their spectacles.

I was right glad when they rung for the old footman who had shown us in at first, and told him to take us to our rooms. So we went out of that great drawing-room, and into another sitting-room, and out of that, and then up a great flight of stairs, and along a broad gallery — which was something like a library, having books all down one side, and windows and writing-tables all down the other — till we came to our rooms, which I was not sorry to hear were just over the kitchens; for I began to think I should be lost in that wilderness of a house. There was an old nursery, that had been used for all the little lords and ladies long ago, with a pleasant fire burning in the grate, and the kettle boiling on the hob, and tea things spread out on the table; and out of that room was the

night-nursery, with a little crib for Miss Rosamond close to my bed. And old James called up Dorothy, his wife, to bid us welcome; and both he and she were so hospitable and kind, that by-and-by Miss Rosamond and me felt quite at home; and by the time tea was over, she was sitting on Dorothy's knee, and chattering away as fast as her little tongue could go. I soon found out that Dorothy was from Westmoreland, and that bound her and me together, as it were; and I would never wish to meet with kinder people than were old James and his wife. James had lived pretty nearly all his life in my lord's family, and thought there was no one so grand as they. He even looked down a little on his wife; because, till he had married her, she had never lived in any but a farmer's household. But he was very fond of her, as well he might be. They had one servant under them, to do all the rough work. Agnes they called her; and she and me, and James and Dorothy, with Miss Furnivall and Mrs. Stark, made up the family; always remembering my sweet little Miss Rosamond! I used to wonder what they had done before she came, they thought so much of her now. Kitchen and drawing-room, it was all the same. The hard, sad Miss Furnivall, and the cold Mrs. Stark, looked pleased when she came fluttering in like a bird, playing and pranking hither and thither, with a continual murmur, and pretty prattle of gladness. I am sure, they were sorry many a time when she flitted away into the kitchen, though they were too proud to ask her to stay with them, and were a little surprised at her taste; though, to be sure, as Mrs. Stark said, it was not to be wondered at, remembering what stock her father had come of. The great, old rambling house, was a famous place for little Miss Rosamond. She made expeditions all over it, with me at her heels; all, except the east wing, which was never opened, and whither we never thought of going. But in the western and northern part was many a pleasant room; full of things that were curiosities to us, though they might not have been to people who had seen more. The windows were darkened by the sweeping boughs of the trees, and the ivy which had overgrown them: but, in the green gloom, we could manage to see old China jars and carved ivory boxes, and great heavy books, and, above all, the old pictures!

Once, I remember, my darling would have Dorothy go with us to tell us who they all were; for they were all portraits of some of my lord's family, though Dorothy could not tell us the names of every one. We had gone through most of the rooms, when we came to the old state drawing-room over the hall, and there was a picture of Miss Furnivall; or, as she was called in those days, Miss Grace, for she was the younger sister. Such a beauty she must

have been! but with such a set, proud look, and such scorn looking out of her handsome eyes, with her eyebrows just a little raised, as if she wondered how any one could have the impertinence to look at her; and her lip curled at us, as we stood there gazing. She had a dress on, the like of which I had never seen before, but it was all the fashion when she was young; a hat of some soft white stuff like beaver, pulled a little over her brows, and a beautiful plume of feathers sweeping round it on one side; and her gown of blue satin was open in front to a quilted white stomacher.

"Well, to be sure!" said I, when I had gazed my fill. "Flesh is grass, they do say; but who would have thought that Miss Furnivall had been such an out-and-out beauty, to see her now?"

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Folks change sadly. But if what my master's father used to say was true, Miss Furnivall, the elder sister, was handsomer than Miss Grace. Her picture is here somewhere; but, if I show it you, you must never let on, even to James, that you have seen it. Can the little lady hold her tongue, think you?" asked she.

I was not so sure, for she was such a little sweet, bold, open-spoken child, so I set her to hide herself; and then I helped Dorothy to turn a great picture, that leaned with its face towards the wall, and was not hung up as the others were. To be sure, it beat Miss

Grace for beauty; and, I think, for scornful pride, too, though in that matter it might be hard to choose. I could have looked at it an hour, but Dorothy seemed half frightened of having shown it to me, and hurried it back again, and bade me run and find Miss Rosamond, for that there were some ugly places about the house, where she should like ill for the child to go. I was a brave, high-spirited girl, and thought little of what the old woman said, for I liked hide-and-seek as well as any child in the parish; so off I ran to find my little one.

As winter drew on, and the days grew shorter, I was sometimes almost certain that I heard a noise as if some one was playing on the great organ in the hall. I did not hear it every evening; but, certainly, I did very often; usually when I was sitting with Miss Rosamond, after I had put her to bed, and keeping quite still and silent in the bed-room. Then I used to hear it booming and swelling away in the distance. The first night, when I went down to my supper, I asked Dorothy who had been playing music, and James said very shortly that I was a gowk to take the wind soughing among the trees for music; but I saw Dorothy look at him very fearfully, and Bessy, the kitchen-maid, said something beneath her breath, and went quite white. I saw they did not like my question, so I held my peace till I was with Dorothy alone, when I knew I could get a good deal out of her. So, the

next day, I watched my time, and I coaxed and asked her who it was that played the organ; for I knew that it was the organ and not the wind well enough, for all I had kept silence before James. But Dorothy had had her lesson, I'll warrant, and never a word could I get from her. So then I tried Bessy, though I had always held my head rather above her, as I was evened to James and Dorothy, and she was little better than their servant. So she said I must never, never tell; and, if I ever told, I was never to say *she* had told me; but it was a very strange noise, and she had heard it many a time, but most of all on winter nights, and before storms; and folks did say, it was the old lord playing on the great organ in the hall, just as he used to do when he was alive; but who the old lord was, or why he played, and why he played on stormy winter evenings in particular, she either could not or would not tell me. Well! I told you I had a brave heart; and I thought it was rather pleasant to have that grand music rolling about the house, let who would be the player; for now it rose above the great gusts of wind, and wailed and triumphed just like a living creature, and then it fell to a softness most complete; only it was always music and tunes, so it was nonsense to call it the wind. I thought, at first, it might be Miss Furnivall who played, unknown to Bessy; but, one day when I was in the hall by myself, I opened the organ and peeped all

about it, and around it, as I had done to the organ in Crosthwaite Church once before, and I saw it was all broken and destroyed inside, though it looked so brave and fine; and then, though it was noon-day, my flesh began to creep a little, and I shut it up, and ran away pretty quickly to my own bright nursery; and I did not like hearing the music for some time after that, any more than James and Dorothy did. All this time Miss Rosamond was making herself more and more beloved. The old ladies liked her to dine with them at their early dinner; James stood behind Miss Furnivall's chair, and I behind Miss Rosamond's, all in state; and, after dinner, she would play about in a corner of the great drawing-room, as still as any mouse, while Miss Furnivall slept, and I had my dinner in the kitchen. But she was glad enough to come to me in the nursery afterwards; for, as she said, Miss Furnivall was so sad, and Mrs. Stark so dull; but she and I were merry enough; and, by-and-by, I got not to care for that weird rolling music, which did one no harm, if we did not know where it came from.

That winter was very cold. In the middle of October the frosts began, and lasted many, many weeks. I remember, one day at dinner, Miss Furnivall lifted up her sad, heavy eyes, and said to Mrs. Stark, "I am afraid we shall have a terrible winter," in a strange kind of meaning way. But Mrs. Stark pretended not to hear,

and talked very loud of something else. My little lady and I did not care for the frost; — not we! As long as it was dry we climbed up the steep brows, behind the house, and went up on the Fells, which were bleak and bare enough, and there we ran races in the fresh, sharp air; and once we came down by a new path that took us past the two old gnarled holly-trees, which grew about half-way down by the east side of the house. But the days grew shorter and shorter; and the old lord, if it was he, played away more and more stormily and sadly on the great organ. One Sunday afternoon, — it must have been towards the end of November — I asked Dorothy to take charge of little Missey when she came out of the drawing-room, after Miss Furnivall had had her nap; for it was too cold to take her with me to church, and yet I wanted to go. And Dorothy was glad enough to promise, and was so fond of the child that all seemed well; and Bessy and I set off very briskly, though the sky hung heavy and black over the white earth, as if the night had never fully gone away; and the air, though still, was very biting and keen.

“We shall have a fall of snow,” said Bessy to me. And sure enough, even while we were in church, it came down thick, in great large flakes, so thick it almost darkened the windows. It had stopped snowing before we came out, but it lay soft, thick and deep beneath our feet, as we

tramped home. Before we got to the hall the moon rose, and I think it was lighter then, — what with the moon, and what with the white dazzling snow — than it had been when we went to church, between two and three o'clock. I have not told you that Miss Furnivall and Mrs. Stark never went to church: they used to read the prayers together, in their quiet gloomy way; they seemed to feel the Sunday very long without their tapestry-work to be busy at. So when I went to Dorothy in the kitchen, to fetch Miss Rosamond and take her up-stairs with me, I did not much wonder when the old woman told me that the ladies had kept the child with them, and that she had never come to the kitchen, as I had bidden her, when she was tired of behaving pretty in the drawing-room. So I took off my things and went to find her, and bring her to her supper in the nursery. But when I went into the best drawing-room, there sat the two old ladies, very still and quiet, dropping out a word now and then, but looking as if nothing so bright and merry as Miss Rosamond had ever been near them. Still I thought she might be hiding from me; it was one of her pretty ways; and that she had persuaded them to look as if they knew nothing about her; so I went softly peeping under this sofa, and behind that chair, making believe I was sadly frightened at not finding her.

“What’s the matter, Hester?” said Mrs. Stark sharply. I don’t

know if Miss Furnivall had seen me, for, as I told you, she was very deaf, and she sat quite still, idly staring into the fire, with her hopeless face. "I'm only looking for my little Rosy-Posy," replied I, still thinking that the child was there, and near me, though I could not see her.

"Miss Rosamond is not here," said Mrs. Stark. "She went away more than an hour ago to find Dorothy." And she too turned and went on looking into the fire.

My heart sank at this, and I began to wish I had never left my darling. I went back to Dorothy and told her. James was gone out for the day, but she and me and Bessy took lights, and went up into the nursery first and then we roamed over the great large house, calling and entreating Miss Rosamond to come out of her hiding place, and not frighten us to death in that way. But there was no answer; no sound.

"Oh!" said I at last, "Can she have got into the east wing and hidden there?"

But Dorothy said it was not possible, for that she herself had never been in there; that the doors were always locked, and my lord's steward had the keys, she believed; at any rate, neither she nor James had ever seen them: so, I said I would go back and see if, after all, she was not hidden in the drawing-room, unknown to the old ladies; and if I found her there, I said, I would whip her well for the fright she

had given me; but I never meant to do it. Well, I went back to the west drawing-room, and I told Mrs. Stark we could not find her anywhere, and asked for leave to look all about the furniture there, for I thought now, that she might have fallen asleep in some warm hidden corner; but no! we looked, Miss Furnivall got up and looked, trembling all over, and she was no where there; then we set off again, every one in the house, and looked in all the places we had searched before, but we could not find her. Miss Furnivall shivered and shook so much, that Mrs. Stark took her back into the warm drawing-room; but not before they had made me promise to bring her to them when she was found. Well-a-day! I began to think she never would be found, when I bethought me to look out into the great front court, all covered with snow. I was up-stairs when I looked out; but, it was such clear moonlight, I could see quite plain two little footprints, which might be traced from the hall door, and round the corner of the east wing. I don't know how I got down, but I tugged open the great, stiff hall door; and, throwing the skirt of my gown over my head for a cloak, I ran out. I turned the east corner, and there a black shadow fell on the snow; but when I came again into the moonlight, there were the little footmarks going up — up to the Fells. It was bitter cold; so cold that the air almost took the

skin off my face as I ran, but I ran on, crying to think how my poor little darling must be perished and frightened. I was within sight of the holly-trees, when I saw a shepherd coming down the hill, bearing something in his arms wrapped in his maud. He shouted to me, and asked me if I had lost a bairn; and, when I could not speak for crying, he bore towards me, and I saw my wee bairnie lying still, and white, and stiff, in his arms, as if she had been dead. He told me he had been up the Fells to gather in his sheep, before the deep cold of night came on, and that under the holly-trees (black marks on the hill-side, where no other bush was for miles around) he had found my little lady — my lamb — my queen — my darling — stiff and cold, in the terrible sleep which is frost-begotten. Oh! the joy, and the tears of having her in my arms once again! for I would not let him carry her; but took her, maud and all, into my own arms, and held her near my own warm neck and heart, and felt the life stealing slowly back again into her little gentle limbs. But she was still insensible when we reached the hall, and I had no breath for speech. We went in by the kitchen door.

“Bring the warming-pan,” said I; and I carried her up-stairs and began undressing her by the nursery fire, which Bessy had kept up. I called my little lammie all the sweet and playful names I could think of, — even while my

eyes were blinded by my tears; and at last, oh! at length she opened her large blue eyes. Then I put her into her warm bed, and sent Dorothy down to tell Miss Furnivall that all was well; and I made up my mind to sit by my darling's bedside the live-long night. She fell away into a soft sleep as soon as her pretty head had touched the pillow, and I watched by her till morning light; when she wakened up bright and clear — or so I thought at first — and, my dears, so I think now.

She said, that she had fancied that she should like to go to Dorothy, for that both the old ladies were asleep, and it was very dull in the drawing-room; and that, as she was going through the west lobby, she saw the snow through the high window falling — falling — soft and steady; but she wanted to see it lying pretty and white on the ground; so she made her way into the great hall; and then, going to the window, she saw it bright and soft upon the drive; but while she stood there, she saw a little girl, not so old as she was, “but so pretty,” said my darling, “and this little girl beckoned to me to come out; and oh, she was so pretty and so sweet, I could not choose but go.” And then this other little girl had taken her by the hand, and side by side the two had gone round the east corner.

“Now you are a naughty little girl, and telling stories,” said I. “What would your good mamma, that is in heaven, and never told a

story in her life, say to her little Rosamond, if she heard her — and I dare say she does — telling stories!”

“Indeed, Hester,” sobbed out my child; “I’m telling you true. Indeed I am.”

“Don’t tell me!” said I, very stern. “I tracked you by your foot-marks through the snow; there were only yours to be seen: and if you had had a little girl to go hand-in-hand with you up the hill, don’t you think the foot-prints would have gone along with yours?”

“I can’t help it, dear, dear Hester,” said she, crying, “if they did not; I never looked at her feet, but she held my hand fast and tight in her little one, and it was very, very cold. She took me up the Fell-path, up to the holly trees; and there I saw a lady weeping and crying; but when she saw me, she hushed her weeping, and smiled very proud and grand, and took me on her knee, and began to lull me to sleep; and that’s all, Hester — but that is true; and my dear mamma knows it is,” said she, crying. So I thought the child was in a fever, and pretended to believe her, as she went over her story — over and over again, and always the same. At last Dorothy knocked at the door with Miss Rosamond’s breakfast; and she told me the old ladies were down in the eating-parlour, and that they wanted to speak to me. They had both been into the night-nursery the evening before, but it was after

Miss Rosamond was asleep; so they had only looked at her — not asked me any questions.

“I shall catch it,” thought I to myself, as I went along the north gallery. “And yet,” I thought, taking courage, “it was in their charge I left her; and it’s they that’s to blame for letting her steal away unknown and unwatched.” So I went in boldly, and told my story. I told it all to Miss Furnivall, shouting it close to her ear; but when I came to the mention of the other little girl out in the snow, coaxing and tempting her out, and wiling her up to the grand and beautiful lady by the Holly-tree, she threw her arms up — her old and withered arms — and cried aloud, “Oh! Heaven, forgive! Have mercy!”

Mrs. Stark took hold of her; roughly enough, I thought; but she was past Mrs. Stark’s management, and spoke to me, in a kind of wild warning and authority.

“Hester! keep her from that child! It will lure her to her death! That evil child! Tell her it is a wicked, naughty child.” Then, Mrs. Stark hurried me out of the room; where, indeed, I was glad enough to go; but Miss Furnivall kept shrieking out, “Oh! have mercy! Wilt Thou never forgive! It is many a long year ago —”

I was very uneasy in my mind after that. I durst never leave Miss Rosamond, night or day, for fear lest she might slip off again, after some fancy or other; and all the more, because I thought I

could make out that Miss Furnivall was crazy, from their odd ways about her; and I was afraid lest something of the same kind (which might be in the family, you know) hung over my darling. And the great frost never ceased all this time; and, whenever it was a more stormy night than usual, between the gusts, and through the wind, we heard the old lord playing on the great organ. But, old lord, or not, wherever Miss Rosamond went, there I followed; for my love for her, pretty helpless orphan, was stronger than my fear for the grand and terrible sound. Besides, it rested with me to keep her cheerful and merry, as be seemed her age. So we played together, and wandered together, here and there, and everywhere; for I never dared to lose sight of her again in that large and rambling house. And so it happened, that one afternoon, not long before Christmas day, we were playing together on the billiard-table in the great hall (not that we knew the right way of playing, but she liked to roll the smooth ivory balls with her pretty hands, and I liked to do whatever she did); and, by-and-bye, without our noticing it, it grew dusk indoors, though it was still light in the open air, and I was thinking of taking her back into the nursery, when, all of a sudden, she cried out:

"Look, Hester! look! there is my poor little girl out in the snow!"

I turned towards the long nar-

row windows, and there, sure enough, I saw a little girl, less than my Miss Rosamond—dressed all unfit to be out-of-doors such a bitter night—crying, and beating against the window-panes, as if she wanted to be let in. She seemed to sob and wail, till Miss Rosamond could bear it no longer, and was flying to the door to open it, when, all of a sudden, and close upon us, the great organ pealed out so loud and thundering, it fairly made me tremble; and all the more, when I remembered me that, even in the stillness of that dead-cold weather, I had heard no sound of little battering hands upon the window-glass, although the Phantom Child had seemed to put forth all its force; and, although I had seen it wail and cry, no faintest touch of sound had fallen upon my ears. Whether I remembered all this at the very moment, I do not know; the great organ sound had so stunned me into terror; but this I know, I caught up Miss Rosamond before she got the hall-door opened, and clutched her, and carried her away, kicking and screaming, into the large bright kitchen, where Dorothy and Agnes were busy with their mince-pies.

"What is the matter with my sweet one?" cried Dorothy, as I bore in Miss Rosamond, who was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"She won't let me open the door for my little girl to come in; and she'll die if she is out on the Fells all night. Cruel, naughty Hester,"

she said, slapping me; but she might have struck harder, for I had seen a look of ghastly terror on Dorothy's face, which made my very blood run cold.

"Shut the back kitchen door fast, and bolt it well," said she to Agnes. She said no more; she gave me raisins and almonds to quiet Miss Rosamond: but she sobbed about the little girl in the snow, and would not touch any of the good things. I was thankful when she cried herself to sleep in bed. Then I stole down to the kitchen, and told Dorothy I had made up my mind. I would carry my darling back to my father's house in Applethwaite; where, if we lived humbly, we lived at peace. I said I had been frightened enough with the old lord's organ-playing; but now, that I had seen for myself this little moaning child, all decked out as no child in the neighbourhood could be, beating and battering to get in, yet always without any sound or noise — with the dark wound on its right shoulder; and that Miss Rosamond had known it again for the phantom that had nearly lured her to her death (which Dorothy knew was true); I would stand it no longer.

I saw Dorothy change colour once or twice. When I had done, she told me she did not think I could take Miss Rosamond with me, for that she was my lord's ward, and I had no right over her; and she asked me, would I leave the child that I was so fond of, just for sounds and sights

that could do me no harm; and that they had all had to get used to in their turns? I was all in a hot, trembling passion; and I said it was very well for her to talk, that knew what these sights and noises betokened, and that had, perhaps, had something to do with the Spectre-child while it was alive. And I taunted her so, that she told me all she knew, at last; and then I wished I had never been told, for it only made me more afraid than ever.

She said she had heard the tale from old neighbours, that were alive when she was first married; when folks used to come to the hall sometimes, before it had got such a bad name on the country side: it might not be true, or it might, what she had been told.

The old lord was Miss Furnivall's father — Miss Grace, as Dorothy called her, for Miss Maude was the elder, and Miss Furnivall by rights. The old lord was eaten up with pride. Such a proud man was never seen or heard of; and his daughters were like him. No one was good enough to wed them, although they had choice enough; for they were the great beauties of their day, as I had seen by their portraits, where they hung in the state drawing-room. But, as the old saying is, "Pride will have a fall;" and these two haughty beauties fell in love with the same man, and he no better than a foreign musician, whom their father had down from London to play music with him at the Manor House. For, above all things,

next to his pride, the old lord loved music. He could play on nearly every instrument that ever was heard of; and it was a strange thing it did not soften him; but he was a fierce dour old man, and had broken his poor wife's heart with his cruelty, they said. He was mad after music, and would pay any money for it. So he got this foreigner to come; who made such beautiful music, that they said the very birds on the trees stopped their singing to listen. And, by degrees, this foreign gentleman got such a hold over the old lord, that nothing would serve him but that he must come every year; and it was he that had the great organ brought from Holland and built up in the hall, where it stood now. He taught the old lord to play on it; but many and many a time, when Lord Furnivall was thinking of nothing but his fine organ, and his finer music, the dark foreigner was walking abroad in the woods with one of the young ladies; now Miss Maude, and then Miss Grace.

Miss Maude won the day and carried off the prize, such as it was; and he and she were married, all unknown to any one; and before he made his next yearly visit, she had been confined of a little girl at a farm-house on the Moors, while her father and Miss Grace thought she was away at Doncaster Races. But though she was a wife and a mother, she was not a bit softened, but as haughty and as passionate as ever; and perhaps more so, for she was jealous of Miss Grace, to whom her foreign husband paid a deal of court — by way of blinding her — as he told his wife. But Miss Grace triumphed over Miss Maude, and Miss Maude grew fiercer and fiercer, both with her husband and with her sister; and the former — who could easily shake off what was disagreeable, and hide himself in foreign countries, — went away a month before his usual time that summer, and half threatened that he would never come back again. Meanwhile, the little girl was left at the farmhouse, and her mother used to have her horse saddled and gallop wildly over the hills to see her once every week, at the very least — for where she loved, she loved; and where she hated, she hated. And the old lord went on playing — playing on his organ; and the servants thought the sweet music he made had soothed down his awful temper, of which (Dorothy said) some terrible tales could be told. He grew infirm too, and had to walk with a crutch; and his son — that was the present Lord Furnivall's father — was with the army in America, and the other son at sea; so Miss Maude had it pretty much her own way, and she and Miss Grace grew colder and bitterer to each other every day; till at last they hardly ever spoke, except when the old lord was by. The foreign musician came again the next summer, but it was for the last time; for they led him such a life with

their jealousy and their passions, that he grew weary, and went away, and never was heard of again. And Miss Maude, who had always meant to have her marriage acknowledged when her father should be dead, was left now a deserted wife — whom nobody knew to have been married — with a child that she dared not own, although she loved it to distraction; living with a father whom she feared, and a sister whom she hated. When the next summer passed over and the dark foreigner never came, both Miss Maude and Miss Grace grew gloomy and sad; they had a haggard look about them, though they looked handsome as ever. But by and by Miss Maude brightened; for her father grew more and more infirm, and more than ever carried away by his music; and she and Miss Grace lived almost entirely apart, having separate rooms, the one on the west side — Miss Maude on the east — those very rooms which were now shut up. So she thought she might have her little girl with her, and no one need ever know except those who dared not speak about it, and were bound to believe that it was, as she said, a cottager's child she had taken a fancy to. All this, Dorothy said, was pretty well known; but what came afterwards no one knew, except Miss Grace, and Mrs. Stark, who was even then her maid, and much more of a friend to her than ever her sister had been. But the servants supposed, from words that

were dropped, that Miss Maude had triumphed over Miss Grace, and told her that all the time the dark foreigner had been mocking her with pretended love — he was her own husband; the colour left Miss Grace's cheek and lips that very day for ever, and she was heard to say many a time that sooner or later she would have her revenge; and Mrs. Stark was for ever spying about the east rooms.

One fearful night, just after the New Year had come in, when the snow was lying thick and deep, and the flakes were still falling — fast enough to blind any one who might be out and abroad — there was a great and violent noise heard, and the old lord's voice above all, cursing and swearing awfully, — and the cries of a little child, — and the proud defiance of a fierce woman, — and the sound of a blow, — and a dead stillness, — and moans and wailings dying away on the hill-side! Then the old lord summoned all his servants, and told them, with terrible oaths, and words more terrible, that his daughter had disgraced herself, and that he had turned her out of doors, — her, and her child, — and that if ever they gave her help, — or food — or shelter, — he prayed that they might never enter Heaven. And, all the while, Miss Grace stood by him, white and still as any stone; and when he had ended she heaved a great sigh, as much as to say her work was done, and her end was accomplished. But the old lord never touched his organ again,

and died within the year; and no wonder! for, on the morrow of that wild and fearful night, the shepherds, coming down the Fell side, found Miss Maude sitting, all crazy and smiling, under the holly-trees, nursing a dead child, — with a terrible mark on its right shoulder. “But that was not what killed it,” said Dorothy; “it was the frost and the cold, — every wild creature was in its hole, and every beast in its fold, — while the child and its mother were turned out to wander on the Fells! And now you know all! and I wonder if you are less frightened now?”

I was more frightened than ever; but I said I was not. I wished Miss Rosamond and myself well out of that dreadful house for ever; but I would not leave her, and I dared not take her away. But oh! how I watched her, and guarded her! We bolted the doors, and shut the window-shutters fast, an hour or more before dark, rather than leave them open five minutes too late. But my little lady still heard the weird child crying and mourning; and not all we could do or say, could keep her from wanting to go to her, and let her in from the cruel wind and the snow. All this time, I kept away from Miss Furnivall and Mrs. Stark, as much as ever I could; for I feared them — I knew no good could be about them, with their grey hard faces, and their dreamy eyes, looking back into the ghastly years that were gone. But, even in my fear, I had a kind of pity — for Miss Furnivall, at least. Those gone down to the pit can hardly have a more hopeless look than that which was ever on her face. At last I even got so sorry for her — who never said a word but what was quite forced from her — that I prayed for her; and I taught Miss Rosamond to pray for one who had done a deadly sin; but often when she came to those words, she would listen, and start up from her knees, and say, “I hear my little girl plaining and crying very sad — Oh! let her in, or she will die!”

One night — just after New Year's Day had come at last, and the long winter had taken a turn as I hoped — I heard the west drawing-room bell ring three times, which was the signal for me. I would not leave Miss Rosamond alone, for all she was asleep — for the old lord had been playing wilder than ever — and I feared lest my darling should waken to hear the spectre child; see her I knew she could not, I had fastened the windows too well for that. So, I took her out of her bed and wrapped her up in such outer clothes as were most handy, and carried her down to the drawing-room, where the old ladies sat at their tapestry work as usual. They looked up when I came in, and Mrs. Stark asked, quite astounded, “Why did I bring Miss Rosamond there, out of her warm bed?” I had begun to whisper, “Because I was afraid of her being tempted out while I

was away, by the wild child in the snow," when she stopped me short (with a glance at Miss Furnivall) and said Miss Furnivall wanted me to undo some work she had done wrong, and which neither of them could see to unpick. So, I laid my pretty dear on the sofa, and sat down on a stool by them, and hardened my heart against them as I heard the wind rising and howling.

Miss Rosamond slept on sound, for all the wind blew so; and Miss Furnivall said never a word, nor looked round when the gusts shook the windows. All at once she started up to her full height, and put up one hand as if to bid us listen.

"I hear voices!" said she. "I hear terrible screams—I hear my father's voice!"

Just at that moment, my darling wakened with a sudden start: "My little girl is crying, oh, how she is crying!" and she tried to get up and go to her, but she got her feet entangled in the blanket, and I caught her up; for my flesh had begun to creep at these noises, which they heard while we could catch no sound. In a minute or two the noises came, and gathered fast, and filled our ears; we, too, heard voices and screams, and no longer heard the winter's wind that raged abroad. Mrs. Stark looked at me, and I at her, but we dared not speak. Suddenly Miss Furnivall went towards the door, out into the ante-room, through the west lobby, and opened the door into the great hall. Mrs.

Stark followed, and I durst not be left, though my heart almost stopped beating for fear. I wrapped my darling tight in my arms, and went out with them. In the hall the screams were louder than ever; they sounded to come from the east wing—nearer and nearer—close on the other side of the locked-up doors—close behind them. Then I noticed that the great bronze chandelier seemed all alight, though the hall was dim, and that a fire was blazing in the vast hearth-place, though it gave no heat; and I shuddered up with terror, and folded my darling closer to me. But as I did so, the east door shook, and she, suddenly struggling to get free from me, cried, "Hester! I must go! My little girl is there; I hear her; she is coming! Hester, I must go!"

I held her tight with all my strength; with a set will, I held her. If I had died, my hands would have grasped her still; I was so resolved in my mind. Miss Furnivall stood listening, and paid no regard to my darling, who had got down to the ground, and whom I, upon my knees now, was holding with both my arms clasped round her neck; she still striving and crying to get free.

All at once, the east door gave way with a thundering crash, as if torn open in a violent passion, and there came into that broad and mysterious light, the figure of a tall old man, with grey hair and gleaming eyes. He drove before him, with many a relentless ges-

ture of abhorrence, a stern and beautiful woman, with a little child clinging to her dress.

"Oh Hester! Hester!" cried Miss Rosamond. "It's the lady! the lady below the holly-trees; and my little girl is with her. Hester! Hester! let me go to her; they are drawing me to them. I feel them — I feel them. I must go!"

Again she was almost convulsed by her efforts to get away; but I held her tighter and tighter, till I feared I should do her a hurt; but rather than let her go towards those terrible phantoms. They passed along towards the great hall-door, where the winds howled and ravened for their prey; but before they reached that, the lady turned; and I could see that she defied the old man with a fierce and proud defiance; but then she quailed — and then she threw up her arms wildly and piteously to save her child — her little child — from a blow from his uplifted crutch.

And Miss Rosamond was torn as by a power stronger than mine, and writhed in my arms, and sobbed (for by this time the poor darling was growing faint).

"They want me to go with them on to the Fells — they are drawing me to them. Oh, my little girl! I would come, but cruel, wicked Hester holds me very tight." But when she saw the uplifted crutch she swooned away, and I thanked God for it. Just at this moment — when the tall old man, his hair streaming as in the blast of a furnace, was going to strike the

little shrinking child — Miss Furnivall, the old woman by my side, cried out, "Oh, father! father! spare the little innocent child!" But just then I saw — we all saw — another phantom shape itself, and grow clear out of the blue and misty light that filled the hall; we had not seen her till now, for it was another lady who stood by the old man, with a look of relentless hate and triumphant scorn. That figure was very beautiful to look upon, with a soft white hat drawn down over the proud brows, and a red and curling lip. It was dressed in an open robe of blue satin. I had seen that figure before. It was the likeness of Miss Furnivall in her youth; and the terrible phantoms moved on, regardless of old Miss Furnivall's wild entreaty, — and the uplifted crutch fell on the right shoulder of the little child, and the younger sister looked on, stony and deadly serene. But at that moment, the dim lights, and the fire that gave no heat, went out of themselves, and Miss Furnivall lay at our feet stricken down by the palsy — death-stricken.

Yes! she was carried to her bed that night never to rise again. She lay with her face to the wall, muttering low but muttering alway: "Alas! alas! what is done in youth can never be undone in age! What is done in youth can never be undone in age!"

THE HOST'S STORY.

ONCE on a time (as children's stories say),
 A merchant came from countries far away
 Back to his native land, bearing, conceal'd
 In a small casket, diamonds that would yield
 A sum sufficient to redeem a king
 Taken by force in perilous combating.
 This merchant in his trade had now grown old;
 And all the chambers of his heart were cold,
 And the pale ashes of the fires of youth
 Lay on his soul, which knew not joy nor ruth:
 But, at a bargain he was sharp and hard,
 For cent. per cent. alone he had regard.
 To swell his profits, or some mite to save,
 He would have seen his children in their grave,
 If children he had had; but, like a stone,
 He seem'd all self-complete, and bloodless, and alone.
 The love of money burnt in him like thirst:
 His soul gaped for it, as, when earth is curs'd
 With drouth, it gapes for water; and whene'er
 He saw a merchant with an equal share,
 He long'd to seize on all, by force or stealth,
 Adding still more to his preposterous wealth.

Behold him, now, upon the salt sea strand!
 Once more he treads upon his native land.
 He knows the cliffs along the tawny beach;
 He knows, far off, the winding river-reach:
 He sees familiar sights — he hears familiar speech.
 He stops. Perhaps from off his arid brain
 The years have roll'd, and he is young again:
 Perhaps, with an emotion strange and new,
 The sense of home is on his heart like dew.

Alas! not so. His only present sense
 Is how to lodge to-night without expense.

He wander'd up into the little town;
 And there by chance he heard of the renown
 Of a great merchant-prince, who lived hard by
 In royal pomp and liberality.
 With these words carv'd above the open door: —
 "Welcome to all men! Welcome, rich and poor!"
 Thither that miser gladly turn'd his face,
 And soon beheld, within a pleasant place
 Beset with leaves that talk'd across the breeze,
 White gleams of marble quivering through dark trees;
 And, going nearer, saw rich walls arise,
 With many windows, sparkling forth like eyes,
 And sculptured figures, gazing from a height,
 Like travelling angels pausing in their flight,
 And colonnades in far-withdrawing rows,
 And golden lamps in shadowy porticoes,
 And terrace-walks upon the level roof,
 Safe from intrusion, quiet, and aloof: —
 Such was the palace which this merchant found.

From out the gates there came a restless sound
 Of instruments of music; on light wings
 Seeming to poise, and murmur of far things
 In some divine and unknown tongue to all.
 The sordid merchant pass'd into the hall,
 And saw the master sitting at the board,
 And cried aloud; "Oh, fair and princely lord!
 Behold a ruin'd merchant at thy feet,
 Who of thy bounty craves a little meat,
 Lest Hunger fang him in the open ways.
 Unto thy grace and charity he prays,
 And bends him low." — The host rose up, and took
 The merchant by the hand, with genial look,
 And welcomed him with smiles and hearty speech,
 And, with his own hand, meat and drink did reach.
 And fed him nobly. But the miser's eye
 Regarded all things avariciously;

And soon the splendours of that sun-
bright house, —
Prodigal wealth, and riches marvellous,
The lucid gold, outshining everywhere,
The jewels, making star-rays through
the air, —

Kindled a sudden hell-flame in his heart,
Bating his breath, making his blood to
start,

And whisper'd in his brain a Devilish
thing:

Even this: "When all the house is slum-
bering,

And eyes and ears, with fumes of feasting
drenched,

Are sealed in sleep and every sense is
quenched,

I will arise and seize on what I may,

And place it safely in the court till day;

And, that I may escape with all entire,

This princely house will I consume with
fire,

And burn the phoenix in his spicy nest."

The feast being done, all rose to seek
their rest;

And that old traitor, with his lips of
fraud,

Said to the host: "Sweet Sir! a spirit
flawed

Has, by the oil and honey of your love,
Been rendered whole; and He who reigns
above

Will, I doubt not, increase your righteous
store —

Perhaps this very night will crowd still
more

Into your chests. Look not incredulously:
Heaven works in darkness and in sleep;
and I

Feel that my tongue has spoken pro-
phesy."

The host made answer in a courteous
tone;

And now the guests into their rooms are
shown,

And mirth and light have vanished from
the hall,

And sleep lies heavy on the souls of all —
All but that murderous thief, who sits
and stares

Into the lamp's broad flame, that idly
flares,

Shaking the shadows like a ghostly hand.

He thinks upon the scheme which he has
plann'd:

He listens to the stillness round about:

He hears the stirring of the wind without,

The chirping of the crickets far beneath,
The sighing sedge upon the neighbouring
heath.

He takes his lamp, and stealthily he
goes;

The silent house seems conscious in re-
pose:

Along the stairs the shadows shift and
glide;

They cling like shrouded devils at his side:
The marble columns, in their spectral
white,

Come heavily through the glooms to
meet the light:

A dreary quiet lies upon the place.

That living Avarice, with his crafty face,
Enters the hall, deserted now and cold,

And fills a bag with jewels and with gold,
And takes whatever pleases him the
best;

Then places his own diamonds with the
rest,

And in the court-yard stows all privily.

Now, wake, ye sleepers; for there's
Murder nigh!

A devil is in the house who, while you
sleep,

About the basement noiselessly doth
creep,

And makes a fire with faggots and with
straw;

And soon the flames will gather strength,
and flaw

Those solid stones, and wrap them like a
cloak,

And glare and lighten through their night
of smoke!

Even now the terror hath advanced its
head:

The infant mischief carefully is fed:

A scorching tongue hath fastened on the
walls —

Farewell the joy! Farewell the festivals!

Up, through the beams, the sharp flames

gnaw and break,

Out at the window peering like a snake;

The massive pillars fiercely are em-
braced;

The leaden conduits slowly melt and
waste;

Forth leaps the nimble fire, and hastily
Its bloody writing scores upon the sky!

Forth leap the flames; forth rush the
sparks o'erhead;

Forth rolls the smoke, and burns to
heavy red;

Forth bursts the steady glare, — and all
the night has fled!

XLVIII A ROUND OF STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

A sense of fire has gone throughout the house.
The host, the guests, and all the servants, rouse;
And from their rooms tumultuously they pour,
A wild and stumbling crowd, and through the door
Pass into the court-yard. They look around,
And see their dwelling as with serpents wound,
And weep, and wring their hands, and cry "Alas!"

Meanwhile, the spoiler, seeking to amass
More treasure still, goes groping here and there
In empty chambers, and all places where
The fire has not yet reached; until at last
He hears the house awake, and knows his chance is past.
He cries aloud, "I am undone — undone!"
And towards the threshold he attempts to run,
And meets the vengeful fire upon the way,
And glares against its glare, and stands at bay.
It is the master now, and he the slave!
He flies before it; his lips moan and rave;
He runs about; he traces to and fro;
He calls for help; he knows not where to go;
He gnashes like a wild beast in a cage.
The cruel flames come roaring in their rage,
And scorch his robe. He howls, "I cannot flee!
The fire which I have kindled, eateth Me!"
The pavements glow; the hot air sings and flares;
For very life he dashes up the stairs,
And runs toward a window at the back,
And far away beholds the cloudy rack
Weltering like blood. One chance alone he sees:
He leaps straight out and falls between the trees.
Half-stunn'd, and bruise'd, he rises yet again,
Making strange sounds, and cursing in his pain.

He reels and stumbles, yet still holds his flight,
And fades away into the distant night.

The noise and clamour have at length awoke
The neighbours round, who see the glare and smoke,
And rise, and cast up water on the flames;
And soon the fierce destruction shrinks and tames.

Back goes the scarlet light from far and nigh;
Back comes the natural darkness to the sky.

The empty windows, with their inward red,
Glow like strange eyes within a dusky head,
And gleam, and glance, and lingeringly die out.

Then, with a joyful cry, the hasty rout
Enter the house, and find the larger part whole,
And unhurt; and each man in his heart

Rejoices, and makes merry at the sight.
And now the master of that palace bright
Looks round, and finds his household all are there,

Safe from the fire, uninjured in a hair,
Except that aged merchant: only he
Is absent; and no traces can they see,
Although they search the empty rooms and all

The smoking ruins huddled 'gainst the wall.

They think — "He did not wake in time to fly;"

Till in a heap of charr'd wood they descry

His lamp, and see that there the fire began,

And say among themselves — "This was the man

Who lit the flames that might have been our death!"

And at that instant, in the self-same breath,

Some others in the open court-yard find
The plunder which the wretch had left behind;

And lo! the store is wondrously increas'd
By a small box of diamonds of the East,
In value greater than a prince's crown.

A proclamation was sent up and down
The neighbouring land, to see if any claim

Were made upon these gems; but no one came.

The true possessor durst not reappear,
To make his title to the jewels clear;
And so, in time, they rightfully belong'd
To him who had so grievously been
wrong'd

By the first owner: and their worth was
higher,
A thousand fold, than what was burnt by
fire.

Thus joy was born out of calamity;
And that old merchant, when he meant
to lie,
In very truth had spoken prophecy.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

WHEN I first took my seat as a clerk in our Bank, the state of the country was far less safe than it is now. The roads were not only unconscious of Macadam, and fatal in many places to wheels and springs, but dangerous to a still more alarming degree from the outrages and robberies to which travellers were exposed. Men's minds were unsettled by the incidents of the war on which we had just entered; commerce was interrupted, credit was at an end, and distress began to be discovered among whole classes of the population who had hitherto lived in comfort. However harshly the law was administered, it seemed to have no terrors for the evil-doer, and, indeed, the undiscerning cruelty of the Statute book defeated its own object by punishing all crimes alike. But, a time of pecuniary pressure is not a bad season for a bank. The house flourished, though the

country was in great straits; and the enormous profits at that time realised by bankers — which enabled them to purchase large estates and outshine the old territorial aristocracy — made the profession as unpopular among the higher classes as it had already become among the unreasoning masses. By them, a banker was looked upon as a sort of licensed forger, who created enormous sums of money by merely signing square pieces of flimsy paper; and I am persuaded the robbery of a bank would have been considered by many people quite as meritorious an action as the dispersal of a band of coiners. These, however, were not the sentiments of us bankers' clerks. We felt that we belonged to a mighty corporation, on whose good will depended the prosperity of half the farms in the county. We considered ourselves the executive government, and carried on the business of the office with a pride and dignity that would have fitted us for Secretaries of State. We used even to walk the streets with a braggadocio air, as if our pockets were loaded with gold; and if two of us hired a gig for a country excursion, we pretended to look under the driving-seat as if to see to the safety of inconceivable amounts of money: ostentatiously examining our pistols, to show that we were determined to defend our treasure or die. Not seldom these precautions were required in reality; for, when a pressure for gold occurred

among our customers, two of the most courageous of the clerks were despatched with the required amount, in strong leathern bags deposited under the seat of the gig, which bags they were to guard at the risk of their lives. Whether from the bodily strength I was gifted with, or from some idea that as I was not given to boasting, I might really possess the necessary amount of boldness, I do not know, but I was often selected as one of the guards to a valuable cargo of this description; and as if to show an impartiality between the most silent and the most talkative of their servants, the partners united with me in this service the most blustering, boastful, good-hearted and loud-voiced young gentleman I have ever known. You have most of you heard of the famous electioneering orator Tom Ruddle — who stood at every vacancy for county and borough, and passed his whole life between the elections, in canvassing for himself or friends. Tom Ruddle was my fellow clerk at the time I speak of, and generally the companion of my drives in charge of treasure.

“What would you do,” I said to Tom, “in case we are attacked?”

“Tell ye what!” said Tom, with whom that was a favourite way of beginning almost every sentence, “Tell ye what! I’ll shoot ’em through the head.”

“Then you expect there will be more than one?”

“I should think so,” said Tom; “if there was only one, I’d jump

out of the gig and give him a precious licking. Tell ye what! ’T would be a proper punishment for his impertinence.”

“And if half a dozen should try it?”

“Shoot ’em all!”

Never was there such a determined custodier as the gallant Tom Ruddle.

One cold December evening we were suddenly sent off, in charge of three bags of coin, to be delivered into customers’ hands within ten or twelve miles of the town. The clear frosty sky was exhilarating, our courage was excited by the speed of the motion, the dignity of our responsible office, and a pair of horse-pistols which lay across the apron.

“Tell ye what!” said Tom, taking up one of the pistols and (as I afterwards found) full-cocking it, “I should rather like to meet a few robbers. I would serve them as I did those three disbanded soldiers.”

“How was that?”

“Oh! it’s as well,” said Tom, pretending to grow very serious, “to say nothing about these unfortunate accidents. Blood is a frightful thing on the conscience, and a bullet through a fellow’s head is a disagreeable sight; but — tell ye what! — I’d do it again. Fellows who risk their lives must take their chance, my boy.”

And here Tom put the other pistol on full cock, and looked audaciously on both sides of the road, as if daring the lurking murderers to come forth and re-

ceive the reward of their crimes. As to the story of the soldiers, and the fearful insinuations of a bloody deed executed on one or all, it was a prodigious rhodomontade—for Tom was such a tender-hearted individual, that if he had shot a kitten it would have made him unhappy for a week. But, to hear him talk, you would have taken him for a civic Richard the Third, one who had “neither pity, love, nor fear.” His whiskers also were very ferocious, and suggestive of battle, murder, and ruin. So, he went on playing with his pistol, and giving himself out for an un pitying executioner of vengeance on the guilty, until we reached the small town where one of our customers resided, and it was necessary for one of us to carry one of the bags to its destination. Tom undertook this task. As the village at which the remaining parcels were to be delivered was only a mile further on, he determined to walk across the fields, and join me after he had executed his commission. He looked carefully at the priming of his pistol, stuck it ostentatiously in the outside breast-pocket of his great-coat; and, with stately steps, marched off with the heavy money-bag in his hand. I put the whip to the horse, and trotted merrily forward, thinking nothing whatever of robbery or danger, in spite of the monitory conversation of Tom Ruddle.

Our first customer resided at the outskirts of the village—a farmer who required a consider-

able amount in gold. I pulled up at the narrow dark entrance of the lane that led up to his house; and, as my absence couldn't be for more than a few minutes, I left the gig, and proceeded up the lane with my golden treasure. I delivered it into the hands of its owner; and, manfully resisting all his hospitable invitations, I took my leave, and walked rapidly towards the gig. As I drew near, I perceived in the clear starlight a man mounted on the step, and groping under the seat. I ran forward, and the man, alarmed by my approach, rapidly raised himself from his stooping position, and, presenting a pistol, fired it so close to my eyes that the flash blinded me for a moment; the action was so sudden and my surprise so great, that for a short time too I was bewildered, and scarcely knew whether I was alive or dead.

The old horse never started at the report, and I rested my hand on the rim of the wheel, while I endeavoured to recover my scattered thoughts. The first thing I ascertained was that the man had disappeared. I then hurriedly examined under the seat; and, to my intense relief, perceived the remaining money-bag still in its place. There was a slit in it, however, near the top, as if made by a knife—the robber probably resolving merely to possess himself of the coin, without the dangerous accompaniment of the leathern sack, by which he might have been traced.

"Tell ye what!" said a voice close beside me, as I concluded my scrutiny; "I don't like practical jokes like that — firing off pistols to frighten folks. You'll alarm the whole village."

"Tom," I said, "now's the time to show your courage. A man has robbed the gig — or tried to do it — and has fired at me within a yard of my face."

Tom grew perceptibly pale at this information. "Was there only one?"

"Only one."

"Then the accomplices are near. What's to be done? Shall we rouse farmer Malins and get his men to help?"

"Not for the world," I said, "I would rather face a dozen shots than have my carelessness known at the Bank. It would ruin me for life. Let us count the money in this bag, quietly deliver it if it be correct, and then follow the robber's course."

It was only a hundred guinea bag, that one, but the counting was nervous work. We found three guineas wanting. We were luckily able to supply them from our own pockets (having just received our quarter's salaries), and I left Tom there, delivered the bag at its destination very near at hand, without a word of the robbery, and went back to him.

"Now! Which way did he go?" said Tom, resuming a little of his former air, and clutching his pistol like the chief of a chorus of banditti in a melodrama.

I told him I had been so con-

fused that I had not observed which way he had retreated. Tom was an old hand at poaching — though he was a clergyman's son, and ought to have set a better example.

"I have heard a hare stir at a hundred yards," he said, and laid his ear close to the frosty ground. "If he's within a quarter of a mile, I shall hear him move." I lay also down on the ground. There was silence for a long time. We heard nothing but our breathing and the breathing of the horse.

"Hush!" said Tom at last. "He has come out of hiding. I hear a man's step far away to the left; bring your pistol, and let us follow." I took the pistol and found the flint down on the pan. The man had fired at me with my own weapon, and no wonder he had fired so suddenly; for Tom now acknowledged to his belief that he had forgotten to uncock it.

"Never mind," said Tom, "I'll blow his brains out with mine, and you can split his skull with the butt end of yours. Tell ye what! It's of no use to spare those malefactors. I'll fire, the moment I see him."

"Not till I tell you whether it is the robber or not."

"Should you know him, do you think?"

"In the flash of the powder I saw a pair of haggard and amazed eyes which I shall never forget."

"On, then!" said Tom; "we'll have a three hundred pound

reward, and see the rascal hanged besides."

We set off, slowly and noiselessly, in the direction Tom had pointed out. Occasionally he applied his ear to the ground, and always muttering "We have him! we have him!" proceeded in the same careful manner as before. Suddenly Tom said, "He's doubling. He has been leading us on the wrong scent all this time; he has turned towards the village."

"Then our plan," I said, "should be to get there before him. If we intercept him in that way, he can't escape; and I feel sure I could identify him if I saw him by candle-light."

"Tell ye what! — that's the plan," replied my companion. "We'll watch at the entrance of the village, and arrest him the moment he comes in."

We crept through an opening of the hedge, and got once more in the straight lane that led to the village. It was now very late, and the cold was so intense that it kept every person within-doors; for, we heard no sound in the whole hamlet, except, high up in the clear air, the ticking of the church clock, and the loud jangle of the quarters that seemed like peals of artillery in the excited state of our minds and senses. Close to the church — which appeared to guard the entrance of the village, with its low buttressed walls, and its watch-tower of a steeple — there was a wretched ruined-looking cottage, which

projected so far into the lane that the space between it and the church was not more than eight or nine feet. It struck us both at the same moment that if we could effect a lodgment here, it was impossible for the man to slip into the village without our observation.

After listening for a while at the windows and doors of the building, we concluded it was uninhabited; gently pushing open the door, we climbed a narrow stone stair-case, and were making for a gable end window which we had observed from the road, and which commanded the whole approach to the village, when we heard a voice say in a whisper, as we attained the garret we were in search of, "Is that you, William?"

We stopped for a minute or two and the speaker's expectation was disappointed. We now placed ourselves at the window, and listened for the slightest sound. We remained there, listening, for a long time. Several quarters had died off into "the eternal melodies," far up in the church tower, and we were just beginning to despair of seeing the object of our search, when Tom nudged me noiselessly with his elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered very softly, "there's a footstep round the corner. See! There's a man under the hedge looking up at the next window. There — he moves! We must be after him. Hallo! Stop — he crosses

the lane. He's coming into this very house!"

I certainly did see a figure silently steal across the road and disappear under the doorway of the building we were in. But, we had no light; and we knew nothing of the arrangement of the rooms. Another quarter thrown off from the old church clock, warned us that the night was rapidly passing away. We had almost resolved to retrace our steps if possible, and get back to where we had left our unfortunate horse, when I was again nudged by my friend's elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered. "Something's going on;" and he pointed to a feeble glimmer on the rafters of the roof above us.

The light proceeded from the next room, which had not been built up above the height of the ceiling joists, so that the roof was common to both chambers — the adjoining one, and that in which we were — the partition-wall being only seven or eight feet high. We could have heard anything that was said, but we listened in vain for the slightest sound. The light, however, continued to burn; we saw it flickering across the top of the habitation, and dimly playing far up among the dark thatch of the roof.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom. "If we could get up, on these old joists, we could see into the next room. Hold my pistol till I get up and — tell ye what! — then I can shoot 'em easy."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom!"

I said, "be careful. Let me see whether it is the man."

"Come up, then," said Tom, who now bestrode one of the main beams and gave me a hand to aid my ascent. We were both on the level of the dividing wall, and, by placing our heads a little forward, could see every portion of the neighbouring room. A miserable room it was. There was a small round table, there were a couple of old chairs; but utter wretchedness was the characteristic of the cheerless and fireless apartment.

There was a person, apparently regardless of the cold, seated at the table and reading a book. The little taper which had been lighted without any noise, was only sufficient to throw its illumination on the features and figure of the reader, and on the table at which she sat. They were wasted and pallid features — but she was young, and very pretty; or the mystery and strangeness of the incident threw such an interest around her, that I thought so. Her dress was very scanty, and a shawl, wrapped closely round her shoulders, perhaps displayed, rather than concealed the deficiency of her clothing in other respects. Suddenly we saw at the farther end of the room a figure emerge from the darkness; Tom grasped his pistol more firmly, and put the cock back, preventing it from making any noise with his thumb. The man stood in the doorway, as if uncertain whether to enter or not.

He looked for a long time at the woman, who still continued her reading; and then silently advanced. She heard his step, and lifted up her head, and looked in his face without saying a word. Such a face, so pale, so agitated, I never in my life saw.

"We shall go to-morrow," he said; "I have got some money as I expected." And with these words he laid three golden guineas on the table before her. Still, she said nothing — but watched his countenance with her lips apart.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom; "That's the money. Is that the man?"

"I don't know yet, till I see his eyes." In the meantime, the conversation went on below.

"I borrowed these pieces from a friend," continued the man, as if in answer to the look she bent on him; "a friend, I tell you. I might have had more, but I would take only three. They are enough to carry us to Liverpool, and, once there, we are sure of a passage to the West. Once in the West, the world is before us. I can work, Mary. We are young — a poor man has no chance here, but we can go to America with fresh hopes —"

"And a good conscience?" said the woman, in a whisper like Lady Macbeth's.

The man was silent. At last he seemed to grow angry at the steadiness of her gaze. "Why do you look at me in that manner? I tell you we shall start to-morrow."

"And the money?" said the woman.

"I will send it back to my friend, from whom I borrowed it out of my first earnings. I took only three, in case it should incommode him to lend me more."

"I must see that friend myself," said Mary, "before I touch the money."

"Tell ye what! Is it the man?" again asked Tom.

"Hush!" I said; "let us listen."

"I recognised a friend of mine in one of the clerks in the Mel-field Bank. I give you my word I got the coins from him."

"Tell ye what! He confesses," said Tom; "let us spring on him by surprise — an ugly ruffian as ever I saw!"

"And with that sum," he continued, "see what we can do. It will relieve us from our distress, which has come upon us — Mary, you know I speak the truth in this — from no other fault of mine than too much confidence in a treacherous friend. I can't see you starve. I can't see the baby reduced from our comfortable keeping to lie on straw at the end of a barn like this. I can't do it — I won't!" he went on, getting more impassioned in his words. "At whatever cost, I *will* give you a chance of comfort and independence."

"And peace of mind?" replied Mary. "Oh, William, I must tell you what terrible fears have been in my heart, all this dreary night, during your absence; I have read, and prayed, and turned for

comfort to Heaven. Oh, William, give the money back to your friend — I say nothing about the loan — take it back; I can't look at it! Let us starve — let us die, if it must be so — but take that money away."

Tom Ruddle gently put down the cock of his pistol, and ran the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Let us trust, William," the woman went on, "and deliverance will be found. The weather is very cold," she added. "There seems no visible hope; but I cannot altogether despair at this time of the year. This barn is not more humble than the manger at Bethlehem, which I have been reading about all night."

At this moment, a great clang of bells pealed from the old church tower; it was so near that it shook the rafters on which we sat, and filled all the room with the sharp ringing sound. "Hark!" cried the man, startled, "What's that?" — "It is Christmas morning," said the woman. "Ah, William, William, what a different spirit we should welcome it with; in what a different spirit we *have* welcomed it, many and many a happy time!"

He listened for a moment or two to the bells. Then he sank on his knees, and put his head on her lap; and there was perfect silence except the Christmas music. "Tell ye what!" said Tom. "I remember we always sang a hymn at this hour, in my father's house. Let us be off — I wouldn't

disturb these people for a thousand guineas."

Some little noise was made by our preparations to descend. The man looked up, while the woman still continued absorbed in prayer. My head was just on the level of the wall. Our eyes met. They were the same that had flashed so wildly when the pistol was fired from the gig. We continued our descent. The man rose quietly from his knees, and put his finger to his lip. When we got down stairs he was waiting for us at the door. "Not before *her*," he said. "I would spare her the sight, if I could. I am guilty of the robbery, but I wouldn't have harmed you, Sir. The pistol went off, the moment I put my hand upon it. For God's sake tell her of it gently, when you have taken me away!"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom Ruddle — whose belligerent feelings had entirely disappeared — "the pistol was my mistake, and it's all a mistake together. Come to my friend and me, at the Bank, the day after to-morrow, and — tell ye what! — the sharp wind brings water to my eyes — we'll manage to lend you some more."

So, the bells still rang clear in the midnight air; and our drive home through the frosty lanes was the pleasantest drive we ever had in our lives.

THE CHARWOMAN'S STORY.

A PERSON is flustered by being had up into the dining-room for to drink merry Christmases and them (though wishing, I am sure, to every party present as many as would be agreeable to their own selves), and it an't easy rightly to remember at a moment's notice what a person *did* see in the ghostly way. Indeed I never seen nothing myself, it being Thomas which did so — and *he* heard it. Hows'ever, the account of it having been seemingly carried to the young ladies by Nurse, and they wishing to know it all correct, it were as I will now mention.

I was cook to Alderman Playford when he died so suddenly; and very handsome mourning we servants had, though I'm only a hard-working charwoman now.

The Alderman kept up two establishments; his town-house at Dewcester, for the sake of the business, and his country-house at Brownham, five or six miles off. I was at Brownham, and I liked that the best because the young ladies liked it best; they were real ladies, they were. We had everything comfortable there; I may say grand: gardens, there was, and fish-ponds, a brewery, and a dairy, besides stables and that. Latterly too, the Alderman spent most of his time there. Thomas, the coachman, used to drive him backwards and forwards when he had to go to Dewcester; where he sometimes slept,

if there was anything particular going on in the Aldermen's Room, or if there was a Ward Election coming on; for the Alderman, you know, was a great electioneerer. But Thomas always came home to us: when the Alderman slept at Dewcester, he returned to Brownham for the sake of protection to us females, and to attend to the things.

Now the Alderman had had a paralytic stroke some years before; and, ever since then, though he got quite over it, he had a very curious step, and one of his shoes made a queer creaking noise, not like any other noise as ever I heard. As he used to be coming down the front gravel walk, or going from one part of the house to another — it was a large, old-fashioned, red brick house, it was — his shoe went "Creak! creak!" so that you could tell exactly where he was without seeing him. He didn't walk heavy, and he didn't walk quick; and, long before he came in sight, you knew he was a coming by the noise of his creaking shoe, though you couldn't hardly hear the sound of his footsteps. I've heard many and many a creaking shoe, but I never hear one creak like that.

Thomas and me was very good friends. I thought he'd meant more by it than he did, though I don't believe, even now, that 't was all cupboard love, though certainly some of it was. Who can tell what might have happened, if he hadn't married the

Widow Rogers, that everybody said was left so well, when she wasn't? Poor Thomas! The day after his wedding was a sad day for him; he having gone and done it, past looking back. But we was always good friends at Brownham, as fellow-servants ought to be. I was mistress in the kitchen; and he didn't fare the worse for that.

One evening he'd come back from driving the Alderman to Dewcester, and he was to go and fetch him in the afternoon next day. The night was wet and muggy, with a gusty wind. As we sat in the kitchen, we could hear the rain beat against the outside shutters, and the water pour from the spouts on the roof. The wind puffed and blew, like a man in a passion, as if it were whirling round and round the house, to try and find a place to get in at. Thomas had taken off his wet leggings and things, and put on his in-door ones, and we all sat chatting round the kitchen fire a little later than usual. We heard the young ladies go up stairs to bed, and then the other maids went up to bed too, leaving Thomas and me a little while to ourselves.

So we went on talking and talking about the family, and about the neighbours, and I thought that, perhaps, Thomas would say something about his feelings; but he was just as usual. When the kitchen clock pointed to a quarter to twelve, I took up my candle, and says, "Good night, Thomas,

I'm going to bed." — "Good night, cook," says he; "I'll clear away the ladies' supper-things out of the dining-room, and then I'll go to bed, too, for I'm tired," says he.

I hadn't been up-stairs more than a quarter of an hour, and hadn't finished undressing, before I heard some one tapping at my door. "Who's that?" says I, in a fright. — "That's me, cook," says Thomas, "I want to speak to you." — I couldn't think what he wanted to say; he'd had plenty of time to say anything particular, but I little thought he'd seen the Widow Rogers that very afternoon. So I dressed myself, and came out into the passage, and there stood Thomas looking more serious than I'd ever seen him at church. "Come down stairs, cook," says he, "I've something to tell you;" so solemn-like that I couldn't think what could be the matter.

We went into the kitchen. I made up the fire a little, and sat down by it. Thomas took a seat on the other side. He behaved just as if he'd been at a funeral. "Cook," says he, "I'm sure you'll hear of something soon." — "Lor, Thomas," says I, "what should I hear of?" — "Why," says he, "you'll find the Alderman is dead." — "Dead!" says I, "that's very shocking!"

"It isn't half so shocking as what I have just heard. Cook," says he, in a hollow tone of voice, "Cook, I have just heard the Alderman's ghost, and I'm sure

we shall never see him any more alive! When I went to clear away the ladies' supper-things in the dining-room, I found a glass full of punch standing in the middle of the tray. You know that's the way they often do, when I come home wet after driving the Alderman" — (for they were *real* ladies: it would have been too familiar-like to say, Thomas, here's a glass of punch for you) — "and I was just going to drink it off to the Alderman's health, when I heard the hall-door open, and creak! creak! creak! came the sound of his footsteps across the hall. I did not at the moment think it strange he should come back to Brownham so late, and so I sets down the punch, and takes up a candle, and runs out of the room, to show him a light. I could see nothing at all; but master's footsteps passed me, and went creak! creak! creak! up the stairs. I followed them to the first landing-place, but still I could see no Alderman, nor nothing. I cries out 'Good God, Sir, where are you? Don't do this!' I stopped and listened; not a sound but the creak! creak! creak! The footsteps went up to his room-door; I heard the door open and shut, and then I heard nothing more. But, cook, the doors are all barred and locked for the night, and how could the Alderman get into the house? As sure as you're alive, I've heard his ghost!"

I thought so too, at the time, and now I know it. We sat up

all night to be ready for the news when it came from Dewcester. Early next morning a messenger arrived. Thomas let him in; and *before* he told us what had brought him to Brownham, Thomas said to him, "Alderman Playford is dead." The messenger was astonished, as well he might be, and said "Lor, how could *you* know that?" — "He died last night," said Thomas, "as the clock was striking twelve, and I heard his footstep cross the hall, and go up the staircase. The Alderman's step is like nobody else's, and I knew by that he must be dead."

And wishing we may all live happy ever afterwards!

THE DEAF PLAYMATE'S STORY.

I DON'T know how you have all managed, or what you have been telling. I have been thinking all this time, what I could tell that was interesting; and I don't know anything very particular that has happened to me, except all about Charley Felkin, and why he has asked me to go and stay there. I will tell you that story, if you like.

You know Charley is a year younger than I am, and I had been at Dr. Owen's a year when he came. He was to be in my room; and he did not know anything about school; and he was younger, and uncomfortable at first; and altogether, he fell to my share;

m;

W:

IE 3116

and so we saw a great deal of each other. He soon cheered up, and could stand his ground; and we were great friends. He soon got to like play, and left off moping; and we used to talk a great deal in wet weather, and out on long walks. Our best talks, though, were after we were gone to bed. I was not deaf then; and we used to have such talks about home, and ghosts, and all sorts of things; and nobody ever overheard us that we know of, but once; and then we got nothing worse than a tremendous rap at the door, and the Doctor bidding us go to sleep directly.

Well; we went on, just so, for a good while, till I began to have the ear-ache. At first, Charley was very kind to me. I remember his asking me, once, to lean my head on his shoulder, and his keeping my head warm till the pain got better; and he sat quite still the whole time. But perhaps he got tired; or — I don't know — perhaps I grew cross. I used to try not; but sometimes the pain was so bad, and lasted so long, that I used to wish I was dead; and I dare say I might be cross enough then, or dismal, which boys like worse. Charley used to seem not to believe there was anything the matter with me. I used to climb up the apple-tree, and get on the wall, and pretend to be asleep, to get out of their way; and then the boys used to come running that way, and say, "Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall;" and one

I said "Oh, Charley!" and he said, "Well, why do you go dumping there?" and he pretended that I made a great fuss about nothing. I know he did not really think so, but wanted to get rid of it all. I know it, because he was so kind always, and so merry when I got well again, and went to play with the rest. And then, I was pleased, and thought I must have been cross, to have thought the things I had; and so we never explained. If we had, it might have saved a great deal that happened afterwards. I am sure I wish we had.

When Charley came, he was a good deal behind me — being a year younger, and never having been to school. I used to think I could keep a-head of all but three boys in my class; and I used to try, hard, to keep a-head of them. But, after a time, I began to go down. I used to learn my lessons as hard as ever; still, somehow the boys were quicker in answering, and half-a-dozen of them used to get my place, before I knew what it was all about. Dr. Owen saw me, one day, near the bottom of the class; and he said he never saw me there before; and the usher said I was stupid; and the Doctor said, then I must be idle. And the boys said so too, and gave me nicknames about it; I even thought so myself, too, and I was very miserable. Charley got into our class before I got out of it; and indeed I never did get out of it. I believe his father and mother used to hold me up to him — for he might easily speak well

of me while he was fond of me. At least, he seemed bent upon getting above me in class. I did try hard against that; and he saw it, and tried his utmost. I could not like him much then. I dare say I was very ill-tempered, and that put him out. After I had tried till I was sick, to learn my lesson perfect, and then to answer questions, Charley would get the better of me; and then he would triumph over me. I did not like to fight him, because he could not have stood up against me: and besides, it was all true — he did beat me at lessons. So we used to go to bed without speaking. We had quite left off telling stories at night, some time before. One morning, Charley said, when we got up, that I was the most sulky fellow he ever saw. I had been afraid, lately, that I *was* growing rather sulky, but I did not know of any particular reason that he had for saying so just then (though he had a reason, as I found out afterwards). So, I told him what I thought — that he had grown very unkind, and that I would not bear with it if he did not behave as he used to do. He said that whenever he tried to do so, I sulked. I did not know, then, what reason he had to say that, nor what this was all about. The thing was, he had felt uncomfortable, the night before, about something in his behaviour to me, and he had whispered to me, to ask me to forgive him. It was quite dark, and I never heard him: he asked me to turn and

speak to him; but I never stirred, of course; and no wonder he supposed I was sulking. But all this is very disagreeable; and so I will go on to other things.

Mrs. Owen was in the orchard one day, and she chanced to look over the hedge, and she saw me lying on my face on the ground. I used often to be so then, for I was stupid at play, where there was any calling out, and the boys used to make game of me. Mrs. Owen told the Doctor, and the Doctor said there must be something wrong, and he should be better satisfied if Mr. Pratt, the surgeon, saw me. Mr. Pratt found out that I was deaf, though he could not tell what was the matter with my ears. He would have put on blisters, and I don't know what else; but the Doctor said it was so near the holidays, I had better wait till I got home. There was an end to taking places, however. The Doctor told them all, that it was clear now why I had seemed to go back so much; and that he reproached himself, and wondered at everybody — that the reason had not been found out before. The top of the class was nearest to the usher, or the Doctor, when he heard us; and I was to stand there always, and not take places with the rest. After that, I heard the usher very well, and got on again. And after that, the boys, and particularly Charley, were kinder again; and if I had been good-tempered, I dare say all would have gone right. But, somehow, everything seemed

to go wrong and be uncomfortable, wherever I might be, and I was always longing to be somewhere else. I was longing now for the holidays. I dare say every boy was longing for the holidays; but I was particularly, because everything at home was so bright, and distinct, and cheerful, compared with school, that half-year. Everybody seemed to have got to speak thick and low; most of the birds seemed to have gone away; and this made me long more to see my turtle-doves, which Peggy had promised to take care of for me. Even the church-bell seemed as if it was muffled; and when the organ played, there were great gaps in the music, which was so spoiled that I used to think I had rather there had been no music at all. But all this is disagreeable too; so I will go on about Charley.

His father and mother asked me to go home with him, to stay for a week; and father said I might; so I went — and I never was so uncomfortable in my life. I did not hear what they said to each other, unless I was quite in the middle of them, and I knew I looked stupid when they were all laughing, and I did not know what it was about. I was sure that Charley's sisters were quizzing me, — Kate particularly. I felt always as if everybody was looking at me; and I know they talked about me sometimes. I know it because I heard something that Mrs. Felkin said one day, when there was a noise in the street, and

she spoke loud without knowing it. I heard her say, "He never told us the poor child was deaf." I don't know why, but I could not bear this. And, after that, some of them were always telling me things in a loud voice, so that everybody turned and looked at me; and then I made a mistake sometimes about what they told me; and one mistake was so ridiculous that I saw Kate turn her back to laugh, and she laughed for ever so long after. Altogether, I could not bear it, and so I ran away. It was all very silly of me, and I know I was very ill-tempered, and I know how Mr. and Mrs. Felkin must have found themselves mistaken about me, as a friend for Charley; but I did not see any use in staying longer, just to be pitied and laughed at, without doing any good to anybody; so I ran away at the end of three days. I did so long to come home; for I never had any doubt that everything would be comfortable at home. I knew where the coach passed, — a mile and a half from Mr. Felkin's, — very early in the morning, and I got out of the study window and ran. Nobody was up, though, and I need not have been afraid. I had to ask the gardener for the key of the back gate, and he threw it to me from his window. When I was outside, I called to him to bid him ask Charley to send my things after me to my father's house. By the road-side, there was a pond, under a high hedge, and with some dark trees bending

over it. It just came into my head to drown myself there, and I should be out of everybody's way, and all this trouble would be at an end. But ah! when I saw our church - steeple, I was happy! When I saw our own gate, I thought I should go on to be happy.

But I did not. It was all over directly. I could not hear what my mother whispered when she kissed me; and all their voices were confused and everything else seemed to have grown still and dull. I might have known all that; but somehow I did not expect it. I had been vexed that the Felkins called me deaf; and now I was hurt at the way in which my brothers and sisters used to find fault with me for not hearing things. Ned said once "none are so deaf as those that won't hear;" and my mother told me, every day, that it was inattention; that if I were not so absent, I should hear as much as anybody else. I don't think I was absent. I know I used to long and to try to hear till I could not help crying; and then I ran and bolted myself into my own room. I think I must have been half crazy then, judging by what I did to my turtle-doves. Peggy had taken very good care of them; and they soon knew me again, and used to perch on my head and my shoulder, as if I had never been away. But their cooing was not the least like what it used to be. I could not hear it at all, unless I put my head against the cage. I could

hear some other birds very well; so I fancied it must somehow be the fault of the doves that they would not coo to me. One day I took one of them out of the cage, and coaxed her at first, and tried every way; and at last I squeezed her throat a little. I suppose I got desperate because she would not coo as I wanted; and I killed her — broke her neck. You all remember about that — how I was punished, and so on: but nobody knew how miserable I was. I will not say any more about that; and I would not have mentioned it but for what it led to.

The first thing that it led to, was, that the whole family were, in a way, afraid of me. The girls used to slink away from me; and never let me play with the baby — as if I should strangle that! I used to pretend not to care for being punished; and I know I behaved horridly. One thing was — a very disagreeable thing — that I found father and mother did not know every thing. Till now, I had always thought they did: but, now, they did not know me at all; and that was no great wonder, behaving as I did then. But they used to advise things that were impossible. They used to desire me to ask always what everybody said: but we used to pass, every Sunday, the tombstone of old Miss Chapman; and I remembered how it used to be when anybody saw her coming in at the gate. They used to cry out "O dear, here comes Miss Chapman! What *shall* we do? She will stay

m!

w!

O O

m!

till dinner time, and we shall not get back our voices for a week. Well! don't tell her all she asks for. She is never satisfied. Really it is a most dreadful bore," and so on, till she was at the room door. This was because she *would* know everything that everybody said. I could not bear to be like her; and I could not bear now to think how we all used to complain of her. It was only from a sort of feeling then that I did not do what my father and mother told me, and that I was sure they did not understand about it: but now, I see why, and so do they. One can't tell what is worth repeating and what is not. If one never asks, somebody always tells what it is best to tell; but if one is always asking and teasing, people must get as tired of one as we were of poor Miss Chapman.

So, I had to get on all alone. I used to read in a corner, great part of the day; and I used to walk by myself — long walks over the common, while the others used to go together to the meadows, or through the lanes. My father commanded me to go with the rest; and then I used to get another ramble by myself. There was a pond on the common, so far like that one in the lane I spoke of, that it put me in mind of what I mentioned. I used to sit and look into the pond and throw stones in. I began to fancy, now, that I should be happier when I got back to school again. It was very silly when I had once been so disappointed about home; but,

I suppose everybody is always hoping for something or other — and I did not know what else to hope. But I keep getting into disagreeable things and forgetting Charley.

One night when the elder ones were just thinking of going to bed, I came down in my night-clothes, walking in my sleep with my eyes wide open. The stone hall, so cold to my bare feet, awoke me; but yet I could not have been quite awake, for I went into the kitchen instead of up to bed again, and I remember very little about that night. They say I stared at the candles the whole time; but I remember Dr. Robinson being there. I seldom slept well then. I was always dreaming and starting, — dreaming of all sorts of music, and of hearing the wind, and people talking; and then of all sorts of trouble from not being able to hear anybody; and it always ended with a quarrel with Charley, and my knocking him down. But my mother knew nothing of this, and she was as frightened that night as if I had been crazy. The Doctor advised them to send me to school again for one half-year, and see how I got on after some experiments had been tried with my ears. But I want to get on about Charley.

Charley arrived at school, two hours after me. He seemed not to like to shake hands, and he walked away directly. I saw he did not mean to be friends; and I supposed he felt his father's house insulted by my running

away. But, I did not know all the reason he had, — neither then, nor for some time after. When we became friends again, I found that Kate had seen how hurt I was at her laughing at me, and that she was so sorry that she went up to my room-door several times, and knocked, and begged that I would forgive her; or that I would open my door, and speak to her, at least. She knocked so loud that she never doubted my hearing her; but I never did, and the next thing was that I ran away. Of course, Charley could not forgive this; he was my great enemy now. In school, he beat me, of course; every body might do that: but I had a chance in things that were not done in class, — such as the Latin essay for a prize, for instance. Charley was bent upon getting that prize, and he thought he should, because, though he was younger than I, he was a good deal before me in school. However, I got the prize; and some of the boys said it was a shame. They thought it was through favour, because I had grown stupid. They said so, and Charley said so; and he provoked me all he could, — more on Kate's account than his own, though, as he told me afterwards. One day, he insulted me so in the playground, that I knocked him down. There was no reason why I should not now; for he had grown very much, and was as strong as I had ever been, while I was nothing like so strong as I had been, or as I am now. The moment he was up, he flew at me in the greatest rage that ever you saw. I was the same: and we were hurt enough, I can tell you, — both of us, — so much, that Mrs. Owen came to see us in our own rooms (for we had not the same room this half-year). We did not want to tell her anything, or to seem to make a party. But she somehow found out that I felt very lonely, and was very unhappy. I am sure it was her doing that the dear, considerate, wise Doctor was so kind to me when I went into the school again, — being very kind to Charley too. He asked me, one afternoon, to go for a drive with him in his gig. The reason he gave was, that his business took him near the place where my father and he used to go to school together; but I believe it was more that we might have a long talk, all by ourselves.

We talked a good deal about some of the fine old heroes, and then about some of the martyrs; and he said, what to be sure is true, that it is an advantage for any one to know clearly, from beginning to end, what his heroism is to be about, that he may arm himself with courage and patience, and be secure against surprises. I began thinking of myself; but I did not suppose *he* did, till it came out by degrees. He thought that deafness and blindness were harder to bear than almost anything. He called them calamities. I can't tell you all he said: he never meant that I should: but he told me the very worst; and he

said that he did it on purpose. He told me what a hopeless case he believed mine to be, and what it would cut me off from; but, he said that nothing of the sort could cut a person off from being a hero, and here was the way wide open for me: not for the fame of it, but for the thing itself. I wondered that I had never thought of all that before; but I don't think I shall ever forget it.

Well! When we came back, there was Charley loitering about, — looking for us, clearly. He asked me whether we should be friends. I was very willing, of course: and it was still an hour to supper; so we went and sat on the wall under the apple-tree, and talked over everything. There, we found how much we had both been mistaken, and that we did not really hate one another at all. Ever since that, I have liked him better than ever I did before, and that is saying a great deal. He never triumphs over me now; and he tells me fifty things a-day that he never used to think of. He says I used to look as if I did not like to be spoken to; but that I have chipped up wonderfully. And I know that he has given up his credit and his pleasure, many a time, to help me, and to stay by me. He will not have that trouble at school again, as I am not going back; but I know how it will be at Charley's home, this time. I know it, by his saying that Kate will never laugh at me again. I believe she might, for that matter. At least, I think I

could stand most people's laughing, now. Father and mother, and everybody, know that the whole thing is quite altered now, and that Charley and I shall never quarrel again. I shall not run away from that house again, — nor from any other house. It is so much better to look things in the face! How you all nod, and agree with me!

THE GUEST'S STORY.

ABOUT twenty years ago, I was articled clerk in the small seaport town of Muddleborough, half rural, half fishing, with a small remains of once profitable smuggling, and a few reminiscences of successful privateering, to which one street and several public-houses owed their foundation. The rector, the banker, the lawyer — my master, who had the tin cases of half the county, in the dusty dining-room that formed his office — the doctor, and the owner of the two brigs and a schooner which composed the mercantile navy, were the acknowledged heads of our town.

It was a moot point whether the banker or my master, the lawyer, were the greater man. The banker, Isaac Scrawby, was supposed to be of boundless wealth; it was before the time of Joint-stock Banks, and there was not a farmer or a fisherman who did not prefer Scrawby's torn, dingy notes, to the newest Bank of England. His paper was the stock of canvas

it it
it it it
it it it
it it it

bags, and was hoarded away in old women's worsted stockings; as was plainly shown when he stopped payment in the first crisis after Peel's Bill, and paid three shillings in the pound. But then, Lawyer Closeleigh, my master, besides being able to lend everybody money, knew all the secrets of the county, and had a hand in everything — except the births, which he left to the doctor.

There were three or four clerks who jog-trotted through the business. Old Closeleigh generally wore a green coat with gilt basket buttons: breeches, and top-boots; seldom sat down or took up a pen except to write a letter to a great client; but held audiences on market days, and gave advice, and took instructions at coverside in the hunting season.

As a large premium had been paid with me, of course I did nothing; an attempt was made while I was yet green, by old Fomart, the common law clerk, to induce me to serve writs; but, that having failed, I was left to take care of one of the rooms of the deserted mansion which formed our offices, and to entertain the clients who were shown in to wait their turn.

Dulness and respectability were the characteristics of our town. We had few poor, or if we had, we never heard much about them. The same people went through the same duties and the same serious amusements, all the year round. The commencement of the fishing season, and the annual fair, were

our only events. There were no fortunes made or lost. Smuggling, under the modern arrangements, had become too hazardous and low for respectable people to venture on, although there were strange stories afloat, as to the adventures of the fathers of the present generation.

Every year, the more restless and ambitious young men of all classes swarmed away to regions where industry was more active. In a word, "our town" was the quietest, sleepest collection of plodding, saving, non-speculating folks, whose utmost efforts enabled them to keep the town-pump in repair, and the roof of the town-hall water-tight; but, who could never be induced to raise money enough to build a much needed pier, or to remit the town dues, in order to induce a steamboat — a recent innovation which passed our port — to call in and open up competition with the slow sailing coasters on which we were dependent for communication with the next town.

Into this English Sleepy Hollow, there came one day — whether by land or water, in a fishing-boat, or on his sturdy legs, never was known — a tall, thin, pale, bronzed, soldier-like looking man, between forty and fifty years of age: with one hand, and an iron hook screwed on a wooden block where his other should have been; scantily dressed in a half-soiled, half gamekeeper suit.

A party, including the parson, the doctor, and my master, Mr.

Closeleigh, were going out shooting over a famous woodcock cover, and were lamenting aloud the absence of old Phil Snare — the best beater in the county — when the one-armed man offered his services, in a manner so neat, civil, and respectful, that, although there was a slight taste of brogue in his accent, and ours was a county where wandering Irishmen were not held in much favour, they were accepted. A long hazel wand was soon in his hand; and, before the day was over, it was universally acknowledged that one-handed Peter was the best beater, and the most amusing handy fellow, that any of the party had ever known. According to his story, he was a pensioned soldier proceeding to visit a relation whom he hoped to find well settled at a town a hundred miles to the north. A glass of grog opened his mouth, and he related with great tact a few of his adventures.

From that day, Peter became the odd-man of the town, and every one wondered how we had done so long without so useful a personage. He carried letters, he cleaned guns, he manufactured flies for fishing, he doctored dogs, he brought the messages of wives — wrapped in a droll envelope of his own — to dilatory husbands delaying at club dinners; he took the place of the doctor's boy and the lawyer's, too; was always ready with a grave face and a droll answer; was never tired, and seldom in a hurry. He walked

in and out of all houses like a tame cat, and made a capital living, as all people do who manage to become the indispensable solvers of difficulties.

In a very short time Peter had emerged, a very butterfly, from the grub or chrysalis state. The ragged shooting-jacket was discarded for a green coat of loose fit and many pockets, smart enough for my Lord Browse's head game-keeper. An open waistcoat displayed highly respectable linen; from head to foot he showed the advantage of being on good credit with the best tradesmen; and yet he owned no master. He began to give up carrying messages, except for the "fust of the quality;" had a staff of boys, to whom he gave orders; and, when out on a shooting party, carried a capital gun — the property of a sporting publican — with the air of one who came out purely for health, exercise, and sport; and not the least like the half-starved ragged creature who had been too happy to sleep in a barn, and accept a plate of broken meat.

But, the favour in which Peter was held was not confined to our sportsmen; he seemed equally taken into the confidence of those who never handled a gun or threw a fly. He began with the smallest tradesmen, but grew daily more indispensable to our most topping shopkeepers. Mr. Tammy, the draper in the market-place, who always wore a white cravat and pumps, was seen walking in his garden with Peter for an hour one

evening, by Miss Spark, who peeped through a hole in the garden door; and she declared that Peter at parting patted Tammy on the back — yet he was churchwarden that year! This story was at first disbelieved, although it was remarked that Peter's improvement in hosiery dated from that garden walk. Soon afterwards, Kinine, our head chemist and druggist, a great orator at parish meetings, and a scientific authority, was observed by his errand-boy studying geography, with a large map before him: over which Peter's iron hook travelled with great rapidity. From that time, the whole town seemed seized with a rage for refreshing its geographical studies. Spain and Portugal were the special localities in favour; the demand for books on the Peninsular War became great at the circulating library; and the bookseller in the market received orders for not less than three Portuguese dictionaries, in one week.

As for Peter, he became a lion of the first magnitude. He breakfasted with Smoker, the sporting publican — dined with Tiles the shoemaker — took tea with Jolly the butcher — supped with Kinine the druggist — and held chats with Smooth the barber, and Mr. Closeleigh himself. Ostensibly, he was asked to relate the stories of his campaigns, which he did with great unction; and, strangely enough, people never seemed tired of hearing of Peter's marches, Peter's battles, and how Peter lost

his hand. It was remarked by the curious, that these battle stories always ended in Peter's being taken mysteriously into some back parlour or garden, there to whisper for an hour or two with the head of the house over a pipe and strong waters; though no one ever saw Peter the worse for liquor. No, Peter always seemed to imbibe silence with his grog.

At length, in spite of very vigorous attempts at mystery, it began to be whispered about, that Peter was the owner of a valuable secret concerning a treasure buried in the wars. People not yet in his confidence pooh-poohed the idea, and yet Peter's friends increased in number daily.

For my own part, I had not yet arrived at the money-hunting age; my heart was then all upon horses and dogs, embroidered waistcoats, and Albanian fancy dresses: with some dreams of Gulnares and Medoras, and pretty Annie Blondie, the rector's daughter. A hidden treasure did not excite me to desire Peter's patronage, nearly so much as his skill in dressing a Mayfly. As it happened, my passion for fishing let me into the secret which had been travelling up and down the best streets of our town.

One fine summer's evening I had been trying all I knew, without success, to inveigle a great four pound trout, who kept lazily rising and sinking at the far side of a deep pool, under the overhanging roots of a gnarled willow-tree; when Peter, stealing with

his quiet lengthy stride across the grass, made his appearance at my elbow suddenly.

"Will you let me try, Master Charles, what I can do with the big rogue?"

I did let him, and he dropped the fly — a fly of his own making — just behind the big trout, as light as thistle-down; one dash, one splash; and in ten minutes the trout was safe under my landing net, flapping out his life on the grass.

"Always throw just behind them big 'uns, Master Charles, and they'll take sure enough, but they won't look at a fly just before them. Same as rich men for that!" added Peter, with a chuckle.

This triumph over the trout led the way to chat on the grass, and, little by little, we got at last to Peter's battles in Spain and Portugal. I cannot do justice to Peter's oily flattery, and the sympathy he expressed for a raal gentleman and a sportsman: not like the poor mean beggars of peddling shop-keepers. He made me understand that I was one who would spend money in true style if I had it; and then, after hinting that a beautiful young lady in the neighbourhood had confided to Peter — every one did confide in Peter — her preference for Master Charles, with many artful round-about he confided to me the following story; the key to the favour he had acquired among all ranks of the good people of Muddleborough.

Peter declared that during the retreat to Torres Vedras, he and two other comrades were entrusted with the care of a waggon laden with boxes of gold doubloons; that in a skirmish they had retreated for safety to a convent, and there tilted the waggon-load, all but one box, into a deep convent well. The same day, all his companions were killed in action, and he was wounded and laid in the hospital. At this point of his story he exhibited a ghastly scar in his side.

The one box they had partly divided amongst them, and partly buried. He had, on recovery, been sent to join his regiment, and marched to the Pyrenees and Toulouse: where he lost his hand. On his arrival in England he was discharged with a pension (here he produced papers); he had after long trials succeeded in getting back to Portugal; he had found the Convent deserted, and the well half filled with rubbish; he had discovered, too, the small parcel of doubloons, but found that it would require the influence of some real gentleman to get the treasure out of the well, and out of the country. When his romance had proceeded thus far, he produced from some recondite part of his garments, wrapped in many rags, a real golden doubloon.

Who could disbelieve so circumstantial a story, supported by so much evidence? He went on to say that the publican, the druggist, the shoemaker, the gunsmith, and many others, were

all anxious to go in partnership, and start for Portugal; that Mr. Tammy was willing to advance something handsome on the speculation; but that he preferred dealing with a young gentleman of spirit, and that if I could persuade my rich aunt to advance the money necessary for the journey — a trifle of two hundred pounds — he was willing to give up the handsome offers of Tammy, Kinine, Tiles, Smoker, and all the rest of them; and set out with me, secretly and alone, to rifle this new cave of Aladdin. His plans were very complete. We were to hire a vineyard; — part of the old convent grounds — and, after getting up the treasure, were to pack it in Port-wine casks with double bottoms, and then, returning, share the spoil. I was to marry a beautiful lady, keep a pack of hounds, and be the head of the county; while Peter was modest and would be quite satisfied with enough to maintain a horse, a couple of setters, and the life of a squireen.

The romance was well put together and most insinuatingly told; but, I was rather too young, too indifferent, too merry, and too full of little minor schemes, to bite. Besides, I did not think that my Aunt Rebecca would give me two hundred pounds to go to Portugal with a strange Irishman; and I did not quite like the notion of leaving my favourite Annie Blondie to the exclusive care of my rival, the young curate. So, after giving Peter my honour

that I would not reveal the momentous secret to any living soul, we parted at the Fisherman Tavern: where I paid for divers glasses of grog, and presented Peter with the only half-sovereign I was likely to have that week.

In the course of the month Peter was missing. It was observed that all his patrons — Smoker, and Tiles, Jolly, Kinine, and Tammy — looked particularly pleased and mysterious when they heard others wonder at his disappearance without beat of drum.

About a week after Peter's departure, Mrs. Jolly went to Mrs. Smoker to know if she had seen anything of her husband. Mrs. Smoker had not. Had Mrs. Jolly seen anything of that brute Smoker? The two wives compared notes: both husbands had been selling and raising money. Smoker had raffled his favourite mare Slap Bang, and Jolly had collected all his largest Midsummer bills, and taken her (Mrs. Jolly's) grandfather's silver tankard. Both had packed up their Sunday clothes, saddles, and guns. There was a terrible hue and cry, which was not mollified when letters came from the two absconding husbands — one dated London, and the other Liverpool — stating that they had only gone to make their fortunes by a safe speculation, and would be back in three months. Peter had been suspected; but, what was odd, they both asked after Peter, and desired — the one,

that he might have the run of the ale-tap; the other, that he might have a bit of beef or mutton if he wanted it.

In the midst of the hubbub, Peter got down one morning from the top of the coach from the neighbouring town of Fuddleborough, and crept into the midst of the gossips at the Horse and Jockey before they were aware of him. His story was very short and straightforward; he had only been to draw his pension; and he had seen Jolly at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden very drunk, but had not spoken to him. In less than an hour he was closeted with Kinine, and he spent the evening with the Churchwarden.

In another week it was announced that Mr. Kinine had sold his business, and was leaving the town for good. Some said he was going to study for a physician; some said he had inherited — others said he was ruined. At any rate he left, and was never seen at Muddleborough any more. The last time I heard of him he was lecturing on Electro-Biology — or anything else — admittance twopence.

Very oddly, on the same week in which Kinine gave up to his successor, Bluster, who still keeps the establishment, Tammy the Churchwarden went off to Manchester — to buy goods, as he said, although it was not his time of the year for buying. He left the shop in charge of young Binks, who afterwards married Mrs. Tammy. Tammy was away,

six months; during the whole of which period poor Mrs. Tammy claimed to be distracted; and when he came back he was "as thin as a weasel, as bald as a coot, and as yellow as a guinea." So Miss Spark declared; but very few people saw him, for he took to his bed and died: raving about treasure-waggon, and the villain Peter, and doubloons. The day he was buried, it all came out. Tammy had been to Portugal with Peter; who, after travelling up the country, had handed him over to the police as a heretic-spy, and had departed with mules, baggage, and all the money that was to have been spent on the vineyard, the casks with double bottoms, the waggon, and the rest of the complete arrangements.

Poor Tammy, when discharged, had almost to beg his way to Oporto; and there, the first person he saw was Kinine, inquiring at the police-office for the scoundrel Peter, who, after a jollification in London had marched off with his trunks and bank-bills — the produce of his business — to join Tammy.

When poor Mrs. Tammy told this tale at the funeral breakfast, the murder came out. Peter had bamboozled the whole village. Everybody, from the cobbler to the parson, had made an investment in the Portuguese treasure-well. Smoker went through the Gazette; Jolly had to discharge his journeyman and do his own killing; every one had paid some-

thing for listening to Peter's stories. He had swept the old womens' stocking hoards, and the servant-girls' riband savings; he had had fifty pounds and some tracts from the Rector, and twice as much, and a new gun from Mr. Closeleigh. The banker had given him a hundred pounds in his own one-pound notes. The village schoolmaster had lent him his only five pounds. In fact, he found our town a perfect bank of credulity, and he had drained it dry.

But Peter had committed no legal offence: he had only told lies and borrowed money. I heard of him from time to time, always as being successful, until a few years ago, when he made the mistake of taking a keen American whom he picked up in a railway-carriage, to Oporto. On this occasion, the American came back and Peter did not. When asked after his friend, the American composedly remarked, "That having had a difficulty with Peter, he had been obliged to shoot him."

THE MOTHER'S STORY.

THE traveller, of reverend mien,
A wanderer from his youth had been;
Dwelt in the desert and the wood,
Escaped from earthquake, fire and flood;
And each dark point, each vivid hue,
That lay on his wild pilgrimage,
Had melted to a moonlight view —
A quiet, beautiful old age.
And travel to his heart had brought
A world-wide stretch of kindly thought;

Had given his recollecting eye
Almost the tone of infancy.
And he could make the cheek turn pale,
Yet better loved some gentle tale
Of love and truth to tell,
O'er which his heart refreshed would
stay,
As traveller on some dusty way
Might linger by a well.
And such a tale the ancient man
Here, at our fireside once began: —
It was my lot, 'mid Western woods,
To form a friendship firm and dear;
How oft in those vast solitudes
A friend is sooner found than here!
It was a youth of noble blood
Who chose, in his romantic mood,
I hunter's hut to dwell;
A gifted youth of bearing high,
A free, proud step, a glancing eye —
His name was Claude d'Estrelle.
His heart had found him one who made
Those solitary places glad;
A hunter's orphan — left, while young,
Her Indian mother's tribe among —
Who saw him dying on the waste,
And on her fearless bosom placed
His fevered head, and touched his brow
With hands as cool and soft as snow;
And when, at his first conscious waking,
He saw his guardian of the woods,
In whose dark eye a hope was breaking
Like moonlight over dusky floods,
While tears of mingled joy and doubt
Down from the heavy lashes ran,
As though her heart was flowing out
In pity for the lonely man —
His mov'd soul vowed that maiden brave
Should own the life she tried to save.
So Leena, ere that summer fled,
The noble Claude d'Estrelle had wed.
On one of those red autumn eves —
That gorgeous time of forest life —
Amid its wealth of changing leaves
I first beheld my friend's young wife.
We met upon an open glade,
Whence lines of brown and purple shade
Their long, soft swelling vistas made
Up to the evening sky.

LXXIV A ROUND OF STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

And, while we gazed, some dim arcade
 Would kindle suddenly,
 And gleaming orange grove o'er grove
 Seem vying with the clouds above:
 While crimson foliage, here and there,
 Would deepen in the amber air,
 And drops of glory fall between
 On many a glistening evergreen;
 The waterfall to jewels turned,
 The lake like one great ruby burned
 Upon the wood's green breast;
 And all that 'wildering splendour seemed
 As still as something we had dreamed;
 The leaf's light flutter to the ground
 Became a noticeable sound,
 So silent was its rest!
 And Leena's figure, lithe and tall,
 Against the glowing background
 stood: —
 Well might her husband ask if all
 The dames that tread in courtly hall
 Could match his lady of the wood;
 There, wearing for her coronet
 Her own rich bands of wavy jet;
 Soft as the fawn's her eye,
 A colour on the clear brown cheek
 Like evening's last faint crimson streak
 Upon the twilight sky.
 Long, pleasant nights with Claude I
 passed
 In his rude dwelling on the waste,
 Beside the fire of pine:
 While Leena's graceful tenderness
 Wreathed round him like the light caress
 Of her own forest vine;
 And love's strange magic seemed to
 shut
 A palace in that woodland hut,
 While we would stop our talk, to hear
 The distant rushing of the deer,
 The sound of falling water near;
 And Leena, happy as a child,
 Brought for us from her native wild
 The gatherings of her heart:
 Soft gushes of melodious thought
 Deep poetry within her wrought,
 By living long apart.
 While Claude's bright smiles fell fond
 and fast
 Upon his dear enthusiast,

And, all untrained, he loved to find
 Those blossoms of the uncultured mind,
 And thought not how the world might try
 The spirit of his untaught wife,
 Though all who looked on Leena's eye
 Might feel some destined agony
 Lay folded in her life.
 Such a high power of deathless love
 Did in its depths unfathomed move;
 It seemed for special trials given,
 The boon of a foreseeing Heaven.
 That time of trial came at last,
 When five delightful years had passed,
 And I had wandered wide.
 A second time Claude laid to rest
 His sick head on that faithful breast;
 So rested till he died.
 Then she unto his brother went,
 With those his dying breath had sent —
 Her children twain, a welcome prize —
 The last of that proud race.
 But there were none but scornful eyes
 For her woe-printed face;
 And back he harshly bade her go,
 That those she bore might yet outgrow
 The sense of her disgrace.
 What! leave them; Claude's dear legacy!
 How could she let the mother die
 In such a loving heart?
 But, with an uncomplaining eye,
 (Despair had taught her art,)
 She begged a little while to stay,
 And stole them in the night away,
 And hid them in the wood;
 Seven days and nights, was sorely
 pressed,
 And then, beside her rifled nest,
 A childless mother stood!
 But when her love's strong crying still
 Did too much chafe the iron will,
 He gave her, with an ample bribe,
 Unto a stranger Indian tribe
 A slave oppressed to be;
 For there her white blood was her
 shame;
 But woman's heart, whate'er her name,
 Indian, or English, is the same —
 A mother set her free.
 She tracked them to a distant state

By many a wild and dangerous way,
And prayed the tyrant of her fate
That she, among his slaves, might
stay

Near her beloved ones, though she bore
A mother's precious name no more.

He suffered her to take her part
Upon the slave's tear-watered soil;
So little knew the mother's heart,
He thought to tire it out by toil.

But, stronger than the strong man's will,
Her children's love would own her still.

He felt the taint must on them lie
Till he had quenched her memory,
So secretly he sent her where
'Neath Afric's hot unwholesome air

A wild plantation lay;
A fearful place of toil and tears,
Where, how she lived for twenty years,
Sure only God might say.

To cheer her lonely banishment
A dream of Claude He nightly sent,
And of the little children too;
(For in her heart they never grew).

Oh, what sick thoughts wore out her
prime!

The long, long wasting of the time!
The dark hair changed, the eyesight dim
Had spent itself in tears;

But still her firm and patient hope
Grew stronger as each slender prop
Fell from it with the years;

And o'er her love, time harmless fled;
Absence but nursed it, tears but shed
A rainbow glory on its head;

And hardship, pain, and cruelty,
Proved it, to find it could not die.
Her life did but one thought contain —
To see her children once again.

For twenty years she strove, and then
At last she reached the shore;

Heaven put it in a sailor's heart
To let her in his ship depart,

And seek her lost, once more.

She reached home with the closing year;
Oh, had they died, those children dear?
Had they forgotten? No! not *her*!
To them she begged her way along;

Her earnest purpose made her strong;
Some careless strangers gave her ear
News that it burned and thrilled to
hear;

How, when years past, her old foe
died,

Another childless brother tried
To bring her children to his side;
And how her son right gladly went
Into his forest settlement.

Some said he lived a hunter wild,
And some that he had died a child.
Then of her daughter; — she had stayed
The treasure of her wealthy home,
And grown so beautiful, they said.

Enough! For nought she has not come.
The high heart throbs, the dark eyes fill;
Then one at least is living still!

Anon, beside a lady fair

Stood Leena in a splendid room;
Gazed on the curls of auburn hair,
The lustrous eyes, the flushing bloom,
With half a sigh to think how wild
Her fancy, that a little child

Might meet her at the door,
That might be petted and caressed,
And nestle in its mother's breast,
As in the days of yore.

And yet 't was with a joyful thrill
Of pride she saw her beauty still.

"Leena!" She does not turn as though
It was her name. Poor mother, no!
Alas for thee! that cold surprise,
So unbelieving, so unmoved —

How can she, with her father's eyes,
Look strangely on the face he loved?
The little dream-child she hath lost —
And yet may no new daughter find?

It cannot be; she hath a host
Of memories to wake her mind.

Sure she has but to prove her claim!
She knows not yet the mother's name.
She clasped her knees, to melt her
pride

With Love's pathetic questions tried,
Pausing between them to espy
Some little softening in the eye.
Had she not seen the eyes before her

LXXVI A ROUND OF STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

At childish wakings bending o'er her?
Had not these hands her baby head
With forest blossoms often spread?
And then that tune — her father's tune!
How it had been her nightly boon,
To hear it as she sank to rest?

An impulse moved the loving breast;
That tune. 'T was but a lullaby;
But she to turn the air would try,
And nature's sleeping sympathies
Beneath the sweet old notes might rise.
'T was a quaint fancy as might be,
And born of love's credulity;
That song — oh, how it trembled up!
It almost seemed a sighing —
The farewell of departing Hope
While Joy and Love lay dying.
A common tune it scarce could be;
The heart had set the homely words
To an impassioned melody
That swept from its excited chords;
That, and the face so grave and meek,
The wistful eye, the changing cheek,
Made such a touching spell,
The longing hand was fondly laid
Upon her daughters's haughty head,
And there she let it dwell.
Yea, Childhood's love seemed springing
there.

But, hush! a step upon the stair
That daughter loveth well.
And he, she knows his title high
Would ne'er to Indian blood ally;
Her pride, her love, are all at stake;
She strives the kindly spell to break:
Tells Leena, with some natural pain,
That they must never meet again;
And offers — insult strange and cold —
To buy her secrecy with gold.

The mother fled, as one afraid,
Two days and nights: and never stayed
Her hot and panting feet.
It was the time of festival,
And doors and hearts were open all,
And friend with friend did greet.
The light and warmth around her glowed,
While hers was still the frozen road —

An emblem of her fate.
And yet the broad, unsleeping eye
That guides the sparrows in the sky,
Did on her footsteps wait.

She sank beneath an oak tree bare,
On the third night, she knew not where.
The pure snow seemed the only thing
To her sick heart's imagining
That had not changed; and she would lie
Upon its quiet breast, and die,

A little further, sinking heart!
To the next turning only press;
'T is hard that thou should'st die; thou
art

But one stone's throw from happiness!
Hush! rising on the frosty air,
It is a Christmas hymn!
The kindly sounds have reached her
there;

Have roused a feeling dim,
Amid the lonesomeness of death,
That some one, on a prayerful breath,
Her passing soul might bear;
Perhaps through her exhausted frame
Some strong, mysterious impulse came
From Him who brought her there.
And, in its strength, she dragged her
feet

Round to a straggling village street,
And reached a house of prayer.
She saw not how red men and white,
(The sudden glow, the glare of light,
Those heavy eyes made blind),
Were stirring, 'neath the breath intense
Of one young preacher's eloquence
Like corn before the wind.

At last the listless ear was met
By one consoling word:
"A mother; yea, *she* may forget:
I will not, saith the Lord."
And, from the preacher's lips there
sprung

The grand poetic Indian tongue,
The while his reaching fancy strove
To paint that holiest earthly love —
A mother's; and he told a tale
So like her own it made her veil

Her eyes, lest, with a look at him,
 She might dispel a blissful dream.
 And, as her ear the rich voice drank,
 A wild hope, with it, rose and sank,
 And thus unto an end he drew:
 "Her fate, oh, would to God I knew!
 Alive, or dead, I cannot tell;
 But well I know that mother's love
 Here pining, or at peace above,
 Hath not forgotten Claude d'Estrelle!"
 She made no cry, she heard the name;
 A little lower sank her head:
 A gentle pause of being came,
 And well it did, or life had fled.
 No other words, nor prayer, nor hymn,
 Nor gathering feet the long trance
 broke,
 Till, with each sense confused and dim,
 At last upon his arm she woke,
 And saw compassion soft and warm
 Rain o'er her from his full dark eye,
 And felt as one beneath a charm,
 Content for ever thus to lie:
 Her heart so weak with the excess
 Of its unspoken happiness.
 Yet, from her lips his own words fell —
 "Hath not forgotten Claude d'Estrelle."
 And then her shaking hand did seek
 To part his hair, to touch his cheek;
 The voice, the touch, the loving eyes,
 Did link up broken memories
 That could not be withstood;
 His life with Nature and with Heaven
 To him had quick perceptions given:
 His heart was at the flood;
 It moved him on, he could not speak,
 But, with strong weeping clasped her
 neck.
 And sobbing women, at the scene,
 Dropped tear for tear with hardened
 men;
 And e'en the Indians of the wood
 Like weeping children round them stood
 Till one old thankful heart did stay
 The whirl of joy, with "Let us pray!"
 But oh, that quiet, joyful night,
 While Claude and his fair girlish wife
 Moved round her with such proud de-
 light;

Now stopped to weep at her past life,
 Now gently chafed the blistered feet,
 Anon between them moved her seat;
 Now, as they sat, the way-worn brow
 Was pressed against the golden hair
 Or to the blooming cheek; and now
 Claude's glowing lips were meeting
 there.
 Of Christmas hearths there never shone
 A brighter, dearer, happier one.

I heard this story when I came —
 In part from Claude, in part from one
 Who called upon her mother's name
 With deep remorse and burning shame,
 When friend and hireling all were
 gone,
 And he, who but her gold had wed,
 Approached not her infected bed.
 Oh, for that one kind face that she
 So harshly drove away!
 That sad, heart-breaking melody
 Did haunt her while she lay.
 I went for Leena, and she came —
 (Hers the true love that does not blame,
 That "suffers and is kind") —
 Touched the parched lips, and knew no
 fear,
 Though Death was kissing them with
 her;
 Poured on the fevered mind
 The dew of her forgiving love,
 Till there Heaven's olive branch and
 dove
 A resting-place did find.
 And but one fancy did remain —
 To hear that cradle hymn again.
 And Leena would not that she died
 With her last wish ungratified;
 So — trembling, through that silent room,
 Amid Death's deeply gathering gloom —
 Sang with calm lips her fav'rite strain,
 But with a heavy heart again:
 Full well we knew the closing ear
 Would lose it all too soon;
 That she, as its last notes drew near,
 Was dying with the tune.
 And when the lullaby had ceased,
 We saw she had been sung to rest.

LXXVIII A ROUND OF STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

Leena and I met once again.
A pleasant evening, after rain
And storm, her latter life hath been;
I watched her bend her eyes serene
 Upon the Book of Life,
And asked myself could they have seen

So much of pain and strife?
And children's children unto her
As loving little teachers were;
A very presence from above,
That simple woman's faith and love.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XVII.

TRADING IN DEATH.

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect of their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honour to the memory of the dead, did great dishonour to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsibility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals —

the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot — descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor, most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their iniquity, that language cannot stigmatize them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light, that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the

chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another — passing them on like water-buckets at a fire — every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the “black job.” Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who having made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death, be made the instruments of infecting, either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note, such examples have not

been wanting. The late Duke of Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words. “I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible.”

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled “honour” of the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honour while England lasts!

We earnestly submit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honour

in such a revival; that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralising practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be, have traded in this Death—have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly let it go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But, of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the long-deferred State Funeral has appropriately awakened, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of *The Times*.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with “the use of a piano”; and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of “The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine,” which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also “The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake,” which “delicious article” could only be had of such a baker; and likewise “The Funeral Life Preserver,” which could only be had of such a tailor; and further “the celebrated lemon biscuits,” at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the

manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunities the public had of profiting by the occasion.

LUDGATE HILL. — The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.

FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous. — To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshment, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15s.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. — A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.

SEATS and WINDOWS to be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a few doors from Coutts's banking-house. First floor windows, £8 each; second floor, £5 10s. each; third floor, £3 10s. each; two plate-glass shop windows, £7 each.

SEATS to VIEW the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL. Best position of all the route, no obstruction to the view. Apply Old Bailey. N.B. From the above position you can nearly see to St. Paul's and to Temple-bar.

FUNERAL of the late Duke of WELLINGTON. — To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, two windows, firing and every convenience. Terms moderate for a party. Also a few seats in front, one guinea each. Commanding a view from Piccadilly to Pall-mall.

FUNERAL of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. — The FIRST and SECOND FLOORS to be LET, either by the room or window, suited to gentlemen's families, for whom every comfort and accommodation will be provided, and commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle. The ground floor is also fitted up with commodious seats,

ranging in price from one guinea. Apply on the premises.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. — Terms very moderate. — **TWO FIRST FLOOR ROOMS**, with balcony and private entrance out of the Strand. The larger room capable of holding 15 persons. The small room to be let for eight guineas.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. — To be LET, a **SHOP WINDOW**, with seats erected for about 30, for 25 guineas. Also a **Furnished First Floor**, with two large windows. One of the best views in the whole range from Temple-bar to St. Paul's. Price 35 guineas. A few single seats one guinea each.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the **DUKE of WELLINGTON.** — Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, decidedly the best position in the whole route, a few **SEATS** still **DISENGAGED**, which will be offered at reasonable prices. An early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view.

FUNERAL of the Late **DUKE of WELLINGTON.** — To be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a **SECOND FLOOR**, for £10; a **Third Floor**, £7 10 s., containing two windows in each; front seats in shop, at one guinea.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. — To be LET, for 25 guineas to a genteel family, in one of the most commanding situations in the line of route, a **FIRST FLOOR**, with safe balcony, and ante-room. Will accommodate 20 persons, with an uninterrupted and extensive view for all. For a family of less number a reduction will be made. Every accommodation will be afforded.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN. — T. C. Fleet-street, has reserved for clergymen exclusively, *upon condition only that they appear in their surplices*, **FOUR FRONT SEATS**, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15 s. each; four third tier, at 12 s. 6 d.; four fourth tier, at 10 s.; four fifth tier, at 7 s. 6 d.; and four sixth tier, at 5 s. All the other seats are respectively 40 s., 30 s., 20 s., 15 s., 10 s.

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen all on six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls, who have laid in abundance of "refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china," and other light matters too numerous to mention, and who keep "good fires." On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, "**WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!**" which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how the lamented hero observed of it, "in his characteristic manner, 'Very good; very good indeed.'" O Art! You too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their place in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—TWO consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S (1843) highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, &c. that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON.—THREE original NOTES, averaging $2\frac{1}{4}$ pages each, (not lithographs,) seal, and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, by a retired officer, FIVE LETTERS and NOTES of the late HERO—three when Sir A. Wellesley. Also a large Envelope. All with seals. Apply personally, or by letter.

THE DUKE'S LETTERS.—TWO highly interesting LETTERS, authentic, and relating to a most amusing and characteristic circumstance, to be SOLD.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A AUTOGRAPH LETTER to a lady, with seal and envelope. This is quite in the Duke's peculiar style, and will be parted with for the highest offer. Apply—where the letter can be seen.

F. M. the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be SOLD, by a member of the family, to whom it was written, an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of Wellington, on military affairs, six pages long, in the best preservation. Price £30.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the DUKE'S for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living 100 years, date 1847, with envelope. Seal, with crest perfect. £10 will be taken.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the DUKE, written immediately after the death of the Duchess in 1831, is for SALE; also Two Autograph Envelopes franked and sealed.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH BUSINESS LETTER, envelope, seal, post-mark, &c. complete. Style courteous and highly characteristic. Will be shown by the party and at the place addressed. Price £15.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of His Grace, one written in his 61st, the other in his 72d year, both first-rate specimens of his characteristic graphic style, and on an important subject, to be SOLD. Their genuineness can be fully proved.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A very curious DOCUMENT, partly printed, and the rest written by His Grace to a lady. This is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of the curious. There is nothing like it. Highest offer will be taken.

TO be SOLD, SIX AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON, with envelopes and seals, which have been most generously given to aid a lady in distressed circumstances.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady has in her possession a LETTER, written by his Grace on the 18th of June, in the present year (1852), and will be happy to DISPOSE OF the same. The letter is rendered more valuable by its being written on the last anniversary which his Grace was spared to celebrate. The letter bears date from Apsley House, with perfect envelope and seal.

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant (Nov. 1852). The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. — A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an **AUTOGRAPH LETTER** of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to **PART WITH** for a trifle.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be **SOLD**, for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen.

ONE of the last **LETTERS** of the **DUKE of WELLINGTON** for **DISPOSAL**, dated from Walmer Castle within a day or two of his death, highly characteristic, with seal and post-marks distinct. This being probably the last letter written by the late Duke its interest as a relic must be greatly enhanced. The highest offer accepted. May be seen on application.

THE GREAT DUKE. — A **LETTER** of the **GREAT HERO**, dated March 27, 1851, to be **SOLD**. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address with offers of price.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most; the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells "probably the last letter written by the late Duke" before the aged hand that wrote it under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman — did he appear in his sur-

plice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window? — who is so anxious to sell "striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities;" or the generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured "six letters with envelopes and seals" into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lastly come the relics — precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nelson, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

MEMENTO of the late **DUKE of WELLINGTON.** — To be **DISPOSED OF**, a **LOCK** of the late illustrious **DUKE'S HAIR**. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON. — A **LOCK** of **HAIR** of the late Duke of WELLINGTON to be **DISPOSED OF**, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter, post paid.

VALUABLE RELIC of the late **DUKE of WELLINGTON.** — A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious **DUKE'S HAIR**, cut in 1841, is willing to **PART WITH** a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, pre-paid.

RELIC of the **DUKE of WELLINGTON** for **SALE.** — The son of the late well-known hair-cutter to his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of **HAIR**, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to **DISPOSE OF**. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter.

RELICS of the late **DUKE of WELLINGTON.** — For **SALE**, a **WAIST-COAT**, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article — quite unique — the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. — *La Mort de Napoleon, Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise.* — A book, of which the above is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which, we are authorized to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL. — A talented, interesting, and valuable WORK, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830, and immediately bought up by the above statesmen, except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been much more extended.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day — apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury

it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society — is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honours of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the traders would have been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertakers' Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, "the Senate" would have been "mourning its hero" (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in

fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed without any violence to the truth; namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout, the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own

countrymen; we must yet express our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine — worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was worthy to receive it — from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement — remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character — that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur Duke of Wellington.

THE GREAT YORKSHIRE LLAMA.

SIXTEEN years ago — that is to say, in the year 1836 — a huge pile of dirty-looking sacks, filled with some fibrous material which bore a strong resemblance to superannuated horse-hair, or frowsy elongated wool, or anything else unpleasant and unattractive, were landed at Liverpool. When those queer-looking bales had first arrived, or by what vessel brought, or for what purpose intended, the very oldest warehouseman in the Liverpool Docks couldn't say.

There had been once a rumour, a mere warehouseman's whisper, that the bales had been shipped from South America on spec., and consigned to the agency of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. But even this seemed to have been forgotten; and it was agreed on all hands that the three hundred and odd sacks of nondescript hair-wool were a perfect nuisance. The rats appeared to be the only parties who at all approved of the importation, and to them it was the very finest investment for capital that had been known in Liverpool since their first ancestors had migrated thither.

Well, those bales seemed likely to rot, or fall to dust, or be bitten up for the particular use of the female rats. Brokers wouldn't so much as look at them. Merchants could have nothing to say to them. Dealers couldn't make them out. Manufacturers shook their heads at the bare mention of them. While the agents C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. felt quite savage at the sight of the Invoice and Bill of Lading, and once spoke to their head-clerk about shipping them out to South America again.

One day — we won't care what day it was, or even what week, or month, though things of far less national importance have been chronicled to the very half minute — one day, a plain business-looking young man, with an intelligent face and a quiet, reserved manner, was walking alone through those same warehouses at Liverpool, when his eye fell upon some

of the superannuated horse-hair projecting from one of the ugly dirty bales; some lady rat, more delicate than her neighbours, had found it rather coarser than usual, and had persuaded her lord and master to eject the portion from her resting-place. Our friend took it up, looked at it, felt it, smelt it, rubbed it, pulled it about; in fact, he did all but taste it, and he would have done that if it had suited his purpose, for he was "Yorkshire." Having held it up to the light, and held it away from the light, and held it in all sorts of positions, and done all sorts of cruelties to it, as though it had been his most deadly enemy and he was feeling quite vindictive; he placed a handful or two in his pocket and walked calmly away, evidently intending to put the stuff to some excruciating private tortures at home.

What particular experiments he tried with this fibrous substance, I am not exactly in a position to relate, nor does it much signify; but the sequel was, that the same quiet business-looking man was seen to enter the office of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co., and ask for the head of the firm. When he asked that portion of the house if he would accept of eight-pence per pound for the entire contents of the three hundred and odd frowsy, dusty bags of nondescript wool, the authority interrogated felt so confounded, that he could not have told if he were the head or the tail of the firm. At first he fancied our friend

had come for the express purpose of quizzing him; then that he was an escaped lunatic, and thought seriously of calling for the police; but eventually it ended in his making over to him the bill of lading for the goods in consideration of the price offered.

It was quite an event in the little dark office of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co., which had its supply of light (of a very inferior quality) from the grim old church-yard. All the establishment stole a peep at the buyer of the "South American stuff." The chief clerk had the curiosity to speak to him and hear him reply. The cashier touched his coat-tails; the book-keeper, a thin man in spectacles, examined his hat and gloves; the porter openly grinned at him. When the quiet purchaser had departed, C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. shut themselves up, and gave all their clerks a holiday.

But if the sellers had cause for rejoicing, not less so had the buyer. Reader, those three hundred and odd bales of queer-looking South American stuff contained "Alpaca Wool," at that date entirely unknown to our manufacturers, and which it would still have been but for the fortunate enterprise of one intelligent, courageous man. That bold manufacturer was Mr. Titus Salt, in those days a mere beginner, with a very few thousands to aid him in his upward career, but at present one of the wealthiest amongst the wealthy men of Bradford in Yorkshire. His fortune

has been altogether built up by the aid of this same "Alpaca," to the manufacture of which he has for the last dozen years devoted the whole of his time and energies.

Alpaca is the long hair-like wool, from an animal something between a camel and a sheep, found in vast numbers in Peru. It is of the Llama tribe, and thrives only upon the elevated tablelands of the interior of South America, where it roams at full liberty, being gregarious, but is never kept in flocks of any number. They have been tried on the low lands, nearer the sea-coast of their own country, but, either from the excessive heat or the extreme moisture of those positions, always without success. The existence of the wool, as also of fabrics made from it, has long been known. Pizarro is said to have brought portions of the raw and woven articles to Spain on his return from his American conquests. Attempts have, on more than one occasion, been made to naturalize the Llama in this country, but as yet unsuccessfully. The late Earl of Derby possessed a few, and these are at present in the hands of Mr. Salt, and giving promise of multiplying.

The first sample of this hair arrived in England in a very imperfect condition. It now reaches us very clear and lustrous, and is known by its extreme brightness and softness. In colour it varies, being black, brown, grey, and white, and of several shades of

each of these. As may be imagined, many trials of this new fibre had to be made, and many modifications of the existing woollen machinery to be undertaken, before the article could be successfully and profitably worked up. Mechanical ingenuity has, however, overcome every obstacle; and in the present day we may see very many beautiful and economical fibres produced not only with this, but by blending it in its manufacture with cotton, linen, wool, and even silk.

At first, none but very plain and rather coarse goods were produced from Alpaca, and these were, consequently, not in general favour, although their extreme lightness has always rendered them most agreeable for warm weather wear. With time and patience many great improvements have been introduced; and now, not only are Alpaca goods produced in every conceivable variety and style, but at all prices, to suit the pockets of almost any class of the community. Blended with silk thread they are made to look like a fine lustrous satteen. With figures and patterns of various kinds thrown up on them in silk of different hues, they serve as admirable substitutes for figured silks, both for ladies' dresses and waistcoat pieces. "Backed" with cotton or linen yarn, they receive a solidity which is very suitable for many purposes; whilst, with cotton woven amongst its fibres, the article may be sold at such a moderate price as at once to bring it within the reach of the most humble.

There can scarcely be a stronger proof of the improvements which must have taken place in this manufacture, than the single fact — that although, upon its first introduction, Alpaca wool was but eightpence or tenpence the pound, and is now worth two shillings and sixpence, the goods produced from it are sold at one half the old price.

The principal seat of the Alpaca manufacture, is at and around Bradford in Yorkshire, a town which is not only rapidly rising into importance from the skill and persevering energy of its manufacturers, but gives every promise of shortly eclipsing Leeds in general business.

There can scarcely be a more picturesque journey than that through the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire. Approach Bradford which way you please, you cannot but be forcibly struck with the beauty of the country around. Bold hills, gently undulating meadow-land, highly cultivated fields, canals, railroads, a most charming little river, and all dotted about with copse and dell, and inoculated with pretty villas, and lightly sprinkled over with busy towns — Yorkshire looks like a somewhat uneven grass-plot stuck about with bee-hives. It is true the hives are rather smoky hives; but then the green hills, and the greener fields, and the fine bracing air, make one forget the colour of the smoke. You need

not inquire when you are beyond Lancashire and into the confines of the West Riding: you can detect the locality by your nose. There is nothing but wool, and oil, and water, being knocked about, and mixed up, and torn asunder, and broken on savage, unrelenting wheels, and drawn out into "slivers," and scalded in hot soap-suds all day long, and all the year long. It may rain, hail, thunder, or anything else it pleases, but it's all the same to the Yorkshire folk: there's no peace for the wool. The whole county smells fusty, frowsy, and moist: the length and breadth of the West Riding must be full of damp great-coats and wretchedly wet trousers, or I am much mistaken.

Now and then you get a mile or so of fresh sweet air as you are whisked along in the train; but only as a short relief from tall, dark, mysterious-looking buildings, like county jails or model prisons, with a curling black stream of smoke above, and another gurgling black stream of water below, which would induce one to believe the place to be a blacking manufactory, and that they were then busy washing out the old bottles. You whistle past it, and smell more great-coats and trousers, and then you come to some more green fields, rattle over a canal, wind round a hill, plunge under the high road, whisk round a corner, and there you are — in the very heart of damp wearing-apparel — in the town of Bradford.

If the reader should pay a visit to this interesting manufacturing town, he will perhaps feel, as I did, rather surprised to see so many over-grown school-boys lounging about. Why, some of those old boys in blue and white pinafores were really grey-headed. They had none of their books or slates with them, and, upon the whole, I thought they were taking it rather easy. When I entered one of the large stone factories, I found the ground floor filled with these elderly lads, and began to fancy I had walked by mistake into some extensive national school for adult pupils. However, this puzzle was soon solved. The men in pinafores were simply the factory-labourers, long custom having given them these long habits, which, however useful, are far from picturesque.

There is not a very wide difference between the mode of working up cotton, wool, and Alpaca, although of course there are many peculiarities in each set of machines adapted to the characteristics of the various fibrous materials. They are all beaten and shaken, and pulled to pieces, and put together again, and made even and straight, and worked into "slivers," and drawn out fine, and then "finished," and finally spun into yarn of varying thicknesses. In one respect, however, there is a wide distinction between the working of cotton, and of wool or Alpaca, the former never being moistened; whereas both the latter are not only well washed in

hot soap-suds, but actually put through an oil bath. Some woollen manufacturers use as much as three or four hundred tons of olive oil in one year in the preparation of their yarns and cloths: very few, even of the smaller men, but use their tens of tons in that time.

In the spinning of Alpaca, the process, and the machinery also, bear a close resemblance to those of the cotton factories. Except in some few particulars, a description of one would be an account of the other. The alpaca manufacture is, however, chiefly of interest, from the fact of its supplying us with fabrics which at once supplant cotton, silk, and woollen goods, for a multitude of purposes. Not only have ladies dresses and children frocks of light summer make, but the same for autumn and winter. Gentlemen are provided by means of this fabric with waistcoats as cool as any cotton, yet rich and lustrous as the best silk patterns. Dwellers in tropical countries are thankful to possess a black coat, which, while it represents a cloth coat, is not a fourth of the weight, nor a half of the price. Boots, caps, parasols, bonnets, trousers, cloaks, and I know not how many other things equally useful, may now be composed entirely or partly of this material.

There is, however, one building of Cyclopean proportions, rearing its Titan head — or, just at present, not more than its trunk — above the green fields of the Bradford neighbourhood, which

deserves a passing notice, inasmuch as there is not only nothing equal to it in all Yorkshire or Lancashire — and that is saying something; but, when finished, there will doubtless be no factory in the world that shall approach it in magnificence, in extent, or in completeness of purpose.

This one factory, which is to be the astonishment of the manufacturing world, is in course of erection by the same person who, sixteen years since, caused so much amazement in the establishment of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. about those three hundred and odd dirty bales of South American stuff. Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford, is engaged in constructing a factory capacious enough to contain within its walls the machinery, or, rather, the equivalent to the machinery, now working in five of his Alpaca mills scattered over various parts of the vicinity.

At a distance of two or three miles from Bradford, the traveller by the Leeds Railway may observe a sweet spot of country where the river Aire meanders gently through as pretty a green valley as is to be seen for many a league. On that spot, just where the Lancaster and Glasgow Railway and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal diverge from each other, is a block of ground, now fast disappearing beneath a vast pile of masonry. This is the Saltaire estate, and is destined to receive the whole of Mr. Salt's operations, with new machinery and engines

more than equal to his present force. The mill or factory is so situated with regard to the railway and the canal, that goods may be conveyed to it by either of them without the aid of cartage or portage.

This vast building stands upon six acres of ground, running east and west, and is nearly six hundred feet in length, and eighty in height: the several floors and sheds will comprise a superficial extent of nearly fifty-six thousand feet.

Such is, and such will be, Saltaire; and the whole of this, it must be borne in mind, is created by the genius and industry of one quiet man of business. All these vast machines, these huge piles of works, these myriads of working instruments, this wonderful whole, spring from that one source — those three hundred and odd dirty bales of frowsy South American stuff.

COGSWELL'S.

COGSWELL'S is my Coffee-house. It is not at all an aristocratic coffee-house. Hundreds of coffee-houses in London would feel offended at being compared with it; much less has it any claim to be likened to a Parisian coffee-house. It has no chandeliers, nor circular mirrors for the distortion of customers' faces, nor candelabra ornamented with lustre drops, nor tables of marble, nor chairs of crimson velvet, nor gild-

ed panels, nor emblazoned ceilings, nor waiters with white neck-cloths. A King is compelled to recognise in a beggar a man like himself; but a *café* of the Palais Royal or the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, would not discover in my coffee-house the slightest trace of affinity. Perhaps in the coffee which my coffee-house supplies, it would be equally unable to find any resemblance, in colour or flavour, to its own fragrant *café-au-lait*, at sixteen *sous* per cup. The thin brown liquid with a surface of oil floating in spots and streaks, like marbled paper, which my coffee-house calls chocolate, would be equally strange to it. The silent groups parted off in solitary boxes; the total absence of dominoes; the blazing coal fire, which any customer for a single cup of coffee has the right to stir and stand by; the very newspapers, huge broadsheets that do not offend your nostrils at five yards off with the smell of rank printing oil, or wear your eyes when you take them up, by the very small difference in the colours of print and paper; but, mostly, the kitchen, whose screen and scanty curtain only half conceal from the eyes of customers in the coffee-room its stores of eatables, and rows of cups and saucers — (not to mention its small tin cisterns, where tea and coffee simmer all day long, and all night too, for aught I know) — these have nothing to do with the Frenchman's *café*. If you ask

for tea at my coffee-house, they don't bring you black and green imitations of tea in two snuff-boxes, and bid you make the infusion yourself; they don't require two able-bodied men, one with a milk can and the other with a coffee can, to pour out a cup of coffee for you. When a cup of chocolate is wanted, my coffee-house does not set complicated machinery at work to crush, and spread, and scrape brown paste upon shining steel plates. Ask my coffee-house-keeper for a roll, and he will not bring you a small, round, crusty something, big in the middle, and tapered off at the ends, like a rolling-pin seen through the wrong end of a telescope. People come to my coffee-house to eat and drink; not to lounge and sip coffee and sugar-water, to pass away time.

Having thus modestly repudiated, on behalf of my coffee-house, all pretension to be compared with those glittering palaces in which Frenchmen pass three-fourths of the day, let me say what it is not among London coffee-houses. Its windows are not covered with bills, announcing sales to take place there, at every day and hour for a month to come; and it does not sell port, or sherry, or bitter ale, or Barclay's stout, or sandwiches. It is, in short, nothing like Garraway's coffee-house. Its frequenters' heads are not filled with ships and cargoes, like the frequenters of Lloyd's or the Jerusalem. It does not let rooms for arbitrations and noisy meetings of creditors, like the Gray's Inn coffee-house. It does not file all the papers in the world, like Deacon's. It is never appointed for a *rendezvous* in mysterious advertisements in the Times, like Peele's. It is not haunted by pale men in brown-black coats and white muslin stocks, ready to be hired to write or preach sermons by the job, like the Chapter. All these it knows to be far above its own humble pretensions. Yet is my coffee-house equally above the "Noted Cocoa-house" that paints itself all red from top to bottom, and writes up its proprietor's and its own name, in green and yellow flamy letters. It thinks the Temperance house — where the Building Society holds its meetings, and the respectful circular of Monsieur Starve (native of Paris) in vain invites young men to come in and be taught French in a secluded box at sixpence a lesson — vulgar. It despises the Early Breakfast-House that never shuts up, to which the cabmen go from the opposite cabstand, together with the waterman, and play at all-fours with a sable pack of cards. It contemns the coffee-shop that calls itself the Nottingham and Midland Counties' House on the strength of taking in a Nottingham paper. It has a poor opinion of Steggals's, with a catalogue of its dirty, grease-stained, and coffee-rimmed library in the window, and a highly-coloured illuminated transparent blind, representing a

fight between Italian brigands and a detachment of cavalry; and it laughs the useless efforts of that establishment to dispose of yesterday's Advertiser at half-price, to scorn. It despises the Northern Star, where a stale copy of the Sun evening newspaper hangs over the screen; where the window is ornamented with eggs in blue egg-cups, one dark piece of bacon, two large coffee-cups and saucers, two fly-papers, a bill of performance at the Rottingham Saloon, and the question for discussion by the Rubb Street Debating Society on Tuesday evening next, at half-past eight precisely, "Is a Lodger Suffrage, or is it not, in harmony with the grand principle of all Legislation: namely, the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number? Question to be opened by Mr. Flynn. Strangers are invited to speak." As to all coffee-shops painted dingy white without, having white canvas screens, with inscriptions of "coffee twopence a pint," "tea twopence-halfpenny a pint," taking in only one weekly paper, and calling themselves working mens' coffee-shops, my coffee-house pretends not to know of such places.

Mr. Cowley bridles in his struggling muse with pain in a rapturous description of his retreat at Chertsey, with a fear lest a captivated public should be induced to flock thither, and thus to "make a city of his solitude." For a similar reason, I omit to point out the precise locality of my coffee-house. To use the technical language of the game of "hide and seek," if you should be looking for it anywhere between Fleet Street and the Thames, you would be "warm;" near the Times printing-office you would be decidedly "hot;" in every part of Doctor's Commons you might be said to "burn." Further than this I will not speak. We don't like strangers in my coffee-house. The proprietor himself does not encourage them. He has his regular customers, and quite as much business as he cares to have. He considers it a quiet, respectable, and sure business, from which a man may calculate the time of retiring upon a small property with a moderate degree of certainty. Therefore, he puts up no flaming bill of prices; no claims to be the "original," or any particular coffee-house; no bills returning thanks to the public for the liberal support he has met with, and of which, by strict attention to business, punctuality, and the smallest remunerating profits, he hopes to merit a continuance. My coffee-house has nothing to say of itself, except that it is, or rather was, "Cogswell's;" and, that it was established in the year 1800. It is situated in a comparatively retired street. With a very little less traffic, grass might grow between the stones there. Its shop-front has white frames and moderate-sized squares of glass. Plate-glass has never for a moment tempted the "son-in-law and

successor of the late J. Cogswell" to waste his capital in alterations. Dwarf Venetian screens secure privacy to the sitters in the lower room; linen roller blinds keep out the sun, when the days are hot. Walk up two steps (hollowed out by the feet of regular customers), brush your shoes upon a mat, push open a door — which, if its cloth were not green and its nails yellow, would look something like the lid of a coffin — and you are in my coffee-house.

You observe the kitchen, which I have mentioned — a corner parted off on the right of the door. The little door of the division is open; and you see the roaring fire, with the great kettles in front and atop, and the simmering tin vessels occupying every inch of hob. Bacon and eggs, and half-cut up loaves are on its dresser. Bright tins and rows of plates and cups, all one pattern — a landscape in Italy, with Cogswell Coffee-House written in the waters of the lake — glitter with the fire in numberless places. The most regular of customers has never been in there. I have walked along dreary roads at night, with the wind blowing, and no moon or stars, and have thought of that corner in Cogswell's shop, as a pleasant thing to fix the mind upon. I dreamt, once, of standing in a gusty rain at night before the front of a high building, looking in vain for bell or door to ask for shelter, when, suddenly, I heard a whistle, and beheld the high building split in twain from

top to bottom, and each section go off in opposite directions, leaving me all at once in that very kitchen, taking the miraculous and delightful transition as a matter of course; although it was worth sitting there all the dog days to enjoy at last that cosy corner on such a night.

The floor is neatly sawdusted; but the walls are dingy; the ceiling is dingy; the boxes on each side of the room are dingy. If I were a metaphysician, I might be able to discover why I like to see them dingy, and cannot bear the idea of their being repapered, or white-washed, or painted. Why, too, do I like that round-faced clock over the mantel-piece, whose maker is long since run down and stopped, whose Arabic numerals are faint, whose minute hand is snapped shorter than its hour hand? I do not know: but I do like it, and am convinced it is exactly the sort of clock for my coffee-house. If the son-in-law and successor of the late J. Cogswell kept a book for his customers to enter any suggestions for the improvement of the establishment (which he is not at all likely to do), I should have nothing to enter. I consider the arrangements perfect. I would not even have that skylight puttied, whose small panes, lapping one over the other like the steel plates of a frock of mail, let in a little water when the rain is heavy. Why should I, to remove a defect that does not annoy me (for I always sit at the last box on the left), deprive old Pedders of the pleasure

of going over and sitting directly under it, and making feeble jests about having "got a drop too much"? (He always puts up an umbrella, and says "it's too bad;" but they know he don't mind it in his heart.) The seats are so narrow, that if you don't sit bolt upright you slide off; but, when I first came to Cogswell's, they were not at all too narrow for that diminutive youth, who seems to me now to have no connexion with my present self; and it is sweet to be reminded of that time.

Ah! I remember well; I was the junior—the *minimus natu*—in the counting-house of Messrs. Drab and Gray, the corn-merchants; where, under the pretence that I was learning something useful, I was persuaded to give the greatest amount of labour for the smallest amount of salary that ever sweater or middleman dreamed of in his Utopia. In those awful granaries, where I was so small, and everything else was so large; where there were rats big enough to knock me down if they had tried; where the barred windows were so dirty or so choked up with heaps of grain, that it was twilight everywhere; where Drab, like Satan in the Book of Job, was always walking to and fro, and going up and down, I wished myself back at school many a time; and thought I could even bear to be a burden to my poor mother a little longer, in order to put off the dreadful day of "going and being" a clerk at old Drab's. Young Gray was better;

but the fear of old Drab was upon him. He did not dare to give anybody a holyday, although I believe, if he had had his own way, he would have considered that *we* were not Quakers, though the firm was. He said to me, however, one day, "The firm does not expect your mother to give you money for dinner in the City. We will allow you two hours, so that you may walk over to Newington and dine at home." I did not tell him that I always brought some cold meat and bread in a paper, and went down to eat it and watch the barges at the landing-place at Queenhithe. I found out at once a wretched coffee-shop, where gentlemen were requested to pay on delivery to prevent mistakes, and not to keep the paper more than ten minutes after bespoke. Here there was always a great fire, and a hanger fixed to the bars, where any customer might cook his own rasher of bacon by the aid of an apparatus placed there for that purpose; whose peculiar advantage was, that it caught and preserved the fat that must otherwise have fallen into the ashes below. Here, calmly seated, beyond the terrible jurisdiction of old Drab, and as yet ignorant of the superior comforts of Cogswell's, with the last "Figaro in London" in hand, I tasted of a joy only slightly alloyed by a fear of the proprietor, who would sometimes come home drunk and insult his customers, obliging his wife (whom everybody felt for)

to apologise afterwards, or even to call upon a customer the next day, if she knew his address. This man was a terror to me, but he was nothing compared to old Drab, and he did not get drunk every day. But they found me out and told young Mr. Gray. I don't know who saw me go in or come out there; though I think it must have been Skurry, the chief clerk, who liked to say that I was a "born idiot, and not worth my salt." I was accused of wasting my employers' time, or, as Skurry called it, "kicking my heels about in a low coffee-shop." I had to promise that I would go home in future; but I didn't go home. I did not dare to go to that coffee-shop again; but I returned to Queenhithe, and to the barges, and to the walks at low water along a beach of oyster-shells and broken tobacco-pipes, and to the amusement of making "ducks and drakes" on the surface of the river with bits of slate.

About this time, I found out Cogswell's. I could tell you what day of the week it was; whether wet or dry; where I was going, and how I came to be sent there; and, being sent there, how I happened, on my way back, to turn down (I was just going to divulge the name of the street) by where Cogswell lived; and what induced me to go in; and how I thought I would club the time I had been gone upon my errand with my dinner-time, and thus be away from Drab's for

three consecutive blessed hours. But these things are not to you, reader, what they are to me; I know I am prone to be garrulous about my coffee-house.

I reconnoitred the place from the outside; saw the name of the proprietor; read how long it had been there, and was afraid that so old established a place must require more than I had in my pocket for the smallest thing that I could demand: but I determined to risk that. I brushed my shoes, and pushed open the green baize door, dropped modestly into the nearest box, and tapped with a sixpence upon the table. Cogswell himself came (I see him now) and took my order, and brought me hot coffee in a cup shaped like a flower-pot, with a hollow bottom; as well as a roll and little dewy pat of butter, stamped with a swan. Fourpence I paid for this—being one halfpenny more than my old coffee-shop charged. But what a difference! The roll was a French roll, and the butter was not cheesy-flavoured. I had a little tray, and the milk and sugar (best loaf) were brought separately in a doll's milk-pot and sugar-basin. But the tranquillity, the gentle tone of the place, were *they* worth nothing? I knew they could never find me there, and send after me before my time was up, to say "Mr. Gray wanted me," or that I was "to make haste." The granaries were too far off. I could come in there any day, and be sure of not being Drabbed or

Skurried for a couple of hours. Peace was in its dingy boxes; Lethe was in its coffee, whereof whoso drank straightway fell into a dream in which there were no granaries, nor barred windows, nor rats, nor Masters, nor head clerks. What a glorious thing to have got a holiday, and to have spent the whole day in Cogswell's! How often, I wondered, should I have been obliged to renew my order for a cup of coffee and a roll, to be tolerated there from morn till night. I might have chosen a wet day, and pretended to be always getting up to go away and always hindered by the weather, but I could never get through a roll every two hours; and I used to fancy that Cogswell wondered—as it was—how I could have the face to sit, eating and reading there, at two-pence an hour. I suspected he talked about me to the customers when I was gone, and contemplated declining to admit boys any more. I speculated upon how he would first intimate to me the unfeeling determination. Would he write it up in large letters, and silently point to it one day when I came in: or would he let me down before the customers, by calling it out to me from his place among the cups and saucers, and sending me away red in the face? It was long before I became sufficiently free from these doubts to feel quite at my ease in Cogswell's old established coffee-shop.

And yet, Heaven knows, I was meek and timid enough to con-

ciliate the greediest of coffee-house-keepers, or the severest of regular customers. Old Perks did at last—after staring at me in silence for eight months—voluntarily admit that I was a “very well-conducted and unobtrusive youth.” During all that time no one had ever heard me bespeak the paper, after any one. I had my opinions, and heard some say things there that I thought very foolish; but I never ventured to make a remark. I have watched the Morning Herald in the hands of old Perks, and hoped that he would go away and leave it there before I went. I have seen him, when I knew that he had quite done with it, lay it on the table and accidentally place his spectacles upon it, and I have never dared to touch it till that token of possession was removed. If an empty box were to be found, I never went into a box where another person was sitting. If I had hung my hat up at the bottom of some box, and a customer came and sat there, making it impossible to get it again without disturbing that customer, I would stretch my time to the utmost limits before I could make up my mind to ask him to move.

Cogswell's took in Blackwood, the Gentleman's, the Penny Magazine, and the Mirror, published by Mr. Limbird in the Strand, to whom I sent an epigram (for the Mirror liked epigrams) in the year 1833; and which I am not aware that he ever published, though I looked for it every week

for a twelvemonth. Blackwood had fine stories in him; and Christopher North with his crutch, was a great fact to me. The Gentleman's I admired at first; but too many Discoveries of remarkable Urns in the county of Norfolk tired me. The Penny Magazine was my favourite. Its interesting bits of travels, and accounts of popular superstitions, and biographical sketches, determined me to be a great and wise man, in spite of Skurry's low estimate of my abilities. To have my name in a Penny Magazine! Wouldn't Skurry be savage then? Wouldn't old Drab be anxious, lest one day I should tell the whole world how he had served me? I had dreamed of annoying him by becoming immensely rich; by having a horse and dashing past his window, several times a day; but that was a vulgar revenge, compared with this. And all these things were somehow connected with the Penny Magazine. No wonder I liked that publication. No wonder that it is a pleasure to me to this day — and will be for many a day to come I hope — to open an old volume, and turn over its pages — starting a whole covey of fluttering memories, and lingering fondly over its views of the Peak of Teneriffe, the Peter Botte Mountain with people—like ants, with little ladders — climbing up it; its portraits of Jupiter Tonans and the Saxon Deities, who gave names to the days of the week; its Maccaroni Eaters; its Tunny Fishery; its Cromwell

Dissolving the Long Parliament; its Method of Curing Anchovies — droll woodcuts, which Corboy (a regular customer) was always admiring; saying, "Upon my word, they do bring these wood engravings to a wonderful degree of perfection, they do indeed. They are very little inferior to copperplate."

I was a favourite of Corboy's. He would invite me to play at chess with him sometimes, with an old red and white bone set of chessmen, compounded of two sets of different sizes — with some of its knights' horses heads broken off, a queen insecurely stuck upon her pedestal with a bit of red sealing-wax, and two pawns missing, which we supplied with two six-pences. He said I was "very strong indeed; very strong," but he never failed to beat me. I believe most of the customers liked me, at last. Drew did, I know. Drew was in some way connected with the Ecclesiastical Courts. He said he was not more than forty, but he looked fifty, in his white stock, and shirt with a dozen plaits to an inch. His faith was great in Cogswell's; and when I told him the story of my first coming there, he became my friend from that day. He recollected Mrs. Cogswell, poor thing, and, "she was a very talented woman. It was a bad day for Cogswell when he lost her." I don't believe any one could have persuaded Drew that there was a better coffee-house in Europe, than Cogswell's. You would only be

set down as a mendacious traveller, and forfeit his goodwill into the bargain, if you said such a thing. When Cogswell (at the request of a few friends, or rather as a compromise) consented to cook two joints on a Wednesday (only on a Wednesday), no man hailed the change with more satisfaction than Drew; yet he had never complained of eating chops, but only said, mildly, that a change, now and then, was agreeable. At this, Pedders (who used to make the joke about the rain) said something that ended with "chop and change;" but the pun only slept in Drew's ear. I could never help tittering behind my Magazine or paper — boy as I was — to see Drew's restlessness when a stranger came in on a Wednesday, and hesitated what to have for dinner. He must speak; he could no more help it, than he could turn a summersault. "Try the roast lamb, Sir. It's beautiful!" He would positively get up from his seat, if he happened to be eating, and, taking his plate over, exhibit its contents to the stranger, turning it sideways and back again with a motion of the wrist, in order that he might show it to advantage; and then he would say triumphantly, "A perfect picture, Sir!" I have even known him — though with the exception of this little mania, he was considered a polite man — go and stand in front of the stranger while he was eating, and say, "How do you find it, Sir? Is it not excellent?" Cogswell lost in him his most devoted

supporter. I went in to Cogswell's one dull wintry afternoon, many years ago, when nobody was in the shop but myself; and as I was edging into one of the boxes, I suddenly gave so strange a shudder, that nothing shall ever persuade me but that I had edged right through the ghost of poor Drew, sitting in his accustomed place.

I can never think of Cogswell's, as it was in old times, without thinking of Godby, lean, shadowy, hollow-stomached, weazy, bald old Godby. He was a clerk to a proctor, and I think he must have been the oldest clerk in London. He had been a solicitor: but had failed, and become reduced to serve the aforesaid proctor at the salary of a mere lad. He told me, privately, that what he got from Scruff and Milder hardly paid for his snuff — yet I verily believe he lived upon it. His ordinary food was French rolls, with an occasional rasher of bacon. He used to say he "didn't like chops, and it was a pity Cogswell's did not cook a joint;" but, when they did cook a joint, he continued to eat rolls and rashers, and never uttered a complaint again. He wore his cravat so loose, that his chin would drop into it now and then; his face was thin and liney; and he had a hooked nose. When he began to be bald (about half a century before I knew him), he used to comb his hair upwards from all sides towards the crown; and he continued the practice, by habit, long after all chance of

hiding his baldness had disappeared. He always wore his coat close buttoned across his chest; and he would spar sometimes at nothing, and strike himself such blows there, in proof of his iron frame—that he would afterwards pant with the exertion. When he entered sometimes breathless, from having walked a couple of hundred yards, and when any one jokingly enquired if he had been running, he answered, “No, Sir. No man ever saw *me* run;” but on less serious occasions, he invariably spoke of himself in the third person: adding some epithet of endearment.

As I sit writing these last lines in my coffee-house, a crowd of long departed, but young and old customers come in, and silently fill all the boxes with their shadowy forms. Gravat is there, ready still to tell the history of any noble family in England that happens to be talked about. I know what he would say if I were to ask of anybody in his hearing “Who is the Duke of Blackwater?” “The present Duke of Blackwater, Sir, is the son of the old duke, commonly called ‘the limping Duke.’ It was his brother, Lord Boune, who obtained an unenviable notoriety by running away with the wife of Cole the actor, and afterwards fighting a duel with Sir James Portbin, who married Cole’s eldest daughter—also celebrated for her histrionic talents.” There is young Mr. Slip, whom Cogswell (contrary to rule) trusted, was de-

ceived, and became hard-hearted in consequence. There is Parsons, who always prefaced a remark with “Ahem! It is an observation of Paley—” There is Mr. Peep, of the staff of some evening paper, scribbling on tissue paper with a manifold writer. There is Coulter, who would roar out from the furthestmost box for more milk or sugar, and could take more liberties in Cogswell’s than any other man dared.

But these are the shadows of old customers; and many still remain in the flesh, of whom time serves not now to tell. It is time that I gather these leaves together, and pay my reckoning, and take down my hat and coat from their peg, and go out again into the bustling world.

CHIPS.

FUNERALS IN PARIS.

IN London, discontent has often been expressed very strongly against the various abuses and absurdities connected with the business of an undertaker, as it is now conducted. Measures have been planned more than once for the purpose of providing a reformed system of carrying the dead to burial, by which surviving relatives may be enabled to pay the last outward tribute of respect to the departed without paying a tribute too ridiculous to the good company by whom the funeral has been performed. It is very hard

to understand in London the various items of an undertaker's bill. If any sorrowing relict or rejoicing heir should be disposed to go into its details, it would be found very difficult to prove that the benevolent undertaker has not been selling off his funeral effects at the least possible advance upon prime cost. He can show his bills, perhaps; and who would venture to suggest that he has heard that upon the prime cost of some funeral properties, as stated in the invoice sent with them to the funeral manager, there is a matter-of-course discount of some sixty or seventy-five per cent, and that the price put upon paper is a little bit of humour proper to the trade—a *jeu d'esprit* for the amusement of the public?

In Paris, the undertaking of funerals is managed on a different plan. There, as we all know, everything, from the supply of milk to the furnishing of funerals is systematised to a "service" or an "administration." Formerly the members or agents of the funeral "service," added to the function of burying the dead the privileges of crying wines for sale in taverns, of vegetables and meat for sale in the markets, and of announcing in the streets the loss of children and dogs. An ordinance of 1415 fixed the amount of the *crieurs'* fees. At first their number was only twenty-four, but by a decree of January, 1690, it was raised to fifty. At that period it was the custom to receive five or six bodies at a time in one

hearse, to place the indigent in open coffins, and to toss them into a common grave. The undertakers, not being under control, often used to leave the bodies at the doors of public-houses while they enjoyed themselves.

Just before the Revolution, some hospitals in certain places obtained the privilege of burying the dead; but, after the Revolution, the privilege was transferred from them to the churches, as a means of contributing towards the revenues of the clergy. Three vast cemeteries were created at the north, the south, and the east of the city. The conveyance of the dead on men's shoulders, with the exception of the bodies of children, was interdicted. Hearses drawn by two horses, proceeding at a foot pace, and accompanied by an officer called an *ordonnateur* and three bearers, were made to replace the common open coffins. Finally, it was decided that a coffin and a shroud should be provided for every person dying in indigence. A certain M. Bobée contracted to execute all funerals, receiving a tax from the rich, and burying the poor gratuitously. But it was soon found that the former was insufficient to cover the expenses of the latter. The contractor was therefore authorised to treat with wealthy families for burying their dead with certain pomp, and he purchased a stock of funereal appliances for the purpose. The produce which he realised by these means was sufficient to cover the

expenses to which he was subjected, and to yield a profit. By a decree of the eleventh Vendémiaire, of the Revolutionary year XII., the exclusive right of effecting all funerals, and supplying all the *matériel* for them, was reserved to him, subject to the payment of a certain sum to churches and consistories, to be settled by agreement.

A later decree established a general tariff for the conveyance of the dead and the supply of different articles, the families of the deceased being at liberty to choose such articles as they pleased. For the convenience of families, a decree of the 18th of May, 1806, divided the tariff into six classes, according to the greater or less pomp of the funerals; and another decree of 1811 made some modifications in the distribution of the money among the churches, so as to secure to those situated in poor quarters a fair remuneration.

In 1842 M. Pector became contractor, and his contract still continues. On the twenty-fourth of the present month (November 1852) a new contract was entered into. The contractor is bound to abide by a fixed scale of charges, imposed upon him by the municipal administration, and graduated in such a manner that it is at the option of an executor to provide for the dead a funeral fairly proportioned to the means available for such a purpose. These are the ordinary and the extraordinary services. The ordinary service is for the poor. It must consist of a carriage of a certain form, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man in mourning. The coffin must be covered with a black pall without fringe, and the accompanying mourners are to be guided by a director of the ceremony, and attended by four bearers. In payment for this service, an inhumation tax of sixteen shillings and eightpence for an adult, and eight and fourpence for a child, is levied on the house, and the town adds an allowance of five shillings and tenpence for each body. The whole payment, therefore, to the public undertaker, for an ordinary funeral, is one pound, two shillings and sixpence for an adult, or fourteen shillings and twopence for a child. For all persons dying in indigence the undertaker of funerals is bound to supply, at his own cost, a coffin and a shroud.

The extraordinary service is divided into nine classes, out of which each family may select the class that provides a mode of burial most suited to its means. It is allowable in each class to require supplementary provisions, or extras. The fixed expense, then, for a funeral of the first class, with extras, is, according to the present contract, about two hundred and eighty-seven pounds sterling; without extras one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Second class with extras (named in the tariff as "first section") one hundred and thirty-seven pounds; without extras (or "second section") one hundred and

fifteen pounds. Third class eighty pounds, and sixty-seven pounds. Fourth class forty-four pounds, and thirty-six pounds. Fifth class twenty-two pounds, and fourteen pounds. Sixth class seven pounds, and six pounds. Seventh class seven pounds, and three pounds. To the eighth class funerals there is only one section, no extras being allowed, and its cost is nearly two pounds. For a ninth class funeral, no more than eighteen francs seventy-five centimes is charged.

In the year 1847 there were about twenty-five thousand burials, of which eight thousand belonged to one of the nine classes, and about seventeen thousand received the ordinary service. In 1848 there were twenty-four thousand burials performed by the public undertaker, of which about six thousand eight hundred paid for extraordinary service.

It is found that more than one half of the families which pay for extraordinary service select, for their dead, a funeral according to the scale given for the sixth or seventh class; the expenses of which range between seven pounds and three pounds. Out of the eight thousand classed burials in 1847, only about three thousand belonged to the sixth class, costing a little more than seven pounds, and two thousand six hundred more belonged to the seventh class, and cost three pounds ten.

Next to the fifth class, the fourth is the one most frequently selected, but the funerals in that

class — costing about forty-two pounds — do not reach five hundred in number. Next to the fourth class, the third is the one commonly chosen. In 1847, the ninth class — the cheapest form of independent burial — in which class the funerals each cost under a sovereign, numbered two or three hundred. In the second class, paying a hundred and sixteen pounds, there are about a hundred funerals; and funerals of the first class — the dearest and the rarest — occurred only twenty-seven times in 1847, and only twelve times in the year 1848. Funerals of the eighth class are also rare; there being about fifty or eighty in the year.

The undertaker of funerals has to pay church dues. These amount to thirty or forty thousand pounds a year, a varying amount which pretty exactly represents one half of his entire receipts. About one third of the remaining half is spent on the material necessary to his undertaking, namely, the maintenance of a hundred and six horses — that is always the fixed number, and when more are wanted they are hired — harness and carriage work, palls, and decorations and costumes. The number of carriages of various kinds on the establishment is one hundred and ninety-two. Horses, of course, from the most costly item in the list. In 1847 more than a thousand pair were hired, in 1848 only three hundred and fifty. About ten thousand three hundred biers

and deal coffins, and seven hundred coffins in oak and lead, are maintained as a trading stock. Nine or ten thousand biers and shrouds are supplied yearly without charge to the indigent. Upon the remaining two-thirds of the sum left to the contractor after payment of church dues, then lies the charge of paying salaries and wages to the men employed upon the business. The number of the staff is five hundred and forty-six, of which one hundred and thirty-nine are employed, and paid, only when their service is required; four hundred and seven have to be constantly maintained.

One hundred and thirty-seven of these men are administrative agents appointed by the Municipal Prefect, but paid by the undertaker. There is an inspector of funerals with a salary of one hundred and eighty-seven pounds ten; an inspector of cemeteries with the same salary; a sub-inspector of funerals, and so forth; funeral directors, bearers, and grave-diggers; — these last the undertaker pays, through the town authorities, at the rate of sixpence for each grave. There are fifteen such functionaries, each of whom receives in this way an average of thirty-five pounds a year. Four hundred and fourteen other men are employed by the appointment of the undertaker. Some of these are employed only on occasion, engaged constantly during winter, when mortality is high, and not employed or paid in the slack season. From among the men

whose services are thus occasionally used, the ranks of the constant servants are recruited. There are forty-seven persons employed in the office-business of the enterprise, receiving yearly payments that vary from one hundred and forty pounds for a cashier, to twenty-five pounds for a porter. There are ninety-seven permanent and ninety-five temporary servants, among whom is the chief director, who has lodging, lights, and one hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings a year. There is a veterinary surgeon who receives two hundred and sixty-five pounds a year for the shoeing of the horses, as well as for his professional attention to their health. There are persons concerned about the palls, working painters, tailors, saddlers, and coach-makers, earning daily wages in proportion to their skill, and having constant work. Thirty-nine persons — plumbers, carpenters, and others — are employed upon the coffins. Out of the whole number of five hundred and forty-six persons paid by the undertaker of funerals, fifty-two are women: seventeen of these being engaged upon the costumes, thirty-one upon the draperies, and four in the carriage department. Only two children are employed upon the business.

In this system there is no indecent preying upon grief, but there are some obvious objections to it. The time of mourning is not taken advantage of to cheat the mourners. The few who choose, from

mistaken notions of respect for the dead, to indulge in funereal pomps and vanities, are not made to pay inordinately for their error. As to our existing system in England, it is too ridiculous and humiliating, and too notoriously attended by a host of monstrous evils, to need a word of further notice here than we have, in this article, bestowed upon it.

TITTLEBAT TACTICS.

MOST people know that every pool of fresh water, however small, is inhabited by a tribe of small fishes, called Sticklebacks by the vulgar, though they may not know that they are called *Gasterostia* by the learned. So numerous are these little fish in some localities, that they are caught in large quantities for use as manure; and we must not overlook their importance in affording sport to the younger branches of our ragged population; a class to whom the tittlebat fishery — a strictly British interest — appears more worthy of protection than the search for foreign cod. It is not, however, either as farmers or fishermen, that we may concern ourselves just now with these little creatures. The study of tittlebats has revealed some facts that are well worth relating; we propose, therefore, to relate them briefly.

Fishes, as far as our limited knowledge of their habits will enable us to say so, generally deposit their eggs, or spawn, in some

place of greater or less security, choosing a spot far enough out of the way of the enemies of the young fry, but rarely taking any further trouble. In this respect they afford a striking contrast to birds, whose ingenuity in the construction of their nests, unwearied assiduity in the bringing up of their young, and courage in their defence, call for so much of the observer's admiration. Poets must not add, however, to their doves and robins, tittlebats as apt illustrations of maternal love. Among these fishes it is the male that takes all the parental cares upon himself; he builds the nest, watches the hatching of the eggs, trains up the young ones in the way they should go, and defends them in the hour of peril.

At the approach of the breeding season, which commences in May, the male stickleback — which then acquires great brilliancy of colour — takes possession of some particular spot which seems fit for his purpose; and chivalrously defends it against all comers. Any other fish that approaches the defended spot is instantly attacked with vigour; battles result of the most desperate description. Having secured possession of the chosen place by these repeated contests, the little fish begins the business of nest-building. He collects together every little fibre he can find which appears likely to suit his purpose; and in so doing he makes careful selection. The fitness of every piece he, in the first place, carefully tries by

dropping it from his mouth and watching it as it sinks in the water; if it fall rapidly, that is to say, if it be heavy enough to lie still at the bottom of the water, it is immediately carried off and added to the materials already collected; but, if it fall too slowly, it is tried a second time in the same way; and if proved too light, it is abandoned altogether. If the tittlebat should chance to meet with any piece peculiarly well fitted for some special purpose, he carries it off immediately to his nest, where an extensive re-arrangement of his materials takes place, apparently in order to dispose of the new prize in the most favourable manner; and it is only by dint of great labour that he succeeds at last in getting every piece fitted in the best way to his perfect satisfaction. The fibres are pressed strongly into the mass of materials with the nose of the fish; any refractory piece is kept in the desired position by means of a small stone, or a few particles of sand brought in the mouth, and neatly dropped upon it; if, however, this method should not succeed, the offending fibre is rejected altogether.

After a short time the tittlebat makes a round hole in the middle of the mass that he has built, by pressing upon it with his snout; he then continues his previous operations, building up the walls of the nest by the constant addition of fresh fibres, pressing them in, and interlacing them continually with his nose. These opera-

tions, however, do not proceed without interruption. Any other male fish that may chance to make his appearance in the neighbourhood of the nest is promptly attacked; whilst, by way of a more agreeable distraction, the artificer sometimes dashes off in pursuit of the female, seizing her by the fins, and testifying the extremely lively nature of his love. Sometimes the materials collected are gently shaken up, or tugged asunder in various directions, then again compressed; sometimes the fish hangs head downwards immediately over the nest, with his body and fins in a curious state of vibratory motion, by which means a strong current of water is impelled over the structure, apparently for the purpose of testing its firmness, and for the washing out any light loose matter which might make the fabric of the nest unsafe. Sometimes he draws his body slowly over the surface of his work, apparently at the same time emitting some glutinous fluid, which, perhaps, assists in keeping the materials together, or which, perhaps, may be the milt, the same operation being performed after the position of eggs by the female fish.

The nest, when complete, is of an irregularly round form, measuring more than an inch across: the central hole is roofed in, and a small opening being constructed at each side of the nest, a direct passage is formed throughout. The nest is then carefully examined on every side; any

loose ends are pushed in and loaded with additional sand. The whole arrangements having been thus carefully brought to perfection, the female approaches the nest for the purpose of depositing her eggs. As soon as she appears, the male fish appears mad with excitement, darts round her in every direction, then darts to his nest and back again, betraying in every possible way the most frantic delight. The female then, passing through the nest, deposits the spawn in the cavity prepared for it.

The cares of the male fish do not end here. He remains assiduous in his attention to the nest; sometimes shaking up the materials, sometimes repairing it, sometimes putting his head into the aperture at the top, to assure himself of the continued safety of his treasures; or, now and then, hanging head downwards over it, to drive a current of water over the spawn, probably for the purpose of free ventilation. In the midst of all these occupations, he does not lose his chivalrous propensities; but still defends his charge, dashing down like a true fish-at-arms upon any stranger who intrudes on his domain.

But his assiduities increase when the young fry begin to be hatched; then the combats become more frequent and more prolonged, being conducted, according to one observer, with much science. The sparring, in one instance observed by Mr. Hancock, of New-castle, "was

very wary, and generally lasted a few seconds before the combatants closed. The attack was usually commenced by one quietly creeping up, watching its opportunity; on this, the other, acting on the defensive, would turn its broadside to the enemy, and raising the ventral spine, wait to receive the onslaught; the assailant, intimidated by this formidable demonstration, would then slowly retreat, and, in its turn, had in the same manner to defend itself. After thus advancing and retreating for a few times, one, taking advantage of an unguarded moment, would rush in upon its opponent and butt at it with its head, apparently endeavouring to bite; the other, rallying, returned the compliment, and after dashing at each other in this way two or three times with extraordinary rapidity, the round would terminate, and each fish retreat to its nest to recommence its more immediate rudimental duties." Translated into proper scientific language, one might write such things of reasonable beings in a sporting newspaper.

The parent at this time rarely quits the nest; during the day, his attention to his offspring is unwearied; during the night, he rests either upon or close alongside the nest. When any members of the young family venture for the first time to swim out, they are instantly seized in the mouth of their ever-watchful guardian, and are quietly put back into the

nest. Rarely do any of them, at this time, escape his vigilance, and when they do, it is commonly their fate to fall into the jaws of an enemy: they are devoured by fish of their own species.

In about three days after the first appearance of fry in the nest, all the eggs are hatched, and the parent's labour for the ventilation of the nest ceases. The young that were first hatched are then allowed more liberty, and the whole of the family is, by degrees, accustomed to a less restricted boundary. For some time, however, they are all kept within certain limits, and brought back in the mouth of their parent whenever they succeed in breaking out of bounds.

Another fish, nearly allied to this, the Fifteen-spined Stickleback, which is not uncommon on our coast, forms a very similar nest, and appears in other respects to behave like the common fresh-water species; and there are, no doubt, many more possessing habits quite as interesting, which have not yet been discovered, owing to the obvious difficulty of observing closely the behaviour of a fish in his own home. The extent of the difficulty may be appreciated, when we reflect that, although the tittlebat is so common an inhabitant of every puddle throughout the country, the facts in its natural history, of which we have just now been speaking, are quite recent additions to our knowledge.

A WEDDING IN THE CLOUDS.

AFTER a climb up six hundred steps cut in the solid rock, I found myself the other day in the picturesque village of Anacapri, also, in the clouds. The excitement of the Feast of Saint Antonio of Padua was just dying away, but I found that the excitement of a grand wedding that was to take place on the succeeding day maintained abundant liveliness among the villagers. That very afternoon "things" were to be priced, and other necessary business was on foot; I had friends in the place, and was initiated into all the mysteries. I did but peep in at the bride, for she and her attendants were alarmed at our intrusion. Diana and her nymphs — the female members of her family — were seated round a table, many gossips helping them, and three or four valuers being at work among them upon the wardrobe of the bride, that formed a large heap in the middle. Love in most countries is acquainted with arithmetic, and in this case the bride was bound to carry to her future lord not only the treasure of herself, but also a fixed sum in coin or clothes. With a view to the strict fulfilment of this portion of the marriage contract, her wardrobe was, at the moment when I peeped in at her door, being examined and appraised carefully piece by piece. If a wife among these villagers die child-

less, the dowry she took with her to her husband, clothes and all, returns to her own family.

The treasures of this bride had been increased by presents from her friends, each of whom had brought to her some little keepsake — a handkerchief, a pair of stockings, or a sheet, perhaps — and now the resulting mountain of female apparel was piled up before the group of the fair villagers, whose bright Italian eyes were feasting upon all the finery, and whose tongues were publishing reviews of stuffs and ribbons, all pronounced to be of the most admirable quality, and an honour to the village in which they had been produced.

I was next favoured with an introduction to the bridegroom at his house, and there, of course, was able to walk boldly in and talk at leisure. That happiest of men had once been a labourer upon the soil, but had become in his neighbour's eyes a millionaire by inheriting the well-lined pocket of a sly priest, who was his uncle. "Look here, Sir," said the bridegroom, who affected no regret at the departure of his sainted relative; "This was the niche at which he used to say his prayers. Under it we found his doubloons — such a quantity. He was a close-fisted old boy. One day I bought something of him and omitted to pay a few odd farthings — a sum so small that it escaped my attention. However, at my next confession, he refused to absolve me until the uttermost farthing had been got into his clutch." The old priest's house had, according to the taste of his heir, been gorgeously adorned. The bedroom walls had been painted in fresco; the bed in the centre looked intensely dignified with a pile of six pairs of pillows at its head. The number of pillows displayed on such occasions is regarded as a measure of the bridegroom's wealth. They show certainly how high he can carry his head, if he pleases.

We were next requested to look round the room and admire the pictures and images of madonnas and saints, together with some pieces of ebony work that would really have been purchased at a high price by collectors in this country. Such work is often to be met with even in the poorest and filthiest of Italian dwellings. We were then led up to the great subject of clothes. The dress of the bride and her flowers (which it is customary for the gentleman to furnish) were displayed before us: we were instructed on the subject of their price and quality, and then a pause was made, to be filled up by epithets of admiration. From the dress of the bride, we were taken by the simple-minded bridegroom to the contemplation of the coat and pantaloons that he proposed to wear himself upon the morrow. Falling into his humour we spread out his garments on the table, felt their texture, held them up against the light, and scented them with the incense of praise until our friend

was evidently gratified. Coffee and rosolio were then produced and pressed upon us very urgently. The departed priest had left behind him a cellar whose stock was in itself a good inheritance; he had evidently loved the bottle not less than the bag.

When I came out of the bridegroom's house, I found the villagers tying themselves up in knots about the road, discussing the great things that would be done to-morrow; and I travelled homeward down the six hundred steps a little vexed that I was not to take part in the festival, since I was not familiar with the family about to be beatified. Nevertheless, when the next morning arrived, I had found means to make a friend of a friend of the bride, and was sending up to Anacapri, as my wedding offering, several pounds of fish, which I proposed to follow. So I went up the steps again, and found that all the mountain had turned out and come into the village. The bridegroom, in his wedding pantaloons and coat of glory, was surrounded by his male friends, and on the point of setting out towards the dwelling of the bride. I attached myself to his procession, and away we went. At the bride's house we found the ladies: as for the bride herself, when I beheld a damsel in the dress I had examined yesterday, wearing the silver flowers I had fingered, bound up now with fresh carnations, I knew of course at once that it was she who was the happiest of girls. To the equipment furnished by her lover she had added an equipment of her own — such as Italian village-maidens love — of rings, and chains, and pins, and brooches, without limit as to number or size. One brooch was the representation of a ship in full sail. By the side of the bride there also dangled two great watches, quite as bright as gold. Whether there were any works inside them I do not know, but I do know that they shone like pocket suns, and what more could be wanted in a watch that was to be worn upon a gala day? I was rude enough to count the rings with which the fingers of the bride were crusted; there were eighteen, most of them monsters as to width. When they were too large in the hoop, they had been made to fit by the easy process of twisting a piece of string about the narrow part. The bejewelled beauty, overloaded with this village finery, really did not look overdressed. The decorations were in keeping with the place and the occasion; I could think of odd lines in Catullus when I saw her glittering under her white veil and her chaplet of gay flowers.

She was seated in her home. The bridegroom having informed her that it was now time to go to church, she arose, and, in affectionate performance of the usual ceremony, knelt before each of her parents, entreating pardon for her past offences, and a blessing on her future life. With tears

from the old people, and not without emotion on the part of all bystanders — for villagers, in Italy, keep their emotions where they can be got at very readily — the home blessing was given, and the bride then, between a brother and a sister, was led out from the paternal roof. Then the wedding procession formed, I fell into my place, and we marched off in very great state to the church. A mass and a benediction there, and then the marrow of the day — so far as it concerned her — was got at; the maiden was a wife, and was led out of church between the sister and the groom's-man of her husband.

Outside the porch we found the mountain. All the mountain had not put on its best clothes for nothing. The people, with their black eyes full of fun, were shrieking, laughing, dancing, round the porch. The bride appeared; there was a merry shout. The bridegroom followed with his friends; and instantly he and his friends began to throw, over the bride's head, among the assembled folk a storm of comfits. Woe to the bridegroom who is mean on such occasions, and economises in his dealings with the comfit merchant! No sweetmeats, no acclamation — for such is the custom of the country. Through a chaos of scrambling, rolling, fighting, laughing, and of all the passions that inhabit an Italian breast, we followed the impeded half-affrighted bride to her new habitation. In the days

of the old Romans, on occasions like this, the scrambling ceremony was precisely similar. If not comfits, there were nuts to scatter, as says Virgil in his eclogues, "While they bring you a wife — husband, scatter the nuts."

The door of the bridegroom's house had been prepared for our arrival. It was adorned with myrtle and evergreen, while in the courts, arches of evergreens were built; again, a custom that, like nearly all the others, has descended from the old Augustan days. We find it in the verses of Catullus. At the door the newly-married wife was met by the nearest female relation of her husband — a sister in this case — who, having put comfits into her mouth and into her bosom, bade her enter with her right foot foremost. This done, she embraced her, and the wife was so installed in her new dwelling.

Sweetmeats, rosolio, and such refreshments, were then handed round as the first offering of the new housekeeper to her friends; but, what next? The awkward half-hour before dinner was, in this case, an awkward three hours and a half. It was then eight o'clock, a.m. — for your Italian villager begins the day betimes — and it was not until the dreadfully late hour of half-past eleven, that the husband was to give the customary dinner — customary, also, in the old classic times — to his wife's friends. What were we to do with ourselves in the meantime? Dinner was preparing

in the house for sixty people, and we were of course quite in the way until it should be ready. We set out, therefore, in file, still keeping to the form of a procession, to enjoy a morning walk under the hot June sun and make a series of calls. We called first on a priest, an uncle of the bride, entitled in every respect to the honour of the first call; he treated us all with *rosolio*, and gave to me, as the foreigner and stranger, a bouquet. From him, too, I received, with other talk, a little information. He told me that the villagers of Anacapri had all become related so closely to each other by continual intermarriage, that it was very seldom that a marriage took place which was not within the prohibited degrees of affinity. For most marriages, therefore, among his parishioners, there was required, by way of license, dispensation from the Pope. On one occasion, when this dispensation was refused, the lovers voted on their own behalf marriage unnecessary. Dispensation was then granted at once; on the sensible condition that, by way of penance, they should carry lighted torches at their wedding, and lick the floor of their chamber on the wedding night. Having paid our visit to the priest and trailed off our procession to the houses of some other relatives, getting ourselves, by the way, thoroughly roasted against dinner-time, we at length all turned our noses in the direction of the bridegroom's smoking chimney.

Outside the door of the house of feasting there was a crowd still on the look-out for sweetmeats; inside there was a crowd of busy people playing at cooks, hurrying to and fro — too many certainly — but, if our noses were to be relied upon, the broth had not been spoilt. I, being a foreigner, was treated with distinction, and ushered into the state-room — which on this occasion was the bed-room — there, among the honoured few, were to be found the village Syndic and the notary, the conductor of the telegraph, and other members of the fashionable world of Anacapri.

This, let me tell the world of England, was no common wedding, and great efforts had been made to get it up with a becoming dignity. The chief motive for producing an impressive demonstration was a feud existing in the village, which was divided into parties who went with and against the vicar. The bridegroom who was Anti-vicarite was backed therefore by the Mayor and his clique — heads of the Anti-vicaritic section — for the purpose of producing, out of the gorgeousness of this wedding, an impressive demonstration of the respectability of the Anti-vicaritic, and, by consequence, the meanness of the Vicaritic, party. The Mayor and the great dignitaries kept their corner of the room quite select, conversing only with each other. I recognised his worship at once, as having been formerly the keeper of a village coffee-

house well known to me, and subsequently steward on board the Palermo steamer; having retired upon his earnings, he had been able to add dignity to his leisure by becoming Syndic of Anacapri. Although they had commenced their talk in whispers, the great men as they proceeded grew a little loud, and communicated some part of their wisdom to our friends in other corners of the room. They would talk politics, while they were waiting in groups for their dinner; and they felt a little proud of being able to do that, aloud, in a land where spies and worms are equally abundant. The Syndic — who from his position was considered to be well informed upon the current movements of the world, and the diplomatic gossip of the courts of Europe — informed me, for my own comfort, that it was well understood England must go down, now that Lord Peel was dead. The doctor had heard that Palmerston had been put into prison in consequence of a letter from King Ferdinand to Queen Victoria; in fact, her Majesty had often been heard to declare that she would not tolerate him any longer. Lords Gladstone and Roosl were also discussed, and then a worthy priest assured me that the Roman Catholic religion had been recently proclaimed in England. I said that I did not know it. O yes, he answered, perfectly true; besides it had been long known here, that the Queen was favourable to the change, and that she had a private chapel in her palace, where she constantly heard mass. But Lord Roosl, it was supposed, had exercised a baneful influence upon her. The great guns having presently exhausted all their ammunition, there occurred a silence, during which I turned to the bridegroom, who was very anxious to be eloquent to me upon the private story of his feast. He had distributed so much bread among the poor; he had thrown so many pounds (a hundred and forty pounds) of comfits among the people; he was about to tell me what he had prepared for dinner, with the secret history of every dish, when we were told that it was ready, and proceeded to the table.

There was one small table reserved for the dignitaries, at the head of which sat, of course, the Syndic, supported on one side by the bride and on the other by myself, in my distinguished capacity of foreigner. Other distinguished persons ranged themselves about us with a ceremonious and impressive silence. The dinner was worthy to be set before a Mayor, and it was eaten rapidly by a large number of the guests. There was no uniformity displayed in the mode of eating, as there is at English dinner-tables. Every one threw his character into his work; and the long table was bordered round with groups of busy arms and heads amusingly contrasted: the even line being here and there pleasantly broken

by an upraised hand, from which two or three feet of maccaroni were in course of being dropped into a mouth below. Not one of the least important persons in the party was the village poet — carpenter by trade — a Peter Quince, with a great faculty for rhyming, who produced many a burst of laughter by his couplets. Every chance incident that caught his attention at the dinner-table was improvised immediately into verse; *brindisis* were rhymed off to the health of everybody. The habit caught like fire on coal upon the fancy of the company; the people warmed, and fumed, and presently broke out into a blaze of verse; everybody had rhymed toasts to propose, or rhymed comments on a neighbour's nose, and thought it fit to show his wit by doing away with prose. As others became talkative, the impelling genius who had set loose the flood of rhyme became reserved, and hiccupped secretly behind his hand. His poetical abilities being esteemed, a peculiar flagon of wine had been placed at his side when dinner commenced, in order that he might be forced — by aid of a glass, as they force cucumbers — to flower early. He had accordingly burst out into bloom very soon after dinner had commenced, but, by the time dinner was over, his productive power was exhausted.

Dinner being over, they removed the tables and called in guitar and tambourin. Dancing began, at which the guests acquit-

ted themselves gracefully and merrily, labouring well to tire each other down until it was nearly sunset. Then the whole party turned out to escort me in triumph to the steps that lead down into Capri. There was no cloud in the sky as we exchanged farewells on the brow of the hill; the Bay of Naples lay before us like a great, calm lake, bounded by islands which seemed lost in the deep golden tints of the departing sun. The eye could skirt the coast and rest upon Misenum, Baiæ, Pozzuoli, Naples, which at a distance of twenty-three miles was so clearly seen, that it almost invited one to look in at its open windows; then there was the rich back-ground far away, and coming back from this, my eyes dwelt cheerfully again upon the gay little crowd of villagers of Anacapri, with his worship the Syndic joking at their head, all ready, with bright eyes, waving handkerchiefs, and a fire of absurd amiable couplets, to see me safely off upon my journey down the mountain stairs.

I was hospitably urged to visit Anacapri again, when, according to just custom, the return feast would be given by the relations of the bride. It was quite fair that the bride's family should have its turn of merriment, since its members were bound, by a custom rigidly observed, to stay at home upon the wedding-day as mourners for the loss of the departed girl. Before I end my

story, let me say for the credit of Italian villagers, that although most of the guests at the wedding-feast were of the lower orders — fishermen and rustics — and neither wine nor mirth were stinted, I saw no trace of intoxication, if I except the prostration of the poet, who enjoyed the privilege of poet's license in his measures; and I heard no syllable, in jest or earnest, that was not as pure as the fresh mountain air.

A HOUSE FULL OF HORRORS.

CLUMP LODGE, Brixton, is this quarter being rented by a very miserable man. I rent Clump Lodge, Brixton, and I have been very miserable for the last five weeks. Up to the middle of October I was always happy. When I used to come home out of the City of an evening, I was in the habit of talking the news over with my neighbours in the omnibus — there are half-a-dozen of us who leave town at the same hour — in a most chatty manner. After I came in to Mrs. Crumpet, she was in the habit of remarking that my cheerfulness was like a bird at tea. When we shut out the twilight, and I lighted the camphine — which I always do myself in order to prevent what I used to call, when I was jocular, a Rising of the Blacks — I seemed to shut out care, to lighten up my

heart as well as my small parlour. When, after exchanging coat and boots for dressing-gown and slippers, I sat down in my large easy chair, I seemed to have put on inside as well as outside comfort and ease, and to find rest for my thoughts as well as for my body. I used to apply to myself and Lodge the following sweet lines, when I heard my eldest daughter Polly sing them in a powerful tone of voice to our piano:

“O, am I not happy? I am! I am!
To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadderabam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad.”

But now, alas! as Polly — or Marie, as she would have us call her — says of her poor father, out of a poet whom she considers to have had a truly deep insight into human nature, his life is become a wilderness of brambles tearing at him right and left, so that for the last five weeks there has been

“A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore.”

And, in truth, I am not sure that I should not now prefer Palampore and Amberabad to Cheapside and Brixton.

For the last five weeks I have been haunted by the most horrid shapes. When I get into the omnibus I ride home silent, for I see, nine times out of ten, in some corner or opposite to me, nestling on a friend's bosom, or in his lap, unobserved by himself, some dreadful thing. When I come home a dozen hideous

forms glare at me in the hall. My snug parlour maddens me; the walls and floor are densely covered with the most frightful objects; a detestable thing lies spread out at full length before my fire; the persons of my wife and daughter are surrounded very often by these horrors. When I draw the curtains and shut in my room, I shut myself in with all these terrible companions, whose hideousness is visible alone to me. When I light my camphine lamp it glares upon me in the shape of something evil; my dressing gown and slippers torture me, as though the gown were made by what's-her-name for me instead of Hercules; and the slippers were on the plan of the tight boots in the Middle Ages. My chair, and every chair I see, is occupied by ghastly shapes, upon which I must sit if I would sit at all; and, when my daughter goes to the piano, I am agonised by the horror of the thing she touches when she puts her hand on the music stool. It is not in this chamber only that I suffer; my whole house is full of horrors, and I meet them in the streets. Yet I am a quiet City man; I dream little of nights; I do not diet myself on cold pork and half roasted potatoes, eaten with the skins; my health is good; my appetite is well controlled; I am quite sure that I am not delirious or likely to go mad. I was delirious when I was satisfied. You are delirious who do not share my tortures, who have not felt that —

as Marie quotes, in illustration of my opinion, though she does not practically understand it —

“We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.”

The matter is this: I have acquired some Correct Principles of Taste. Five weeks ago, I went to the Department of Practical Art in Marlborough House, to look over the museum of ornamental art. I had heard of a Chamber of Horrors there established, and I found it, and went through it with my catalogue. It was a gloomy chamber, hung round with frightful objects, in curtains, carpets, clothes, lamps, and what not. In each case the catalogue told me why such and such a thing wasn't endurable; and I found in the same place also, on equally good authority, in black and white, a few hints of what the correct principles of decoration are in each class of ornamental art. I could have cried, Sir. I was ashamed of the pattern of my own trowsers, for I saw a piece of them hung up there as a horror. I dared not pull out my pocket-handkerchief while any one was by, lest I should be seen dabbing the perspiration from my forehead with a wreath of coral. I saw it all; when I went home I found that I had been living among horrors up to that hour. The paper in my parlour contains four kinds of bird of paradise, besides bridges and pagodas.

As for the spaniel that Marie has worked in Berlin wool, to sit upon while she plays the popular

song of "O, am I not happy," I know what they would say about *that* at Marlborough House. If I could afford to buy another, I would pack off as a present to the gentlemen of the Museum in Pall Mall, as a choice horror my wife's best gown; but I must wait, and bide my time. As old horrors wear out, I shall replace them according to Correct Principles of Taste. Whenever any new thing is to be bought, since it will cost no more to have a thing in right taste than in wrong, I mean to be particular about the choosing of it. Moreover, to make all secure, I shall lose no time in giving Mrs. and Miss Crumpet an hour or two of the horrors in Pall Mall, after which I shall persuade each of them to pay two or three visits to the Museum there, and spend two or three sixpences saved from the pastry-cook's upon the education of another kind of taste. I mean also to persuade all my friends — especially those who have houses to fit up and furnish — to go to the same place; for as the world wears now, in town or country, house or street, I am a haunted man, molested in my peace by horrid sights, which follow one another almost without intermission. A person with my present correct principles of taste is naturally shocked every hour of his life in London.

One of my best friends and town customers is Mr. Martin Frippy, a young man of good fortune recently married, whom five weeks ago I regarded as an ex-

tremely elegant and tasteful gentleman. He knew that I had that opinion of him, and he liked me for it, condescending often to consult my opinion upon things that I admired. Two days ago he entered my counting-house in a sudden way, and took me so much by surprise that I was compelled to ejaculate "Goodness gracious!" for his attire was literally demoniacal. I believe Zamiel, in *Der Freischütz*, wears a suit of red, by which means he fails to produce any great effect, for there is nothing horrible in a suit of clothes all of one colour, and that colour a warm and pleasant one. Mr. Frippy I consider to have succeeded much more satisfactorily in dressing like a fiend. He wore check trousers of a large and distinct pattern, so that on each leg there were six black garters; and there were three belts of colour round his body. His waistcoat was buttoned with half a dozen studs of horses, and a large pin was stuck through the face of an opera girl who danced upon the bosom of his shirt. On the head of the pin there was a jockey riding at full speed. Mr. Frippy wore a black tie, which, stretching abroad on each side like a transverse beam, formed a cross in combination with the upright line of his body. On the day to which I allude, he had on a black frock coat, and a mourning band over his white hat, in allusion to a great historical event then on the point of coming off.

"Now," says he, "Crumpet, I promised my wife that I would take you home with me. We've just put the last touch to our furnishing, and you must come and dine and wish us joy." Now, I had dined in town at half-past one, but, as a citizen of London, I like dining twice a day. Mr. and Mrs. Frippy, who live at Stockwell, are very good friends, and my woman-folk, who had gone that morning, as I knew, to call on Mrs. F. had been detained, and were expecting me at Stockwell, as I was now informed. "I should like your opinion, Crumpet, on a thing or two about the house — I know your taste was always very good," (O miserable me; for I, too, had worn horizontal bars upon my trousers,) "and I should like you to run down with me at once, if you have time to spare, so that we may look over the rooms while it is light."

"Mr. Frippy, Sir," I replied, "I shall be only too happy." So I locked up my safe, and we went out and took a Clapham omnibus from Gracechurch Street, which set us down at Stockwell Green at about a quarter before four o'clock. During the five minutes spent in walking to the house I delivered myself candidly of some part of the agonies I had been suffering, as I sat opposite to my friend in the omnibus. "Mr. Frippy, Sir," I said, "those trousers are beasts."

"My dear fellow," he replied, "what is the matter with them?"

"That shirt's a hideous rag."

"You use strong language, Mr. Crumpet. Justify yourself."

I apologized for my wrath. I explained how I had come by correct principles of taste, and how in the freshness of my zeal my feelings were perpetually outraged; how my own home had become a houseful of horrors; and how I felt disposed to preach a great crusade for the maintenance of my new principles. Mr. Frippy enjoyed my distraction very much, and clapped me on the back, saying, that if my principles were sound he was not afraid to let them be applied to anything with which he had surrounded himself at Chimborazo Villa. What had I to say against check trousers — to begin with his immediate surroundings?

"Mr. Frippy, Sir," I replied, "one correct principle of taste in dress is, that the pattern of a dress should harmonize with the form and motions of the body upon which it is worn. Stripe pour trousers vertically if they must be striped, so that the lines may harmonize in direction with the movements of your figure. The bars across your legs and body suggest obstacle and opposition. They are ungraceful also in being large and violently visible. Against a small check in which there is no strong contrast of colours, and which has no strongly pronounced lines running in any direction, the authority on which I stand wages no war. There are four trouser patterns hung up in the Chamber of Hor-

rors at Marlborough House, not one of which is so detestable as that which you are wearing.

"In the next place, Sir, I must be allowed to point out that those ballet dancers that are stamped in dabs, as with a butter print, about your shirt, are the direct reverse of ornamental. I saw four pieces of calico for shirts hung up among the horrors. One piece was covered with perspective representations of a summer-house and trees in stripes; the others were censured for presenting direct imitations of figures and animals, ballet girls, polka dancers, and race-horses in various attitudes. I will tell you, Sir, part of the reason why these things are ugly. The ornament of fabrics, whether for clothing or for furniture; whether in wool, silk, wood, metal, glass, or what you please, should in the first place be closely fitted to the uses of the thing. It must convey a sense of fitness to the mind, and vex the eye with nothing that suggests a consciousness of incongruity or contradiction. Now, there is no fitness in stamping race-horses over a shirt, and tucking them away under your outer garments."

"I don't know that, Crumpet," said my friend. "It is a moral hint to fast young men who affect race-horses and betting clubs, that they run a risk of being left with that one garment to call their own."

"Mr. Frippy, Sir," I replied, "I discuss principles of ornamental art; you speak of principles that

relate to the great betting-houses question. Ornament, Sir, is in its essence geometrical. Direct imitations of nature may be here and there appropriate, but as a rule they are in opposition to correct taste. Ornament, Sir, requires symmetry, a careful correspondence of parts, and a nice balance of colour. Each object of nature, Mr. Frippy, is an ornament. Take a pheasant, for example; it is clothed in colours mingled according to a harmonious design, but not with direct copies of other objects — when did you see a pheasant stamped over with race-horses or ballet dancers? Allow me on this head to quote to you a few sentences that I have taken the trouble to learn by heart out of the catalogue. They are the words, Sir, of Mr. Dyce. 'The art of ornamenting consists in the application of natural modes of decoration, not in applying pictures, or sculptures of natural objects to our fabrics. If you ask me why Oriental ornamentation is so agreeable and natural, though it consists of little that resembles natural objects, I reply at once, it is because Oriental fabrics are ornamented in the same way as natural objects are. The forms employed are natural and beautiful forms; the colours are arranged, and contrasted, and modified as we find them in nature. The lines are such as we find in almost every other flower or object that meet us, and therefore always pleasing. The object of the ornamentist is not to make

mere copies of natural objects, and to paint pictures, or carve images of them on the furniture and appliances of life. His purpose is to adorn the contrivances of mechanical and architectural skill, by the application of those principles of decoration, and of those forms and modes of beauty, which Nature herself has employed in adorning the structure of the world.”

“I see sense there, Crumpèt,” said my friend.

“Of course you do,” I answered. “Why does a lady look so well under an Indian shawl? Because the worker of the Indian pattern, however badly he may have drawn his design, has harmonised its parts, chosen his tints well, and selected the right quantity of each; his design has been to produce such a harmony of colour as his pure instinct has felt to exist in the bird’s feather or the flower cup. Such a shawl is only seen to fresh advantage when it hangs in drapery, and gains new grace by following the movements of the body. But just look at the shawl upon that lady’s back as she walks now before us. What a vile discord of colours, and observe how the pattern is broken up into a jumble by the folds that interrupt it. If we are to see the pattern of that shawl, she should carry it on her back spread out quite flat and nailed on a square board, making a sort of tortoise of herself; but indeed I am sure the pattern is not worth displaying.

Frippy, if you please,” I said; “stand here for a minute, and let us have an object lesson on the people in the road. Now there’s an object for you, a lady in a silk dress covered with vases — how often you see vases, by the bye, on muslin window-curtains! — what fitness is there in that? How can a vase be folded, and what business have vases on that lady’s person? Look at that little boy who wipes his chilly nose upon the Sydenham new place, which he has just pulled out of his jacket pocket! Here comes a gentleman, well dressed as he fancies; look at the pattern of his waistcoat, a direct imitation of marble. If men have sometimes flinty hearts, is that a reason why they should wear marble waistcoats? Look at the colours in the clean print dress of that servant girl who has just opened the door over the way; observe the total want of geometrical distribution in the pattern, which is, moreover, too large for the fabric, and how violently all the colours are contrasted! The colouring, also, is by far too full. The dry surface of cotton, Mr. Frippy, will not bear so much fulness of colour, as silks and delaines. I would remark also, on the authority of Mr. Redgrave, which is quoted in the catalogue of the Museum of Ornamental Art, that woven patterns in silk, formed by tabby and satin, or a self colour, will bear much larger figures than are applicable to either woven patterns in varied colours, or the same printed on

“Consider me a lecturer, Mr.

cottons or silk. Every design must be adapted to the fabric for which it is intended, and a design suited to a texture of one description will not answer for another differing in lustre and other important respects."

By this time I had eased my mind a good deal, and might have continued farther to explain to my friend who was so fiendishly attired, some of the correct principles of dress, when we reached the door of Chimborazo Villa, and he laid his hand upon the knocker. Having said so much, I abstained from asking why a Sphinx in brass, with a large wart upon her neck, had been selected as the knocker to a door stained in imitation of rose-wood, and why the door stood between two wooden Ionic columns, painted to resemble porphyry. Young Mrs. Frippy, with hospitable smiles, was peeping over the parlour blind, and the most correct taste can feel only gratification in the vicinity of Mrs. Frippy. I pulled out my shirt frill, laboured to forget the horrors that surrounded me, and talked thenceforth of ordinary matters of a cheerful gossippy character, — the great funeral, the recent earthquake, the late floods, and the other floating topics of the day. The time, I said to myself, is now come, when — as I heard it said at Sadler's Wells, and I believe, therefore, the chaste thought is Shakespeare's — when hollow heart must wear a mask. You must not find fault with a man's domestic ar-

rangements when you are about to eat his dinner. The crumpet that is going to be buttered ought not to look black.

At the same time I must remark that, although I said nothing, after hanging my hat up in the hall, I had great trouble in straightening my hair as I went in to the ladies, it would stand upright at the horror of my friend's hall-paper. I had seen it in the Chamber of Horrors — perspective representations of a railway station frequently repeated. Why is it that people do not understand what I have understood quite well for the last five weeks; that pictures of any kind, and above all, perspectives, are unusually out of place repeated round a wall. One picture can be seen correctly only from one point of view; and when it is repeated up and down, and round about a place, the result is a nightmare.

When I really entered my friend's social parlour my hair would have gone quite up, like the hair of the small head on an electrical machine, if Mrs. Frippy with her bright smile and joyous greeting had not antagonised her furniture. My wife and daughter also mended the room with their faces; though, as my wife wore her best gown, and my daughter, in that tawny stripe of hers, looked like an atrocious zebra, they threw something also into the bad side of the balance. It was past four o'clock, and as we had begun a little general conversation, Frippy rallying my daughter on the sub-

ject of young Lunn; she saying scornfully, that he lived upon pale ale and oysters; I saying gravely that Sally Lunn his mother was a sister of mine, and I didn't approve of cousins marrying; things going on in this way for a few minutes very pleasant, I was in hope that I should not be asked for further criticism, or taken round to see the fittings. Suddenly, however, Frippy said something about the snugness of the room.

"You've made the place quite lovely, Mr. Frippy," said my daughter. "What pains you must have taken, and what taste you must have! You can't conceive how I admire the harmony between the carpet and the paper!"

"What I covet," my wife said, "is the rug; did you work it yourself?"

"And what do you say, Crum-pet?" asked my friend. "Would it pass muster at Marlborough House?"

"O that horrid Marlborough House, that department of Practical Art and Ornamental Museum! Has papa been teasing you very much, you poor dear Mr. Frippy?" that was what Miss Maria said, the minx! "Papa don't speak, you see; he thinks everything hideous; but as you've paid for it, he is unwilling to disturb your peace. Is it not so, papa? O yes, I know. My papa, Mr. Frippy, is in the position of the person mentioned in Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, who possibly was troubled with what

papa calls, 'Correct Principles of Taste in Decoration.' He said, you know,

"There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power,
That gall'd not while it glitter'd."

It being generally wished that I should speak my mind, I said that I would merely allude to what my daughter had said about the paper-hanging and the carpet. "We who are sitting in a room," I said, "grouped in our own natural way, together with the furniture and ornaments about us, are the subjects of a picture which each room presents, and to which the decoration on the wall serves as a background. In the first place, the background should be calculated in such a way as to heighten the effect that is to be produced by the arrangements made before it. 'It may enrich the general effect,' we are told, 'and add to magnificence, or be made to lighten or deepen the character of the chamber; it may appear to temper the heat of summer, or to give a sense of warmth and comfort to the winter; it may have the effect of increasing the size of a saloon, or of closing in the walls of a library or study; all which, by a due adaptation of colour, can be easily accomplished.' Very good; but if you consider the walls of your room as a background, you will cause them to throw out into the best relief everything else without thrusting themselves upon attention. The ornament upon your

beer poured for me out of a jug representing the trunk of a tree, with bacchanals and grapes imitated, out of all proportion, round about it; a jug so glaringly ugly in its outline, that when I saw it over my shoulder as I put my glass round for some beer, I almost shrieked. I poured water for Mrs. Frippy out of a glass jug upon the table, and, to do so, had to put my hand upon the body of a snake, so that I was reminded of the late horrid affair of the cobra. Light was dispensed to us from an expensive camphine lamp, to which Polly felt quite safe in calling my attention.

"Is it not chaste, papa?"

"It strongly resembles one that I have seen in — in — another place. I could characterise it by quoting a few lines from the Catalogue of the Museum of Or —"

"Nonsense, papa, how tedious you are, to be always quoting." I said nothing, but repeated the passage to myself for my own relief. "'This glittering article is of French manufacture, and in all its parts, without exception, illustrates some false principle. Its general constructive line is bad — the heavy top totters upon an unsubstantial base: it rests upon the points of leaves which seem ready to give way under the load; these leaves are direct but bad imitations of nature. The porcelain vessel for holding the oil, with its coarse gilding, affects to look like metal; the upper portion of the metal work is entirely out of scale with the lower.'"

At tea-time it was speak or die with me, but I continued to take muffin convulsively; with my eyes, as I fear, rolling in the direction of the tray. I must have been very near the last gasp when Frippy came near enough for me to catch him by the button. I made him sit down by me and whispered in his ear. "That tray with a bit of one of Landseer's pictures on it, you will find to correspond with the seventy-ninth item in the Catalogue of Horrors, at which you will find these observations. It is 'An example of popular but vulgar taste, of a low character, presenting numerous features which the student should carefully avoid; — First, The centre is the piracy of a picture; Second, The picture, on which most labour has been bestowed, is thrown away. It is wrong to hide a picture by putting a teapot upon it: if a picture is wanted it should be placed where it can be seen, and will not be destroyed by use; Third, The scroll lines of the ornament, instead of following the form, are directly opposed to it, and are scattered, as if by chance, anywhere; Fourth, The glitter of the mother-of-pearl is the most prominent feature of the whole, and, being spread about, creates the impression that the article is slopped with water, or —'" finishing my cup of tea just at that time, I dropped my cup and saucer — to their utter destruction, I scarcely regret to say — with a cry of agony —

"Papa, papa, what is the mat-

ter!" cried my child; and my wife ran to me, and Mrs. Frippy, for I had fallen back in my chair almost deprived of reason.

"A but —" I gasped.

"But what, my dear?" asked my wife.

"Butter—fly — inside my cup! Horr — horr — horr — horr — ri — ble!"

I was taken home in a cab. Frippy whispered to me in a soothing manner, as he saw me down his stairs and buttoned my coat for me in his hall,

"My dear Crumpet, you have picked up some wholesome views, but you have swallowed them too eagerly, and choked yourself. I shall go where you have been, and take the lessons you have taken; but I shall not bolt them in a lump as you have done, and get a nightmare for my trouble; I shall discuss them in a reflective way, and leave them to be quietly digested: after which I have no doubt they will do me good. A little precise knowledge of some true principles of design is wanted just now, quite as much by manufacturers as by the public. The schools of design connected with that department of Practical Art and its Museum in Pall Mall will lead, I have no doubt, to great improvement hereafter; and I much like the idea of the Chamber of Horrors that you speak of, backed, as it is, by an instructive catalogue. But, trust me, Crumpet, I shall not get myself, as you have done, into a state of mental apoplexy. We say in this country that there's

no accounting for tastes, and it will be many years before mere abstract principles of choice in ornament can become familiar — I will not say to us, but to our children. In the meantime we must live happily in the endurance of worse daily sights than check trousers and clumsy paper-hangings. Pork is an excellent and nutritious meat, my dear Crumpet; but the whole Hog and nothing but the whole Hog — on any terms — for anybody's dinner — is a little indigestible."

IMPERIAL ANECDOTES.

NAPOLEON the Great — by comparison — said of his two wives; the faithful one whom he abandoned, and the Imperial one who cost him his Imperial crown: "I have occupied myself considerably, during my life, with two women, the one all art and grace, the other all innocence and simple nature, and each had her value. The first, at all periods of her life, was mistress of every description of seductive and agreeable quality: it would have been impossible to surprise her in an unguarded moment. Whatever art can imagine to enhance female attraction, was cultivated by her; but, with such cautious mystery, that its existence could never be divined. The other, on the contrary, never even suspected that the most innocent artifice was requisite to assist her attractions. The one was for ever avoiding the

beer poured for me out of a jug representing the trunk of a tree, with bacchanals and grapes imitated, out of all proportion, round about it; a jug so glaringly ugly in its outline, that when I saw it over my shoulder as I put my glass round for some beer, I almost shrieked. I poured water for Mrs. Frippy out of a glass jug upon the table, and, to do so, had to put my hand upon the body of a snake, so that I was reminded of the late horrid affair of the cobra. Light was dispensed to us from an expensive camphine lamp, to which Polly felt quite safe in calling my attention.

"Is it not chaste, papa?"

"It strongly resembles one that I have seen in — in — another place. I could characterise it by quoting a few lines from the Catalogue of the Museum of Or —"

"Nonsense, papa, how tedious you are, to be always quoting." I said nothing, but repeated the passage to myself for my own relief. "This glittering article is of French manufacture, and in all its parts, without exception, illustrates some false principle. Its general constructive line is bad — the heavy top totters upon an unsubstantial base: it rests upon the points of leaves which seem ready to give way under the load; these leaves are direct but bad imitations of nature. The porcelain vessel for holding the oil, with its coarse gilding, affects to look like metal; the upper portion of the metal work is entirely out of scale with the lower."

At tea-time it was speak or die with me, but I continued to take muffin convulsively; with my eyes, as I fear, rolling in the direction of the tray. I must have been very near the last gasp when Frippy came near enough for me to catch him by the button. I made him sit down by me and whispered in his ear. "That tray with a bit of one of Landseer's pictures on it, you will find to correspond with the seventy-ninth item in the Catalogue of Horrors, at which you will find these observations. It is 'An example of popular but vulgar taste, of a low character, presenting numerous features which the student should carefully avoid; — First, The centre is the piracy of a picture; Second, The picture, on which most labour has been bestowed, is thrown away. It is wrong to hide a picture by putting a teapot upon it: if a picture is wanted it should be placed where it can be seen, and will not be destroyed by use; Third, The scroll lines of the ornament, instead of following the form, are directly opposed to it, and are scattered, as if by chance, anywhere; Fourth, The glitter of the mother-of-pearl is the most prominent feature of the whole, and, being spread about, creates the impression that the article is slopped with water, or —'" finishing my cup of tea just at that time, I dropped my cup and saucer — to their utter destruction, I scarcely regret to say — with a cry of agony —

"Papa, papa, what is the mat-

ter!" cried my child; and my wife ran to me, and Mrs. Frippy, for I had fallen back in my chair almost deprived of reason.

"A but —" I gasped.

"But what, my dear?" asked my wife.

"Butter — fly — inside my cup! Horr — horr — horr — horr — ri — ble!"

I was taken home in a cab. Frippy whispered to me in a soothing manner, as he saw me down his stairs and buttoned my coat for me in his hall,

"My dear Crumpet, you have picked up some wholesome views, but you have swallowed them too eagerly, and choked yourself. I shall go where you have been, and take the lessons you have taken; but I shall not bolt them in a lump as you have done, and get a nightmare for my trouble; I shall discuss them in a reflective way, and leave them to be quietly digested: after which I have no doubt they will do me good. A little precise knowledge of some true principles of design is wanted just now, quite as much by manufacturers as by the public. The schools of design connected with that department of Practical Art and its Museum in Pall Mall will lead, I have no doubt, to great improvement hereafter; and I much like the idea of the Chamber of Horrors that you speak of, backed, as it is, by an instructive catalogue. But, trust me, Crumpet, I shall not get myself, as you have done, into a state of mental apoplexy. We say in this country that there's

no accounting for tastes, and it will be many years before mere abstract principles of choice in ornament can become familiar — I will not say to us, but to our children. In the meantime we must live happily in the endurance of worse daily sights than check trousers and clumsy paper-hangings. Pork is an excellent and nutritious meat, my dear Crumpet; but the whole Hog and nothing but the whole Hog — on any terms — for anybody's dinner — is a little indigestible."

IMPERIAL ANECDOTES.

NAPOLEON the Great — by comparison — said of his two wives; the faithful one whom he abandoned, and the Imperial one who cost him his Imperial crown: "I have occupied myself considerably, during my life, with two women, the one all art and grace, the other all innocence and simple nature, and each had her value. The first, at all periods of her life, was mistress of every description of seductive and agreeable quality: it would have been impossible to surprise her in an unguarded moment. Whatever art can imagine to enhance female attraction, was cultivated by her; but, with such cautious mystery, that its existence could never be divined. The other, on the contrary, never even suspected that the most innocent artifice was requisite to assist her attractions. The one was for ever avoiding the

truth, and a negation was her first impulse: the other was ignorant of the nature of dissimulation, and subterfuge was foreign to her. The first never made a request to her husband, but overwhelmed herself with debt: the other never hesitated to ask for what she wanted when she required it; which was rare. She never conceived the idea of having anything for which she did not pay instantly. With all this difference; — both were equally good, equally gentle, and equally attached to the husband whom their destiny had appointed them."

Equally! — poor Josephine, it is true, died of a broken heart for wrongs and injuries most undeserved. Marie Louise saw the overthrow of the Empire, of which she shared the rule, with more than indifference; and cast aside — as unconsidered trifles only fit presents for her *femme de chambre*, who sold them to a pawnbroker — all the *gages d'amour* given her by her Imperial admirer; sacrificing, without a sigh, even the locket containing the hair of her ill-fated son.

The coronation of the first Emperor of France — since Charlemagne, when the fascinating Josephine was in the utmost height of her glory and perhaps of her happiness — began to be talked of in 1804, at the time Napoleon was at Boulogne, superintending the manœuvres of those famous flat-bottomed boats which, to the number of two thousand, were

destined to land an army on the coasts of amazed and terrified England.

While her ambitious husband was busy with his great scheme, Josephine was preparing to pay a visit to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle; some said for health, and some whispered to reconnoitre a city where the powerful Emperor of the West had preceded the modern Charlemagne in an august ceremony, of which the magnificent cathedral still retained relics.

The official addresses now in vogue in France, are exact parodies of those which every prefect and every mayor, in the towns through which the Court was to pass, was tutored to pour forth at the Empress's feet; and the replies dictated by Napoleon to his wife, and carefully studied by her, were no doubt extremely like those uttered at every place where the pageant of Empire is at this instant being exhibited. But, occasionally, Josephine forgot her part, or became wearied with its sameness. Whenever she did so, she never failed to make a deep impression; so charming was her manner, so sweet were her words.

All the meanness, the servility, the grasping for power and place, which now distinguish the worthy magistrates who paraphrase the Lord's Prayer and the whole gospels to do honour to the shadow of Napoleon's greatness, were brought into play at the time when the bewitching Creole —

who was more sinned against than sinning throughout her career — was journeying to Aix-la-Chapelle. The Empress, “well-born, matched greater” by her first sad marriage, had no occasion to take lessons of an actor to learn how to support her dignity with effect. Nature had endowed her with that grace beyond the reach of art, which, in her case, art had rendered irresistible; and many of those of her Court who could scarcely conceal their contempt for the pompous and vulgar habits and manners of the great sovereign, could not but render justice to the superiority of the late Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

At that period there were no good roads in France where the Emperor had not passed; and, in the department of Roër, nothing could be more wretched and neglected than the public ways which, for the first time, were traversed by an Imperial cortége. Most of the travellers whose evil stars led them into these regions, were forced to ride on horseback after leaving the wrecks of their carriages in ruts, and sloughs, and precipitous passes; but, as the Empress could not be expected so to travel, it was found necessary to apply to the Minister of the Interior. The Director, willing to gain credit for his zeal at as little expense as possible, lost no time in ordering loads of sand to be thrown into the frightful holes which honeycombed the way, and which threatened an overthrow at every step. The

Empress’s carriage would, by this transient means of repair, get on unscathed; but, with regard to her suite, he troubled himself little concerning their fate.

The inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle were indignant at this proceeding, and resolved to pay the Director *des ponts et chaussées* — as hard-hearted as our mythic Woods and Forests — in his own coin. Accordingly, when it came to his turn to travel along the same road from Liège in order to pay his respects to Josephine, they set to work and diligently removed the whole of the sand which had concealed the true state of the dangerous way. The unlucky Director was, of course, overturned without mercy, as so many unheeded travellers had been before; and, he suffered more even than former victims, for he was a remarkably fat, heavy man.

The catastrophe of poor M. Crété, the Director, so far from exciting pity at the Imperial Court, afforded an endless source of merriment; and while he was overwhelmed with expressions of sympathy, the affair was looked upon as a certain means of procuring a good road; a consummation which no representations, however eloquent, could have produced.

Josephine, who never disputed her husband’s commands, had obeyed his injunctions to establish herself in a house of her own rather than accept the apartments

offered to her by the dignitaries of the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. She was consequently lodged in a habitation much too small, and was put to great inconvenience all the time that she awaited the arrival of Napoleon to be better accommodated.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than the affected manners, and the struggles to be dignified, of all the parvenus who now surrounded the sovereign. That rough simplicity and independent frankness which had hitherto been considered suitable to a republic, were expected to give place to a courtly and ceremonious and high-bred tone, entirely unknown to mushroom courtiers who sighed for hints of Louis the Fourteenth's customs, and vainly practised on their domestics the stage tricks which they hoped might pass for genuine high breeding.

Josephine had humour and natural good sense enough to see the absurdity and vulgarity of this aped gentility; and, was so often tempted to treat it with ridicule, that the refined Madame de la Rochefoucauld, her chief lady of honour, and the stately M. d'Harville, her grand chamberlain, found it necessary to recommend to their lively mistress a little more gravity and decorum.

To their serious representations Josephine would laughingly reply: "All this etiquette is perfectly natural to those born to a royal estate and accustomed to support the weariness of such a position.

But to me, who have had the good fortune to live for so many years as a private gentlewoman, it may be permitted to forgive those who cannot forget the circumstance more than I can forget it myself."

At length orders came that the Empress was to take possession of the Hotel of the Prefecture, and a series of receptions on a grand scale commenced, where the chief personages of the town, and distinguished strangers, were received with all due regard to etiquette and ceremony; the whole forming a parody on the vanished grandeurs of Versailles; which, even those who had suffered in their extinction could laugh at, and treat with intense ridicule. At their private parties every fresh anecdote of the awkwardness and pretension of the performers on this new stage, was listened to with malicious delight. Two of the most admired comic actors of the day, who were received into this circle, having arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle with their company to play before the Empress, furnished endless amusements by their imitations of the manners, words, and gestures of the unaccustomed courtiers; who overdid everything and flew "like French falconers" at whatever they imagined would produce the desired effect of giving them an air of polish.

On one occasion the Court was thrown into considerable agitation by the forwardness of the brave but inexperienced young

general, who commanded the department. The first time he was presented to the Empress — whom he saw seated on a long sofa — he very coolly took his place beside her, as he would if she had been the wife of the mayor: in vain the chamberlain advanced a seat, and the lady-in-waiting motioned him to occupy it. He bowed, smilingly, but declined their civilities, and kept his position. Every one but Josephine herself sat on thorns; but she good-naturedly took no notice of the intrusion. A report, however, of the indignity was made to the Emperor; who forthwith sent back an angry message, reproving her for her unbecoming indulgence, and thus proving to her that her Court was destined to be complete; for it was even furnished with spies.

The secretary of the Empress, M. Deschamps, before he was a courtier, had been an author and an intimate of the actors of the day. His new position placed him sometimes in embarrassing circumstances, as regarded his old friends, and he found himself continually mortified by their familiarity, and the recollection — which they would not allow to sleep — of the part he had formerly taken in their ridicule of modern courtly manners. Poor M. Deschamps was overwhelmed also with the confidences of the Empress; who applied to him to rescue her from the consequences of her numerous extravagancies; so that, between his terror of dis-

grace with the Emperor, and of displeasing his mistress, he had reason to regret having obtained the place he had taken most urgent means to obtain. His office was not only to provide for the Empress's necessary charges; but to suppress, to curtail, to avert, to dissimulate, to conceal, and yet to provide for, every description of fantastic extravagance which the unbounded profusion of his mistress insisted on. Josephine would listen to his representations, and would read, or seem to read, his long accounts with infinite patience; but it never entered into her intention of following his advice, or restricting her taste, however expensive and inconvenient.

The Emperor had given private orders to his friends to use their utmost ingenuity to attract to his wife's Court, ladies of old family and distinguished manners; and it was comical to observe the unconcealed gratification of many of the new courtiers, when they found themselves companions of personages whose names sounded well in their ears.

Amongst the ladies who had been attracted to Josephine's Court with her husband, was the young and pretty Vicomtesse de Turenne, whose diamonds dazzled the eyes of the Empress and her attendants, quite as much as her beauty. Her husband, a tall, fine, noble-looking man, was appointed to a place about the Court; and great was the satisfaction of those who had thus an

opportunity of calling him comrade. One of the young officers, who might "be relished more in the soldier than the scholar," remarked on this occasion to a friend —

"Well, since our general has taken a fancy to place aristocratic names amongst ours, let him always give us comrades with names like that of our new Turenne. Not a colonel amongst us who will not be proud of calling a grandson of the great Turenne his comrade. With such a name who wouldn't fight? These sort of folks are far better than those dandies of emigrants who are coming back on all sides, waiting to be asked to recommence their old fooleries."

It was useless to tell the officer that Turenne had left no lineage; and to hint that others of the old school had, in spite of their birth, fought as well as he had for their country: the name of Turenne was all the soldier retained, and those of Montmorency or Montmart carried with them no such charm to his mind.

This little weakness on the part of a fine young man was all that could be found laughable in his character; he was a type of his class, and possessed all their good qualities; a republican annoyed at the Empire, but adoring Bonaparte, and obeying him implicitly even though disapproving of his measures; brave, generous, and inflexible in duty. He was put to a cruel proof, for it was to this officer that Napoleon entrusted the command of the picket of men

condemned to fire on the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.

He performed the terrible duty without knowing who was the victim condemned until the deed was done; but, while he deplored with agony the event, he persisted that the order did not emanate from his Emperor, "who," he said, "never commanded the death of any one in cold blood, and only in the heat of battle and when himself exposed to danger. — Don't you know," he would say, that poor Josephine rushed into his chamber, wringing her hands and crying bitterly, calling out, 'The Duke d'Enghien is dead; ah, my God! what have you done?' and didn't the Emperor fall back in his chair, and in a stifled voice exclaim, 'The wretches! they have been too sudden.' I know that for several days after he remained half distracted, and for nights he never slept. No, no; the order came from the Emperor's enemies, not from himself."

Just before the Empress quitted Paris, she had assisted at the distribution of the decorations of the Legion of Honour, which took place with infinite pomp at the Church of the Invalides. Whole volumes might have been made of the epigrams, full of disdainful allusions and witty scorn, which flew about on this occasion in reference to an order which has since been the object of ambition to every man in France, "so much the great and little are the same." Nothing could equal the indigna-

tion of the old *régime* at the impertinence of what they called the parvenu Emperor; but so unpopular amongst a large proportion of Napoleon's republican friends was this aping of royalty, that it did not seem too much for many a royalist to say, with a hope, "Never mind; this cross gives me a certainty of recovering my cross of St. Louis."

Every department was to have its share in these distributions, and it was decided that Josephine should present those allotted to the department of Roër. The ceremony was a sort of rehearsal of what should take place when the projected coronation was carried out; and the charming and graceful Empress went through it all; her robes covered with gold embroidery, and her head a blaze of diamonds, with great satisfaction to her vanity, and to the admiration of all who were present.

The farce was well played by this graceful actress, and the imperial insignia of Charlemagne's power being placed on the Cathedral altar — as if ready for the hand that should be daring enough to grasp them — added solemnity to the scene; while Josephine's fair hand bestowed the decoration on the Emperor's friends; who received it with as much pleasure as Roland, Roger, or Rinaldo of Montalban could have done from that of the Imperial Charles in times gone by. The only incident which occurred to give occasion for the laughter-loving Court to indulge their caustic humour, was

the speech made by a certain general, which concluded by the remark that "he rejoiced to behold virtue seated on the throne with beauty beside her." This piece of eloquence pleased no one it was intended to compliment; for it seemed to imply the absence of beauty in the virtuous, and the absence of virtue in the beautiful. Josephine herself was very much entertained at the speech, and tried to find out what would be said on the subject by her witty friends; for she enjoyed repeating to the Emperor all the *bons mots* that were in vogue; who would listen to them, and join her good-humoured laugh, even at his own expense.

Josephine was very frank with her intimates, and with those whom she thought she might trust. She liked to dwell on the prediction at Martinique, which had promised her great fortune in her second marriage, and a title beyond that of Queen. She said Bonaparte believed in it as much as she did; and the fulfilment of the first part of the prediction had had some influence in his resolution to make himself Emperor.

"He is persuaded," she said, "that I bring him good luck, and he would not for the world set out to join the army at any time without having embraced me. It is true he often scolds when his abominable police betrays to him that I have visited Mademoiselle Lenormand; but while he abuses her, he always asks me what she said, and is gratified when she

has predicted new triumphs for him."

Napoleon was greatly annoyed by a prediction insolently made by Népomucène Lemercier; who, disapproving of his departure from Republican principles, had sent back to him the cross of the Legion of Honour; and as he took leave of the Emperor, remarked, "You are amusing yourself by re-making the bed of the Bourbons; well, I predict that you will not sleep in it ten years." By a singular coincidence, Napoleon's career was ended in nine years and nine months from the day the prediction was made.

Poor Josephine was destined to many little mortifications to which her vanity and love of admiration exposed her. Amongst others, was one brought about oddly enough. Picard, the manager and author, had produced a new piece, bearing the startling title of "The woman of Forty-Five;" the whole drift of which was to ridicule a person of that age who strives to avert the injuries of age by means of dress.

The whole Court sat to see this unlucky piece, in agonies at its inappropriate sallies; while the Empress could with difficulty conceal her annoyance. One of her ladies, of whom she asked her opinion of the new piece, contrived to elicit from her a smile of approbation by a ready reply.

"I cannot be a fair judge of the piece," said she with rather a bitter smile; "it would be well to hint to Picard to have it played

in future only before women of twenty-five."

"I think, Madam," replied the lady, "those might be included as audience who *look* only that age."

Josephine, in the midst of her occupations of parade, pleasure, and study to play at court well, received daily a courier from Napoleon at Boulogne. In the evening she generally communicated part of the information she received from the Emperor to her assembled guests in terms dictated to her by him, but conveying by no means the exact truth of events.

In particular, the version with which she amused the company of the frightful tempest which endangered the French flotilla was extremely far removed from the fact.

An intimate friend of Admiral Bruix (who commanded the flotilla) then at Aix-la-Chapelle, received a courier at the same time as the Empress, giving a very different detail of the circumstances. The letter was written by a naval officer, almost a stranger to the Admiral; but who, knowing the interest his friend took, was anxious to explain to him, at once, the cause of the disgrace which had fallen on the distinguished naval commander. The letter ran as follows, and is a curious document when compared with the current report, that "an imprudence on the part of the Admiral had nearly caused great disasters; but the fleet had braved the fury of the tempest, and nothing could

equal the enthusiasm of the men as to which should first set foot on the British shores." The Emperor's letter, read by Josephine, ended by relating a comic scene, in which he reproached himself for being half killed with laughter to see his Minister of Marine tumble into the water in attempting to cross a plank. "It will be said, nay, published everywhere, that your friend is in the wrong: do not believe it, it is not true; if I should lose my name and my command I would still repeat that it is false. The other morning, as he mounted his horse, the Emperor announced his intention of reviewing the naval squadron: he gave orders that the position of the vessels, which formed the line, should be changed, being desirous, as he said, to pass them in review out at sea. After these commands he went to take his usual walk, accompanied by Roustan, (his Mameluke servant), desiring that all should be ready by the time of his return. These orders were transmitted to Admiral Bruix, who answered very quietly: 'The review cannot take place to day: therefore let nothing be changed.'

"The Emperor, soon after this, returned to the port and enquired if all was ready; the answer of the Admiral was then reported to him. He had it repeated to him twice, and stamped his foot on the ground as he listened; rage flashed from his eyes, and he commanded that the Admiral

should be instantly sent for; but so impatient was he, that he would not wait till he arrived. He met him half way from his post: the staff of the Emperor paused and formed a circle behind him in solemn silence, for Napoleon had seldom before been seen in so tremendous a passion.

"'Monsieur l'Amiral,' said he in a stifled voice, 'why are not my orders executed?'

"'Sire,' replied Admiral Bruix, with respectful firmness, 'a frightful storm is on the point of bursting over us. Your Majesty may observe the indications of it as clearly as myself. Will you then expose the lives of so many brave men?'

"'Monsieur,' replied the Emperor, more and more irritated, 'I gave a command; once again, I ask you, why it was not executed? I take the consequences on myself — your part is to obey.'

"'Sire, I shall not obey,' said the Admiral.

"'Monsieur, you are insolent!'

"As the Emperor uttered these words, he advanced towards the Admiral with his riding-whip in his hand, in a menacing attitude. The Admiral drew back a step, clapped his hand to his sword, and, turning deadly pale, said —

"'Sire — beware what you do!'

"Every one that saw this scene shuddered with terror. The Emperor, in an immovable attitude with his hand still raised holding his whip, fixed his eyes on the Admiral; who did not move from

the position he had assumed. At length Napoleon suddenly threw his whip on the ground; and, at the same instant, M. Bruix removed his hand from his sword, and stood uncovered to hear the Emperor's further orders.

"'Vice-Admiral Magon,' said Bonaparte, 'you will instantly see that my orders are obeyed, and that the movement I commanded take place. As for you, Sir,' he added, turning to M. Bruix, 'you will quit Boulogne in twenty-four hours and retire to Holland.'

"The Emperor then withdrew to witness the movement which Vice-Admiral Magon was ordering. But scarcely had the first manœuvre begun to satisfy the Emperor's wish, when the sky became obscured with heavy clouds — thunder burst forth, and wind, with a mighty rush, broke all the lines at once. In fact, what the Admiral predicted had happened. The vessels were dispersed, and the most imminent danger threatened the whole fleet. The Emperor, his head bent down, his arms crossed, his aspect haggard, traversed the port with rapid strides; when, suddenly, the most heart-rending cries were heard. More than twenty war-sloops were stranded on the shore; the unfortunate crews struggled in vain against the fury of the waves, shrieking for help; but, so terrific was the danger that none dared to attempt to save them.

"I saw all this with my heart burning with rage and indignation, and I inwardly cursed the ob-

stinacy of the man who had caused so sad a disaster. Presently I beheld him break from the arms of several persons who were striving to detain him; and, leaping into a safety-boat, exclaiming loudly,

"'Let me go — let me go — some effort must be made to save them!'

"Already the boat was filling: the waves dashed all over him, and his hat was knocked off into the water. The courage he showed animated the rest; and, in a moment, officers, men, lookers-on, and sailors, dashed into the surf; some swimming, some in boats, in the hope of affording succour to the unfortunate victims. But alas! in spite of every exertion, very few were saved; and the tide of the next morning cast upon the shore more than two hundred corpses — and the hat of the hero of Marengo!" This account is confirmed by Constant in his memoirs of the time, and may be relied on.

It was not etiquette from that time to mention the tempest at Boulogne; and the jocose story of M. Crest, the Minister of Marine, having got a ducking, was the sole topic of the Court when the Emperor's letter was alluded to.

When the great man himself arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited the relics in which the cathedral was then rich; amongst them was an arm of Saint Charlemagne, which was always held in great reverence. As Bonaparte was examining it, he called Doctor Corvisart to him, and begged him to explain to what part of the arm of

the conqueror belonged an enormous bone which had been for ages carefully kept under a glass-case. Corvisart at this question smiled, and remained silent. The Emperor renewed his question; when the doctor answered in a low voice, that the bone was a *tibia* which might have belonged to the leg of Charlemagne; but could by no possibility have had anything to do with his arm.

"Very well," said the Emperor, "keep the secret; it is better not to offend ancient and respectable prejudices."

But the anatomical comment of the learned doctor had been overheard, and the story was repeated from mouth to mouth with no little merriment.

Nothing could exceed the servility of the bishop and the clergy on this occasion. They descended to a variety of tricks to please the Empress; offering her a sacred box to which, they said, a tradition attached that it could never be opened but by a person who brought good fortune everywhere. Of course it opened in her hands, and flattered her not a little. The shrines were all laid bare for the Emperor. The inscriptions were read on the doors of the palace; which he chose to interpret as a sign that he was destined to renew the Empire of the East, and be as great a conqueror as Charlemagne himself.

THE GHOSTS' BANQUET.

THE fields are blank, the trees are bare,
The snow is dancing in the air
A dance fantastical and strange; —
A dance, whose dancers, white and soft,
Fall like spirits from aloft,
Waltzing in their boundless range
Over woodland, over grange,
Over the uplifted hills,
Past the dumb, ice-solid rills,
Down into the valleys hollow,
Till the wind can scarcely follow,
Up the lanes and through the hedges —
Though the trees stand close in wedges —
Right across the open heath,
Maugre the prickly furze beneath,
Round about the old church spires,
Where the golden vanes live fires
Gleam, yet warm not; and so on,
Ever noiseless, swift, and wan,
Outward to the lonely sea.

Upon an evening such as this,
To wander foodless, moneyless,
And far from home, you 'll all agree
Is somewhat melancholy work.

Right so thought young Ralph Chetwynd,
who,
In the December shadows murk
Of the year Fifteen fifty-two,
(Three centuries from this present telling)
Had left his wretched country dwelling,
To seek in London's active strife
Some honourable means of life.
Full fifty miles was he from home;
And underneath the heaven's wide dome
He stood, and looked into the night.

The fields were quickly getting white
Under the snow-flakes: all around,
Like sheets in which a corpse is wound,
The meadows stretched into the dark.
The red West, like a beacon-mark,
Burnt slowly out; and, that being dead,
The waves of blackness crept and spread,
And Death seem'd victor over Life.
The wind was eager as a knife,
And made a sort of ghostly talking,
As though some awful thing kept walking
Close against Ralph Chetwynd's side,
With stealthy footsteps undescried.
The trees and hedges, thereto replying,
Gave a low and weary sighing;
And never another voice was heard,
Either of man, or beast, or bird.
Ralph looked about, in hope that he
Some mansion or some hut might see,

Where he might crave to pass the night:
And at the last he saw a light
Steadily shining through the trees.
Nearer he walked; and, by degrees,
Beheld from out the darkness harden
A mansion standing in a garden,
With woods and silence all about.

Ralph, with a heart right glad and stout,
Stepped to the gate, and pulled the bell.
The sound was solemn as a knell,
As into the wide night it ran.
But soon an ancient serving-man
Came forth; to whom Ralph briefly told
His hard condition, and made bold
To hope his lord would succour him.
The servant, with a visage grim,
Went to the house, and soon came back
With two lean blood-hounds in his track.
"My master is no friend," quoth he,
"To such night-wanderers as ye;
But says that if you like to go
To some old ruins that have stood
Mouldering, a hundred years or so,
About a stone-cast from the wood
On the right hand, you may prevail
Upon the ghosts with which they're
haunted
(Provided that your heart's undaunted)
To give you shelter, bread, and ale."
And with these words he shut the gate.

Ralph stayed a moment more, to hurl
Contempt upon the sneering churl;
Then, weary and disconsolate,
He turned him from the lighted house,
And, underneath the drooping boughs
Of the dark forest, went his way.
"Perhaps," thought he, "within the
bound
Of those old ruins may be found
Some shelter till the break of day."

By this, the snow had nearly ceas'd.
Over the dim line of the East,
And through the clouds that weltered by,
The moon had risen into the sky;
A spirit bright — a face of light —
It looked between the dusky trees;
And white beams fell on snow-paths
white,
Like super-sensuous sympathies.
Thus aided, Ralph beheld at length
A building (sometime of great strength,
But crumbling now from roof to base)
Rising from out a grassy space.
A warlike castle it had been,
As by its loop-holed towers was seen,

And by its moat, weed-choked and dry,
And by its ramparts mounted high.
But now its chambers were bare and
lonely:
The winds and the tempests entered
only;
The doors swung to and fro on their
hinges;
The ceilings had gotten them green moss
fringes;
The shadowing ivy made funeral bowers
Of the winding stairs in the four round
towers;
The brown-gold lichens had woven their
tissues
Into the depths of the stony fissures;
And bearded grass, storm-beaten and
ragged,
Clung round the tops of the battlements
jagged.

Silent and dark the ruins stood,
Fronting the dark and silent wood;
When suddenly, across the night,
The empty windows flared with light,
And from the great mid-hall there came
A sound as of a gathering flame
That laps and strains upon the wind.
No longer did Ralph lag behind,
But o'er the weedy threshold went,
Nerving his heart to'ards his intent.

The hall was bright, the hall was warm,
The hall was peopled with a swarm
Of stately shapes that sumptuously
Were round a black, carved table sitting
On golden chairs, for a palace fitting;
And every one, with an awful eye —
An eye like gloom and flame commixed —
Looked at Ralph, who stood transfixed,
But steadily looked at them again.
He saw, and felt within his brain,
That they were ghosts. The eddying
air,
Which his quick entrance woke up there,
Made them waver like a mist:
It was an uncouth sight I wist!
The wall behind was scarcely veiled:
Yet some of those strange shapes were
mailed;
And some were clad in coloured silk,
And some in vestments white as milk,
And some in velvet, rayed with gold,
And all in fashions quaint and old.
With mystical light their features burned;
And Ralph, in every ghostly face
Which met him in that haunted place,
Strange likeness to himself discerned!

Brave at all times, he did not run;
And the ghosts rose up, every one,
And bowed to him, but spoke no word;
Then motioned him towards the board,
And seated him in pomp and state
At the upper end; and, on a plate
Like moonlight, gave him food divine,
And, in a sparkling goblet, wine
That kindled in his heart and veins.

But I must here draw in the reins,
And must in briefer language tell
The wonders of that spectacle:
How viands, marvellous and rare,
Came swiftly sliding through the air,
And, being done with, vanished straight;
And how, all round, there seemed to wait
Invisible servants, who supplied

Ralph's vaguest wish; and how the
room

Grew gorgeous with its pomp and pride,
And like a flower appeared to bloom;
And how no syllable was spoken,
Leaving the quietness unbroken,
Save by a low, long music sound,
That filled the air, and lingered round,
Like one heart-deep and endless sigh
Welling from out Eternity;
And how, when all the feast was ended,
With odours and sweet airs attended,
The banquet faded noiselessly;
And how a dance went through the hall,
Wild, flashing, swift, ærial,
With bird-like pipings heard aloft,
And inner chucklings, deep and soft:
These matters I must quickly pass.

At length, as in a magic glass
Where shades of unborn things appear,
Ralph all too plainly could espy,
In every spectre's troubled eye,
Strange tokens that the morn was near.
The phantom light shrank up in fear;
The ghosts began to droop and languish;
The music wailed and writhed in anguish;
A sense of Death was in the place.
Then one of that unfleshy race,
Older and greyer than his brothers,
Stood some way forward from the others,
And spoke to Ralph (who dumbly stood,
And listened to him in his blood)
These words, which made a musical
chime,
Like echoes of a far-off time: —

"Oh, living flower upon the tree
Of our defrauded pedigree!

True son of our majestic line!

We are thy fathers (though our bones
Lie under long-forgotten stones),
And all these spreading lands are thine.
They are now held, against thy right,
By him who shut thee out this night,
The scion of a younger branch
Which, in a former day, did launch
At their own kindred poisonous lies
And subtly-painted perjuries,
Wresting from us our just estate,
And these old halls — now desolate —
Deserting for a modern house
More fit for revel and carouse.
Thou see'st where I am standing. Here,
Beneath this flag-stone, which shall bear
Marks of my presence, thou shalt find
A written parchment, making clear
The truth past doubt. But now, behind
The Eastern hills I feel the sun;
And his sharp arrows through me run
Like ice. I dare no longer stay."

Instantly, all had passed away.
The white dawn looked into the room,
And shivered within the empty gloom:
Ralph shivered, too; and on the ground
Fell suddenly into sleep profound.

Our Tale may now be ended soon.
Ralph woke from out his sleep at noon,
Removed the stone, and, in a hole
Beneath it, found the parchment scroll;
And in short time the lands were his.
Urged by his ghostly sympathies,
The ancient castle he restored,
And lived there like a worthy lord,
In pomp, and gravity, and state.
The old possessor, from whose gate
Ralph, the right owner, had been spurned,
He would not suffer to be turned
From out his home, but still allowed
A sum sufficient to maintain
His kinsman in that mansion proud,
On this condition — broad and plain —
Never again to let his door
Be barred against the homeless poor.

Now, ever as the ages roll,
God prosper such a noble soul!

MECHANICS BY INSTINCT.

IF sponges were created before insects, the *Euplectella* must have been the first weavers; but man's teacher of the art of forming tissues by interlacing thread was undoubtedly the spider. An African species of that insect made doors for its dwelling, long before the human race thought of closing the entrance to their huts; and no doubt the first cunning hunter took lessons at the same school in the art of spreading nets and snares for his prey.

Amongst us of the human race, the diving-bell is a recent invention, but among spiders it is as old as creation. Look into a large glass globe filled with water, in which are immersed several portions of aquatic vegetables, some floating on the surface, and some lying at the bottom. Amongst the blades of grass and bits of reed, you will remark a sort of purse, closely resembling in shape and size the shell of a pigeon's egg, but pierced transversely through the middle. It is filled with air, and perfectly closed, except in its lower part, where there is an aperture just sufficient for the egress and ingress of a very small spider. A strong and semi-transparent substance, resembling white gauze, forms the texture of the bell, firmly moored and anchored to the submerged plants by threads and cables, which hinder it from mounting to the surface.

M. Berthoud, the French na-

turalist, in giving an account of these bell-divers, says, he first discovered them in the ponds of Gentilly, where they exist in great numbers, but their habits have been long known. "During the last week," adds that gentleman, "I have been studying its habits."

Watch, he says, the lady coming out of her retreat. Her length is about one eighth of an inch, her body is brown, and on the upper part of the back is drawn a dark patch, having four little dots on its centre. This spider lives under water, and yet requires air to breathe. Her Maker has taught her how to solve a problem which would have baffled the genius of Newton. She swims on her back, and her abdomen is enveloped in a bubble of air, which, reflecting the prismatic colours, looks like transparent mother-o'-pearl. She then rises to the surface of the water, and elevates above it the lower portion of her body; for, amongst the arachnidæ, the orifice of the organs of respiration is placed in the abdomen. Once on the surface, she breathes strongly, inhales as much air as she possibly can; then she gets beneath the water and gives out gently the liquid particles with which her lungs are gorged to excess; the long, silky, clammy threads which cover her retain in its place around her the bubble with which she is surrounded. This done, she dives with precaution, and carries into her nest—her diving-bell—a provision of air to replace what she had consumed. When once en-

sconced in her nest, she lies in ambush, with her cunning little head lowered, watching for any prey that may chance to pass. Woe to the tiny worm that wriggles on the stalk near her den! She darts forward, seizes him, and bears him off to her bell of impermeable gauze. While her habitation was in process of making, and until it was finished, it was naturally filled with water. But once the work was ended, it became necessary to expel the water, and replace it by atmospheric air. In order to attain this end, our spider had to make more than a hundred trips to the surface. Each bubble that she introduced into the bell, mounted towards the top by its specific levity, displacing an equal quantity of water, which was forced out through the orifice below, until at length the bell contained nothing but air.

Who knows whether the aquatic spider may not have suggested to Fulton the idea of constructing submarine boats, which were first tried in 1804, at Rouen, and then at Havre; and the following year in the Seine? Yet the submarine vessel hardly yet is complete. Until Dr. Payerne took the subject in hand the other day,* the invention of Fulton had scarcely advanced a step since the death of its author; and man is still inferior to the insect in the construction both of the diving-bell and the submarine boat.

At the Cape of Good Hope there

* See Vol. XVI. p. 56.

exists a bird well known by the name of the Republican Sparrow, and which is named in science, *Philæterus Socius*. This little creature builds a regular square. With a number of its congeners it takes possession of a tree, and constructs around its summit an immense nest, containing perhaps two hundred compartments. Each has his own snug little dwelling, where he lives with his wife, brings up his family, and enjoys the most absolute liberty. They are Communists so far as is required for constructing their common habitation, repairing it, defending it in case of danger, and going in search of provisions. Does any bird display an unsocial disobliging disposition? — he is sure to be visited by a select detachment of police, who turn him out with merciless thrusts of their strong little beaks, and never allow him to re-enter the common precincts. Does some felonious reptile try to wriggle in? — a civic guard is formed instantly, and as soon as the vigilant sentinel gives notice, the gallant troop sends forth a shrill cry, hastens to reinforce the regular garrison, and almost always forces the enemy to retreat before a mass of threatening beaks, which form a bristling and impassable stockade.

Another bird, inhabiting the same locality, constructs for himself a house consisting of three apartments, with arched entrances like those used in Roman architecture. This bird, a species of heron, named *Scopus umbretta*,

builds his nest in a bush, or rather around a bush, gives it a circular form, and divides it into three compartments, communicating with each other by means of arched openings. He commences by setting up the framework of his dwelling, profits by the branches which suit his plan, and destroys those which come in his way; then he seeks for the bits of stick needful to complete the structure, and to give it a solid regularity of which any carpenter might be proud. When the framework is finished, he fetches clay to fill up the interstices, and finally plasters it outside with a coat of granulous earth, perfectly waterproof, and capable of resisting the beak of the strongest bird of prey. When the nest is finished, it looks like a miniature Arab tent, divided, as I have said, into three rooms. No one has yet discovered the purpose of the two first; they are always kept perfectly clean, and apparently uninhabited. In the third lives the *Scopus umbretta*. There, on a couch of soft moss and feathers, the female lays her eggs, and hatches her young ones. When her mate goes out to fish, he carefully closes up the three doors, by the aid of small stones and clay, and thus immures his family to preserve them from the attacks of reptiles. He returns with his store of fish, demolishes with his beak the fortification, carefully ejects its fragments, and then rejoins his family in the inner chamber. If any noise is heard, or any danger threatens the house-

hold, the *Scopus umbretta* hastens immediately to place himself before the outer entrance. There, with beak advanced and ready to strike, he awaits the enemy, strikes him ere he can enter, and usually comes off victorious. It is not rare to find near the nest dead reptiles, lying with crushed heads, trophies of the valour of this sagacious bird.

These nests are as common at the Cape as the nests of the common swallow are with us; but to them we usually take little heed, because they are to be found under the eaves of our houses, and we need only raise our eyes to see them.

All Paris felt interested in the famous well of Grenelle, since known as the Artesian well; during five years the public attention, and that of the Institute of France, has been preoccupied by the labours of M. Mulot; and there was a general cry of joy and admiration when the water spouted upwards from the bosom of the earth. During centuries past, the animals which inhabit the arid sands of Africa excavate the soil to discover water, and have no need of the hazel wand cut by moonlight, which the ancient water-seekers in the South used to employ; nor of the science of the Abbé Paramelle, that skilful discoverer of hidden springs.

During the mission with which I — we are still quoting Mr. Berthoud — was charged in 1848 to Algeria, some of the natives gave me a young hyæna, which soon

became attached to me, after the manner of a faithful and gentle dog. This creature became the inseparable companion of my rambles. With an instinct aided by her uncommonly acute sense of smell, she served me as a guide, and with her I felt certain of never going astray, to whatever distance I might penetrate, either into a forest or a mountain ravine, or amongst those immense sandy plains which so much resemble the sea. As soon as I wished to return — or even before it, if she herself felt weary — the hyæna, with dilated nostrils, snuffed the soil; and after a few moments spent in careful investigation, she used to walk rapidly on before me. Never did she deviate from the track by which we had come, as I constantly perceived by the mark which my foot had made in stopping to pluck some rare herb, or the evidence of where my hand had broken a branch from some stunted shrub. From time to time she used to stop, and seat herself on her haunches like a dog, fawning for a caress, and after having obtained it, she would trot on again. If any noise were heard in the midst of the profound silence of the desert, she used to erect her ears, and make inquisition with her quick scent and hearing. If the result produced nothing alarming, she would gaily pursue her route. If an Arab appeared, she bristled up her long mane, took refuge between my legs, and remained there until she saw him pass on, after exchanging with me the salutation which every native bestows on the traveller whom he meets on the way.

One morning, enticed onwards by the strange phantasmagoria of a mirage, in the sandy plain near Thebessa, I found myself at length in the midst of a desert. I could see nothing on every side but sand, heaped up like waves, and over which the burning heat of the atmosphere formed that sort of undulating reflection which produces the illusions of the mirage. Fatigue at length overcame me: suddenly I fell on the ground without strength, my head burning, and ready to perish with thirst. The panting hyæna came up to me, and smelt to me with apparent disquietude. Suddenly she darted off so abruptly, and with such rapidity, that I thought she had left me to my fate. I tried to rise and follow her, but I could not. Ten minutes passed, and I saw my faithful pet returning. She rushed towards me, and began to lick my hands with her cool tongue, while her lips were dripping with fresh water. I observed that her track through the sand was marked by drops of moisture.

The certainty of finding water restored my strength. I arose, and managed to follow the hyæna, who walked on slowly in advance, turning her head from time to time towards me. Ere long I reached a hole scooped out of the sand; its bottom was moist, but contained no water. I tried to

dig it deeper, but my hands, scorched by the sand, reached no water. Meantime the hyæna wandered about scenting the ground. Suddenly she began to work with her paws, and made a small hole, which speedily became filled with water. Although somewhat brackish, it seemed to me delicious; I drank of it freely, bathed my hands and face, and then proceeded homewards, following my faithful guide.

Such was the extreme acuteness of this creature's sense of smell, that at the distance of five or six leagues from the house which I inhabited at Philippeville, she used to discover the existence of the carcass of a dead animal. Then the natural instinct of the wild beast awoke, and would not be restrained. She used to manage to elude my vigilance, dart off with marvellous rapidity, and ere long return, gorged with flesh and half dead from fatigue. It was in one of these gastronomic excursions that I lost her. A panther, who had committed great ravages in the district, attacked and wounded her so severely, that she died in a few hours after her return home.

This account we can corroborate. Colonel Sykes having sent a pet hyæna to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, returned several years afterwards, and went to visit the Gardens. The moment the creature caught sight of him, he recognised his former master with all the joyful manifestations of an attached dog.

STOP THIEF!

I AM not quite old enough to recollect the stage waggons, in which the wearied passengers performed a tedious journey that now occupies a few hours; and in which so many strange adventures occurred; including perils by land and water, and an occasional stoppage by highwaymen or footpads. But I remember the time very distinctly when coaches were first introduced, — long, heavy, lumbering vehicles they were. They were as unlike their successors the Phenomenon, or the Tally-Ho, as their predecessors, the Yorkshire Diligence or the Edinburgh Fly. Nor were adventures altogether unknown. Very lively expectations of a double-barrelled pistol being popped into the window, accompanied by a demand for money and jewels were still momentarily entertained; and, on entering some of the long lines of road which were then bordered by woods, the most courageous might be accused of keeping a sharp look-out for the leap of the highwayman's horse as he sprang over the small fence of the plantation, and breathing freely as he emerged again into the open country. It is now more than sixty years since I was face to face with one of the "minions of the moon," and a very accomplished gentleman of the road he proved, as you shall hear when I tell you the story. But I must go back a little to explain to you how I got into such agreeable company.

I was only six years of age when I was sent home from our estate in Jamaica to be educated in England. I was consigned to the care of the excellent Mr. Davies, who was curate of Moddingfield, in Warwickshire; who performed his duties so well — was so kind, so charitable, and such an honour to the church — that you will not be surprised to hear that he never rose above the degree of a curate. But he was happy, nevertheless. He had no other pupil, and I was in great danger of growing up that most miserable of creatures — a man without any friends of his youth; who has never played, quarrelled and made it up again with companions of his own age. But I was fortunately saved from this wretched fate by the appearance in our parish of a little girl. This great event happened when I was ten years old, and the little girl was five. I could tell you how beautiful I thought her when we first met; although we were both so shy that we looked at each other from the corners of our eyes, as if afraid of being caught in the act; but you would think it ridiculous in an old man of seventy-four to dwell upon the charms of a long-haired, red-lipped child, and you would laugh still more if I told you that that vision of beauty has haunted me ever since. It was gratitude perhaps; for I feel day by day a softening and refining of my own nature by having something to love and protect.

So Mary — let that be her name

— and I grew lovers in a very few days; and, whenever we thought of the future, it always was with a splendid vision before us of our being constantly together. Life would have had no happiness even then, if we had contemplated the possibility of our being separated. Mary resided in the old Manor House, which was the property of her godmother — a silly queer old maid of the name of Sidleton — who was perpetually on the point of marrying somebody or other, and who carried on enormous correspondence with the happy expectant; but, as all her mysterious announcements of approaching bridecake and whispered denunciations of the tediousness and intricacy of settlements, always came to nothing, it came at last to be believed that the wooers were entirely the work of her imagination; and that she would continue her course to the end,

“In maiden meditation, fancy free.”

Yet this was a bold supposition, for the power of wealth was almost as great then as now, and Miss Sidleton was immensely rich. The last of a large tribe of that name, that had been settled in the county for many generations, she united in her person the fortunes of several branches of the family; and had no one to leave it to except a cousin who lived with her — a girl, at the time I speak of, of fifteen or sixteen years of age — who held the dubious position of half-kinswoman, half-dependant; but grew up, in spite of all draw-

backs, one of the fairest and gentlest creatures I ever saw. Well, here were three of us, and the retirement in which we lived united us in the firmest friendship—which was still further increased by our combined veneration for Mr. Davies, and our united dislike of Miss Sidleton. But we were not always alone. There came down to see his sister Mary, once or twice a year, a tall, handsome, clever young man, whom we will call Charles Ardley. From the first—when he was near the head of a great public school; then when he was at college; and finally when he had achieved his degree, with such honours as the University then had to bestow, was admitted to a fellowship in *Alma Mater*, and was pursuing the wool-sack through the dining-room of Lincoln's Inn—Charles Ardley never seemed to like me. I was a shy proud West Indian. He despised the colonist, and had imbibed some astonishing notions on the subject of our slaves. But a fine noble fellow he was, notwithstanding his moroseness to me. Even that occasionally wore off; and no wonder, for the presence of Miss Sidleton's cousin, the beautiful Fanny Osgood, was enough to repress any such uncharitable feeling. It was impossible to see much of her without loving her; and, as Charles saw a great deal of her, the result is not to be wondered at. But what was the use of love without the means of procuring even the cottage with which, in romantic minds, love is usually combined? They were both very poor; Fanny's fortune hung on the caprice of the overbearing and selfish kinswoman, who might leave wealth enough to bring the peerage to her feet; or might perhaps, and most probably would, cut her off without a shilling. Meanwhile love went on; and until fourteen I was the happiest boy in the world. Studies went on also surprisingly well, under the influence of hope and affection; Horace was my familiar companion, and in this there was a sympathy between Charles Ardley and me which almost overcame the sin of my being a West Indian. We read him together whenever he came down, and even when he was an inhabitant of "the dusky purlieus of the law," he was true in his allegiance to the most gentlemanly of the Romans.

Now came on the trial to us all. Miss Sidleton fell into what *she* called religion, which with her was another name for bad health; and, instead of the wonderful accounts of colonels and majors who were impatiently waiting the signature of marriage articles, the part of the future bridegrooms began to be played by venerable archdeacons, and prebendaries, and deans. "Now, Miss Osgood," she would say, "I don't think the Doctor will like his privacy disturbed by the presence of a poor relation. You will therefore have to look out for another situation. The wedding will take place very soon; and a great difference you will find between the comforts of

this house, and the struggles of a very wicked and unregenerate world." Preparations in apparent accord with the matrimonial change would go on as if there were no time to lose. The library would be aired and dusted; an old study chair would be new lined and stuffed; and the ancient damsel — on pretence of retirement for solemn meditation — would occupy herself all day long in trying on old-fashioned gowns, and in practising an interesting walk to the altar, with a handkerchief thrown over her head, by way of a bridal veil.

None of the military or aristocratic suitors for her hand had ever made their appearance at the Manor; but, what was the surprise of the parish when, one day, there presented himself a reverend gentleman from the University of Oxford, wigged, starched, and knee-buckled; who was at once received as an inmate of the house, and who took on himself such airs of lordship and authority, that people began at last to believe that the Hour and the Man were both come, and that Fanny Osgood was disinherited in earnest. Shortly after the arrival of the divine, he was followed by a gentleman of the same name, whom we soon made out to be a lawyer; and then supposition became certainty. They were closeted for hours at a time with the lady of the mansion. Parchments of large size and mysterious shape came out of a little blue bag belonging to the lawyer; and we

were all in momentary expectation of the announcement of the approaching marriage.

That announcement never came. Instead of it, a third individual made his appearance, in the person of a neighbouring physician, and we could not help perceiving Miss Sidleton's matrimonial boastings were likely to come to nothing. We felt sure that the conferences between the Oxford divine and his legal brother, had more reference to the bestowal of her estate than of her hand.

At last she told us so herself. She said that as she was about to be married she had disposed of her fortune in the event of her having no heirs; conveying all she possessed to her kinswoman Fanny Osgood — provided she married with the consent of Dr. Dibble — but, if she married without his consent, then she conveyed all she possessed to the said Dr. Dibble in consideration of his having instructed her in the duties of confession, and absolved her upon easy penance. This news was communicated at once to Charles Ardley. He saw the manœuvre at once by which the brothers had achieved their object; and, although he did not care about the practical disinheritance of Fanny Osgood, he felt an insurmountable objection to the bestowal of so much wealth on Dr. Dibble. Mr. Davies was astonished; Mary and I cared nothing about it, only we hated the intruding brothers, and couldn't bear to see Fanny Osgood in

tears. The old maid sickened more and more, and boasted of her generosity to her dependant as if she had left her really heiress of all her wealth — occasionally dropped a hint that she was on the point of a long journey to marry a general of great reputation, who had repented, and was now a bishop. At last, at the beginning of November she died. A sad time it was for me; Mary and I were to be separated for years; for she was now to be transferred by her brother to the care of a relation in Essex, and I, after two years' study at a great public school, was to rejoin my family in Jamaica, and probably spend my life in that most maligned and beautiful of islands. The final journey, however, was to be made in company. The will was not even read, the contents of it being merely communicated to Fanny Osgood, with a significant hint that only if she married Dr. Dibble, would she ever marry with Dr. Dibble's consent; and we all — that is Mary, and Fanny, and I, and the elected brothers — got into the great heavy coach; which, for a wonder, was to take us from Warwickshire to London in the course of one day. With the will carefully locked up in a bag, and guarded by the two brothers with unceasing attention till they could legally prove it in Doctors' Commons, we commenced our journey at early dawn, and rolled along at the rate, including stoppages, of at least five miles an hour.

Animal magnetism was not known in those days; but, some mysterious sympathy which enables coming events to cast their shadows before, inspired the two brothers with the certainty of approaching evil. They whispered dismally to each other as we entered upon long tracts of uninhabited country, and were incessantly engaged in watching on each side of the road. Nothing, however, occurred until we came upon a bare open expanse, without a hedge or tree, not far from where the pleasant inn, with its pretty garden and well-filled stables, gives such life and beauty to Chapel House. Our horses were tired of the long stage and lumbering vehicle; then, all of a sudden, a horseman was seen in the horizon, pushing his horse across the flat expanse, evidently in our direction. The brothers watched his motions with increasing anxiety as the distance, rapidly diminishing between them and the object of their observation, revealed his outward appearance with greater distinctness. It was easy to see the butt-end of pistols of the largest size projecting from his holsters. From a black leather belt round his waist was suspended a sword, which jingled on the flank of the large and fiery black horse he bestrode. A three-cornered hat rested on the curls of his flowing wig; and it was very evident that he was either a young gentleman determined to defend himself from the assault of the highway-

men who were reported still to infest that neighbourhood, or — frightful, but still more likely supposition! — that he was neither more nor less than a dashing highwayman himself. There was no room for doubt ere many minutes had elapsed; a black crape was hung over the upper part of his face; while his chin and lips were sufficiently concealed by a handsome beard and very glossy moustaches. On — on he came with slackened rein; and, on reaching the side of the coach, said sharply and decidedly to the driver, “Stop a few minutes;” and then lifting his hat, bowed in the politest manner to the passengers inside. “What do you mean, Sir, by alarming people on the King’s highway? and what do you want with us?” said the legal brother in a trembling voice.

“Merely to inquire how you have enjoyed the drive hitherto, and to wish you a prosperous journey. In the meantime, I invite you to get out and stretch your limbs;” as he said this he touched the butt-end of his pistol, and we all descended from the coach.

“What! load yourself with a bag of that enormous size?” he continued, as the brothers refused to part company with the treasure they had guarded so long; “Come, drop it — or I shall conclude it is stuffed with bank notes — let it go, gentlemen, or —” and again he laid his hand on the brass-mounted handle. The bag was dropped from the unwilling hands

of its supporters; the highwayman, dismounting and carrying the rein upon his arm, neglected the booty at his feet, and politely begging us to excuse the liberty he was taking, requested the loan of any jewels we happened to have about us. Fanny Osgood wore a beautiful cameo brooch which had been a gift from Charles Ardley, and tried to cover it with her shawl in vain, for the robber’s eye was upon it in a moment; and, in no gentle manner, he wrenched from her breast the Ariadne and Theseus which had been her favourite ornament ever since it came into her possession. Search was made in all parts of the coach; the pockets were rifled, the seats lifted up. The gentlemen were ordered to throw open their waistcoats; and, at last, the disappointed marauder turned to the bag, and was assured by the trembling lips of both the brothers that it contained nothing but a few shirts.

“They must be prodigiously well starched,” said the robber, as he wrenched it open, “for they crackle like so much paper.”

So saying, he laid hands upon the will. “Ha!” he cried; “this is worth all the rest of the jewels. Whoever wants to recover this, need only write to the Silver Cups, Duck Lane, offering a good reward, and Jack Mollett is not the man to be unreasonable.”

“Allow me to write down the address, Sir?” said the lawyer, a little comforted with the robber’s promise of restitution; and

we were again permitted to enter the coach. Before I did so, however, I managed, while unobserved by the highwayman, to pick up a small volume which had fallen out of his pocket on dismounting from his horse, and I quietly stowed it away in hopes of discovering the culprit through its means, and of punishing him for his crime. And in this I succeeded, though several years intervened before I could bring him to justice.

Every effort to discover the malefactor or regain possession of the will was unavailing. Charles Ardley, however, continued true to the disinherited heiress, and married her in a few months, Doctor Dibble no longer refusing his consent, as he kindly expressed it, that one beggar should marry another. A lawsuit, however, in the absence of the will, was not long in starting up to settle the succession; and, to my great delight, I heard in a few years, that it was decided in favour of Fanny, as heir-at-law against several competitors. Charles thus had the reward of his disinterested conduct; and, having had the good luck in the days of her poverty to gain Doctor Dibble's consent to his marriage, he felt that the ghost of the deceased kinswoman might rest in peace, as her will had been fulfilled to the letter. Nine or ten years passed on, and I was now four-and-twenty. Business had brought me to England, and again I found myself in the quiet parish of Moddingfield, a guest

of my good friend Mr. Davies; but, every day and all day long, a visitor at the Manor. Charles Ardley had made great improvements on the estate, and had settled down as an active country gentleman, the terror of poachers and evil-doers, far and near. Mary also lived at the Manor, and all my former feelings of love and attachment had awakened with tenfold force. Nor had hers altogether died out. In short, we were very happy; except that we saw no possibility of overcoming Charles's antipathy to a West India planter; and, without his approbation, I felt too sure that Mary would never accept my hand. One day, Charles told me a culprit was to be brought before him accused of highway robbery; not a common-place foot-pad, he said, but a dashing fellow, mounted on a good horse, and armed with sword and pistol.

"How strange," I said, "if he were to turn out to be the hero of our adventure at Chapel House. I should like to be present at the examination, for I think I could recognize him at once."

He laughed at such a boast, and agreed. The prisoner was a hard-featured vulgar fellow, whom the disturbed state of the country had set upon desperate expedients — very different in outward appearance from the well-remembered freebooter of former days. But there is something, I suppose, in the atmosphere of guilt which is favourable to the recollection of a crime. All the

circumstances of the will-stealing adventure came clearly before me, as I looked on the features of the prisoner. "Mary," I said, "don't let us be afraid of any opposition to our marriage. I have hit upon a plot which is sure to succeed." The culprit was dismissed for want of proof; and the magistrate, glowing with the dignity of his office, came into the library into which I had gone a few minutes before. Charles started as he saw a little book lying on the table. He took it up with the greatest surprise. "My own old Horace," he said. "I have missed it for many years. Where can it have been all this time?"

"I have had it with me in Jamaica," I said.

"I don't remember lending it to you," said Charles, coldly; "and I am certain I never made you a present of it. How did it happen to get into your possession?"

"You had better ask Mrs. Ardley," I said, "how she managed to recover her cameo Theseus and Ariadne, which she lost at the same time you did the Horace, but which I see now in its old place on her breast."

The magistrate was quelled in a moment.

"You have an immense memory," he replied at last. "Do you really think you should recollect the freebooter of Chapel House?"

"Certainly," I said; "but I am

not insensible to the power of hush-money."

"How much?" he inquired with a laugh, as at that instant Mary came into the room.

"This hand," I said, taking Mary's hand in mine; — and we have gone upon our way rejoicing, hand in hand together, ever since.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

KING Henry the Seventh did not turn out to be as fine a fellow as the nobility and people hoped, in the first joy of their deliverance from Richard the Third. He was very cold, crafty, and calculating, and would do almost anything for money. He possessed considerable ability, but his chief merit appears to have been that he was not cruel when there was nothing to be got by it.

The new King had promised the nobles who had espoused his cause that he would marry the princess Elizabeth. The first thing he did, was, to direct her to be removed from the castle of Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire, where Richard had placed her, and restored to the care of her mother in London. The young Earl of Warwick, Edward Plantagenet, son and heir of the late Duke of Clarence, had been kept a prisoner in this same old York-

shire castle with her. This boy, who was now fifteen, the new King placed in the Tower for safety. Then he came to London in great state, and gratified the people with a fine procession; on which kind of show he often very much relied for keeping them in good humour. The sports and feasts which took place were followed by a terrible fever, called the Sweating Sickness; of which great numbers of people died. Lord Mayors and Aldermen are thought to have suffered most from it; whether because they were in the habit of over-eating themselves, or because they were very jealous of preserving filth and nuisances in the City (as they have been since), I don't know.

The King's coronation was postponed on account of the general ill-health, and he afterwards deferred his marriage, as if he were not very anxious that it should take place: and, even after that, deferred the Queen's coronation so long that he gave offence to the York party. However, he set these things right in the end, by hanging some men and seizing on the rich possessions of others; and granting more popular pardons to the followers of the late King than could, at first, be got from him; and by employing about his Court some not very scrupulous persons who had been employed in the previous reign.

As this reign was principally remarkable for two very curious

impostures which have become famous in history, we will make those two stories its principal feature:

There was a priest at Oxford of the name of Simons, who had for a pupil a handsome boy named Lambert Simnel, who was the son of a baker. Partly to gratify his own ambitious ends, and partly to carry out the designs of a secret party formed against the King, this priest declared that his pupil, the boy, was no other than the young Earl of Warwick; who (as everybody might have known) was safely locked up in the Tower of London. The priest and the boy went over to Ireland, and at Dublin enlisted in their cause all ranks of the people: who seem to have been generous enough, but exceedingly irrational. The Earl of Kildare, the governor of Ireland, declared that he believed the boy to be what the priest represented; and the boy, who had been well tutored by the priest, told them such things of his childhood, and gave them so many descriptions of the Royal family, that they were perpetually shouting and hurrahing, and drinking his health, and making all kinds of noisy and thirsty demonstrations, to express their belief in him. Nor was this feeling confined to Ireland alone, for the Earl of Lincoln whom the late usurper had named as his successor, went over to the young Pretender; and, after holding a secret correspondence with the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy —

the sister of Edward the Fourth, who detested the present King and all his race — sailed to Dublin with two thousand German soldiers of her providing. In this promising state of the boy's fortunes, he was crowned there, with a crown taken off the head of a statue of the Virgin Mary; and was then, according to the Irish custom of those days, carried home on the shoulders of a big chieftain possessing a great deal more strength than sense. Father Simons, you may be sure, was mighty busy at the coronation.

Ten days afterwards, the Germans, and the Irish, and the priest, and the boy, and the Earl of Lincoln, all landed in Lancashire to invade England. The King, who had good intelligence of their movements, set up his standard at Nottingham, where vast numbers resorted to him every day, while the Earl of Lincoln could gain but very few. With his small force he tried to make for the town of Newark; but the King's army, getting between him and that place, he had no choice but to risk a battle at Stoke. It soon ended in the complete destruction of the Pretender's forces, one half of whom were killed; among them, the Earl himself. The priest and the baker's boy were taken prisoners. The priest, after confessing the trick, was shut up in prison, where he afterwards died — suddenly perhaps; the boy was taken into the King's kitchen and made a turnspit. He was afterwards raised to the station

of one of the King's falconers; and so ended this strange imposition.

There seems reason to suspect that the Dowager Queen — always a restless and busy woman — had had some share in tutoring the baker's son. The King was very angry with her, whether or no. He seized upon her property, and shut her up in a convent at Bermondsey.

One might suppose that the end of this story would have put the Irish people on their guard; but, they were quite ready to receive a second impostor, as they had received the first, and that same troublesome Duchess of Burgundy soon gave them the opportunity. All of a sudden there appeared at Cork, in a vessel arriving from Portugal, a young man of excellent abilities, of very handsome appearance and most winning manners, who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth. "O," said some, even of those ready Irish believers; "but surely that young Prince was murdered by his uncle in the Tower!" — "It is supposed so," said the engaging young man; "and my brother *was* killed in that gloomy prison; but I escaped — it don't matter how, at present — and have been wandering about the world for seven long years." This explanation being quite satisfactory to numbers of the Irish people, they began again to shout and to hurrah, and to drink his health,

and to make the noisy and thirsty demonstrations all over again. And the big chieftain in Dublin began to look out for another coronation, and another young King to be carried home on his back.

Now, King Henry being then on bad terms with France, the French King, Charles the Eighth saw that, by pretending to believe in the handsome young man, he could trouble his enemy sorely. So, he invited him over to the French Court, and appointed him a body-guard, and treated him in all respects as if he really were the Duke of York. Peace, however, being soon concluded between the two Kings, the pretended Duke was turned adrift, and wandered for protection to the Duchess of Burgundy. She, after feigning to inquire into the reality of his claims, declared him to be the very picture of her dear departed brother; gave him a body-guard at her Court, of thirty halberdiers; and called him by the sounding name of the White Rose of England.

The leading members of the White Rose party in England sent over an agent, named Sir Robert Clifford, to ascertain whether the White Rose's claims were good; the King also sent over his agents to inquire into the Rose's history. The White Roses declared the young man to be really the Duke of York; the King declared him to be PERKIN WARBECK, the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, who had acquired his know-

ledge of England, its language and manners, from the English merchants who traded in Flanders; it was also stated by the Royal agents that he had been in the service of Lady Brompton, the wife of an exiled English nobleman, and that the Duchess of Burgundy had caused him to be trained and taught, expressly for this deception. The King then required the Archduke Philip, who was the sovereign of Burgundy, to banish this new Pretender, or to deliver him up; but, as the Archduke replied that he could not control the Duchess in her own land, the King, in revenge, took the market of English cloth away from Antwerp, and prevented all commercial intercourse between the two countries.

He also, by arts and bribes, prevailed on Sir Robert Clifford to betray his employers; and he denouncing several famous English noblemen as being secretly the friends of Perkin Warbeck, the King had three of the foremost executed at once. Whether he pardoned the remainder because they were poor, I do not know; but it is only too probable that he refused to pardon one famous nobleman against whom the same Clifford soon afterwards informed separately, because he was rich. This was no other than Sir William Stanley, who had saved the King's life at the battle of Bosworth Field. It is very doubtful whether his treason amounted to much more than his having said, that if he were sure the young

man was the Duke of York, he would not take arms against him. Whatever he had done he admitted, like an honourable spirit; and he lost his head for it, and the covetous King gained all his wealth.

Perkin Warbeck kept quiet for three years; but, as the Flemings began to complain heavily of the loss of their trade by the stoppage of the Antwerp market on his account, and as it was not unlikely that they might even go so far as to take his life or give him up, he found it necessary to do something. Accordingly he made a desperate sally, and landed, with only a few hundred men, on the coast of Deal. But he was soon glad to get back to the place from whence he came; for the country people rose against his followers, killed a great many, and took a hundred and fifty prisoners: who were all driven to London tied together with ropes, like a team of cattle. Every one of them was hanged on some part or other of the sea-shore, in order that if any more men should come over with Perkin Warbeck, they might see the bodies as a warning before they landed.

Then the wary King, by making a treaty of commerce with the Flemings, drove Perkin Warbeck out of that country; and, by completely gaining over the Irish to his side, deprived him of that asylum too. He wandered away to Scotland, and told his story at that Court. King James the Fourth of Scotland, who was no

friend to King Henry, and had no reason to be (for King Henry had bribed his Scotch lords to betray him more than once, but had never succeeded in his plots), gave him a great reception, called him his cousin, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a beautiful and charming creature related to the royal house of Stuart.

Alarmed by this successful re-appearance of the Pretender, the King still undermined, and bought, and bribed, and kept his doings and Perkin Warbeck's story in the dark, when he might, one would imagine, have rendered the matter clear to all England. But, for all his bribing of the Scotch lords at the Scotch King's Court, he could not procure the Pretender to be delivered up to him. James, though not very particular in many respects, would not betray him, and the ever-busy Duchess of Burgundy so provided him with arms, and good soldiers, and with money besides, that he had soon a little army of fifteen hundred men of various nations. With these, and aided by the Scottish King in person, he crossed the borders into England, and made a proclamation to the people, in which he called the King "Henry Tudor;" offered large rewards to any who should take or distress him; and announced himself as King Richard the Fourth, come to receive the homage of his faithful subjects. His faithful subjects, however, cared nothing for him,

and hated his faithful troops: who, being of different nations, quarrelled also among themselves. Worse than this, if worse were possible, they began to plunder the country; upon which the White Rose said, that he would rather lose his rights, than gain them through the miseries of the English people. The Scottish King made a jest of his scruples, but they and their whole force went back again without fighting a battle.

The worst consequence of this attempt was, that a rising took place among the people of Cornwall, who considered themselves too heavily taxed to meet the charges of the expected war. Stimulated by Flammock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a blacksmith, and joined by Lord Audley and some other country gentlemen, they marched on all the way to Deptford Bridge, where they fought a battle with the King's army. They were defeated — though the Cornish men fought with great bravery — and the lord was beheaded, and the lawyer and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered. The rest were pardoned. The King, who believed every man to be as avaricious as himself, and thought that money could settle anything, allowed them to make bargains for their liberty with the soldiers who had taken them.

Perkin Warbeck, doomed to wander up and down, and never to find rest anywhere — a sad fate: almost a sufficient punishment for

an imposture, which he seems in time to have half believed himself — lost his Scottish refuge through a truce being made between the two Kings; and found himself, once more, without a country before him in which he could lay his head. But James — always honourable and true to him, alike when he melted down his plate, and even the great gold chain he had been used to wear, to pay soldiers in his cause; and now, when that cause was lost and hopeless — did not conclude the treaty, until he had safely departed out of the Scottish dominions. He and his beautiful wife — who was faithful to him under all reverses, and left her state and home to follow his poor fortunes — were put aboard ship with everything necessary for their comfort and protection, and sailed for Ireland.

But, the Irish people had had enough of counterfeit Earls of Warwick and Dukes of York, for one while; and would give the White Rose no aid. So, the White Rose — encircled by thorns indeed — resolved to go with his beautiful wife to Cornwall as a forlorn resource, and see what might be made of the Cornish men, who had risen so valiantly a little while before, and had fought so bravely at Deptford Bridge.

To Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, accordingly, came Perkin Warbeck and his wife; and the lovely lady he shut up for safety in the Castle of St. Michael's Mount,

and then marched into Devonshire at the head of three thousand Cornish men. These were increased to six thousand by the time of his arrival in Exeter; but, there the people made a stout resistance, and he went on to Taunton, where he came in sight of the King's army. The stout Cornish men, although they were few in number, and badly armed, were so bold, that they never thought of retreating, but bravely looked forward to a battle on the morrow. Unhappily for them, the man who was possessed of so many engaging qualities, and who attracted so many people to his side when he had nothing else with which to tempt them, was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, he mounted a swift horse and fled. When morning dawned, the poor confiding Cornish men, discovering that they had no leader, surrendered to the King's power. Some of them were hanged, and the rest were pardoned, and went miserably home.

Before the King pursued Perkin Warbeck to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest, where it was soon known that he had taken refuge he sent a body of horsemen to Saint Michael's Mount, to seize his wife. She was soon taken and brought as a captive before the King. But she was so beautiful, and so good, and so devoted to the man in whom she believed, that the King regarded her with compassion,

treated her with great respect, and placed her at Court, near the Queen's person. And many years after Perkin Warbeck was no more, and when his strange story had become like a nursery tale, *she* was called the White Rose, by the people, in remembrance of her beauty.

The sanctuary at Beaulieu was soon surrounded by the King's men; and the King, pursuing his usual dark artful ways, sent pretended friends to Perkin Warbeck to persuade him to come out and surrender himself. This he soon did; the King having taken a good look at the man of whom he had heard so much — from behind a screen — directed him to be well mounted, and to ride behind him at a little distance, guarded, but not bound in any way. So they entered London with the King's favourite show — a procession; and some of the people hooted as the Pretender rode slowly through the streets to the Tower; but the greater part were quiet, and very curious to see him. From the Tower, he was taken to the Palace at Westminster, and there lodged like a gentleman, though closely watched. He was examined every now and then as to his imposture; but the King was so secret in all he did, that even then, he gave it a consequence, which it cannot be supposed to have in itself deserved.

At last Perkin Warbeck ran away, and took refuge in another sanctuary near Richmond in Sur-

rey. From this he was again persuaded to deliver himself up; and being conveyed to London, he stood in the stocks for a whole day, outside Westminster Hall, and there read a paper purporting to be his full confession, and relating his history as the King's agents had originally described it. He was then shut up in the Tower again, in the company of the Earl of Warwick, who had now been there for fourteen years: ever since his removal out of Yorkshire, except when the King had had him at Court, and had shown him to the people, to prove the imposture of the Baker's boy. It is but too probable, when we consider the crafty character of Henry the Seventh, that these two were brought together for a cruel purpose. A plot was soon discovered between them and the keepers, to murder the Governor, get possession of the keys, and proclaim Perkin Warbeck as King Richard the Fourth. That there was some such plot, is likely; that they were tempted into it, is at least as likely; that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick — last male of the Plantagenet line — was too unused to the world, and too ignorant and simple to know much about it, whatever it was, is perfectly certain; and that it was the King's interest to get rid of him, is no less so. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn.

Such was the end of the pretended Duke of York, whose shadowy history was made more

shadowy — and ever will be henceforth — by the mystery and craft of the King. If he had turned his great natural advantages to a more honest account, he might have lived a happy and respected life, even in those days. But he died upon a gallows at Tyburn, leaving the Scottish lady who had loved him so well, kindly protected at the Queen's Court. After some time she forgot her old loves and troubles, as so many people do with Time's merciful assistance and married a Welsh gentleman. Her second husband, SIR MATTHEW CRADOC, more honest and more happy than her first, lies beside her in a tomb in the old church of Swansea.

The ill-blood between France and England in this reign, arose out of the continued plotting of the Duchess of Burgundy, and disputes respecting the affairs of Brittany. The King feigned to be very patriotic, indignant, and warlike; but he always contrived so as never to make war in reality, and always to make money. His taxation of the people, on pretence of war with France, involved, at one time, a very dangerous insurrection, headed by Sir John Egremont, and a common man called John à Chambre. But it was subdued by the royal forces, under the command of the Earl of Surrey. The knighted John escaped to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was ever ready to receive any one who gave the King trouble; and the plain John was hanged at York, in the midst

of a number of his men, but on a much higher gibbet, as being a greater traitor. Hung high or hung low, however, hanging is much the same to the person hung.

Within a year after her marriage, the Queen had given birth to a son, who was called Prince Arthur, in remembrance of the old British prince of romance and story; and who, when all these events had happened, being then in his fifteenth year, was married to CATHERINE, the daughter of the Spanish monarch, with great rejoicings and bright prospects; but in a very few months he sickened and died. As soon as the King had recovered from his grief, he thought it a pity that the fortune of the Spanish Princess, amounting to two hundred thousand crowns, should go out of the family; and therefore arranged that the young widow should marry his second son HENRY, then twelve years of age, when he too should be fifteen. There were objections to this marriage on the part of the clergy; but as the infallible Pope was gained over, and as he *must* be right, that settled the business for the time. The King's eldest daughter was provided for, and a long course of disturbance was considered to be set at rest, by her being married to the Scottish King.

And now the Queen died. When the King had got over that grief too, his mind once more reverted to his darling money for consolation, and he thought of marrying the dowager Queen of

Naples, who was immensely rich: but, as it turned out not to be practicable to gain the money, however practicable it might have been to gain the lady, he gave up the idea. He was not so fond of her but that he soon proposed to marry the Dowager Duchess of Savoy, and soon afterwards the widow of the King of Castile who was raving mad. But he made a money-bargain instead, and married neither.

The Duchess of Burgundy, among the other discontented people to whom she had given refuge, had sheltered EDMUND DE LA POLE (younger brother of that Earl of Lincoln who was killed at Stoke), now Earl of Suffolk. The King had prevailed upon him to return to the marriage of Prince Arthur; but he soon afterwards went away again; and then the King, suspecting a conspiracy, resorted to his favourite plan of sending him some treacherous friends, and buying of those scoundrels the secrets they disclosed or invented. Some arrests and executions took place in consequence. In the end, the King, on a promise of not taking his life, obtained possession of the person of Edmund de la Pole, and shut him up in the Tower.

This was his last enemy. If he had lived much longer he would have made many more among the people, by the grinding exaction to which he constantly exposed them, and by the tyrannical acts of his two prime favourites in all money-raising matters, EDMUND

DUDLEY and RICHARD EMPSON. But Death — the enemy who is not to be bought off or deceived; and on whom no money, and no treachery, has any effect — presented himself at this juncture, and ended the King's reign. He died of the gout on the twenty-second of April, one thousand five hundred and nine, in the fifty-third year of his age, after reigning twenty-four years; and was buried in the beautiful Chapel of Westminster Abbey, which he had himself founded, and which still bears his name.

It was in this reign that the great CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, on behalf of Spain, discovered what was then called The New World. Great wonder, interest, and hope of wealth being awakened in England thereby, the King and the merchants of London and Bristol fitted out an English expedition for further discoveries in the New World, and entrusted it to SEBASTIAN CABOT, of Bristol, the son of a Venetian pilot there. He was very successful in his voyage, and gained high reputation, both for himself and England.

A FOE UNDER FOOT.

I SUPPOSE that if there were established, under sundry and divers parts of London, ovens maintained at a great heat for the drying of the superincumbent soil, it would not be thought right that those ovens should be so hot

as to slack-bake the people who live over them. I take it for granted that if, while such an arrangement were in force, it proved a very common thing for people under whose premises an oven ran, to be found of a morning smoking hot, covered with tender crackling, having mattrasses saturated with their gravy underneath them, painfully reminding us of Yorkshire pudding; such a state of things would be considered uncomfortable, and would excite an outcry along all the lines of longitude and latitude that cross the globe between Bermondsey and Onololu.

Now, if for ovens we read sewers, for heat stench, and for a baked fellow-creature, one dried and tortured and destroyed by putrid fever, do we make the matter pleasanter? I think not. Surely all people ought, by this time, to know how dangerous it is to smell the drains, in or near a house; how destructive it is to the life overhead, when there exist under a city, drains that *can* be smelt. Such a broth as there is under London, and such a Babel of cooks as there is in London, who seem unable ever to agree how, when, and into what, they shall pour out that broth, is not to be thought about with a clear head. Since the remote days in which we ascertained who was the father of Zebedee's children, we have never, never, met with any puzzle like the question — Which are the old, new, consolidated, or other — if other — Commissioners

of Sewers; what have they said or done, or meant to say or do; what have been their intestine wars, their toils and trials, and in what relation do they now stand towards the drainage of the metropolis? Happy are all provincial towns that are not too unwieldy to be purified at once. We have had a crow's nest on the top of St. Paul's, and a tremendous trigonometrical survey of the whole town, preparatory to a grand measure of universal sewerage reform; useful local measures have been discouraged, in anticipation of the coming universal measure that has never come, and never can come in our day, simply because there is no door large enough for it to enter by. In the same way, not very long since, a very useful measure of pure water supply by private enterprise, was checked by Parliament when on the point of execution, in deference to a coming comprehensive universal measure from the Government, which turned out to be good for nothing when it came. Surely, by this time, sanitary reformers must have lost their taste for magnificent prospects, and must have found out that it is impossible to drive a coach and four into a parlour. Having cast a net into the sea, haul in by inches. We are terribly behind-hand as to public health, and sanitary boards have recommended to us seven-league boots, wherewith to make up for lost time. There may be seven-league boots, but as there is no one with legs long enough to bear the stretching they would give him, we had better move on step by step; but, above all things, we had better be instantly and constantly stepping on.

The existence of preventible disease costs, now, in London ten thousand a year in lives; and, in one way and another, perhaps about a million in money, through the loss of health, and life, and labour. Throughout the rest of the towns in England and Wales, the expense of preventible disease and death is upwards of twelve millions in money; and in life, the loss is equal to the depopulation of one large county annually. To a great and urgent evil, one is naturally in a hurry to apply a great and instant remedy. But, since that is impossible, let us work as we can, hand over hand, remembering, however, that the simultaneous active help of every man able to help in amending some unwholesome state of things, however small may be the work of each, becomes in fact a mighty engine working out good over the whole country daily.

Perhaps it is worth while, by a few examples, to strengthen our sense of the reality of drain-poison. Typhus, of course, is not its only mode of manifesting itself. For the foul air of our courts and alleys the only two tests known to chemists are concentrated sulphuric acid, which it blackens; and organic life, which it weakens or destroys. In man, it affects the most delicate bodies

— especially those of children — most distinctly; manifesting its action, first upon the weakest part — as any part that may have been reduced in tone by previous disease. There used to be an ill-drained school at Clarendon Square, Somers Town, of which Dr. Arnott reported that, every year, while the nuisance was at its height, and until it was removed by drainage, the malaria caused some remarkable form of disease. In one year, there were extraordinary nervous affections, rigid spasms, and convulsions of the limbs, such as occur after taking poison into the stomach. Another year there was typhoid fever; and the year after, perhaps ophthalmia, or obstinate constipation.

As Niger fever does not destroy negroes, so it would appear that men can become, in some degree, acclimatised, even to the emanations from corrupt animal matter. The man who has spent all his life in a foul court, acquires a constitution adapted by the beneficent operations of nature to that external condition of his life; of his children, some perish, some survive and become also acclimatised. But the adaptation cannot be perfect. In one chance hour of bodily weakness the poison often takes possession of the stronghold of the man's life, and he perishes. Nightmen, and the workmen at the dépôt for animal matter in Paris who have become in this way acclimatised, even seem to enjoy exemption from

some maladies, by the change effected in their blood; as vaccination causes in the blood a mysterious and permanent alteration which protects us against small-pox. While the workmen in the Montfaucon are robust, the inhabitants of houses in its neighbourhood are tormented with fevers; and, at the Hospital of St. Louis, half-a-mile distant, wounds and sores become foul whenever the wind blows from the direction of the Montfaucon. Hospital gangrene is more frequent at St. Louis than at any other hospital in Paris, though there is none other so airy and so little crowded.

It may be curious to note the effect of a London life on birds. In the course of some inquiries made by certain gentlemen, one of whom was Professor Owen, a slaughterman was questioned who was also a bird-fancier. He had lived in Bear Yard, near Clare Market, exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter-house and a tripe factory. He particularly noted, as having a fatal influence on the birds, the stench raised by boiling down the fat from the tripe offal. He said "You may hang the cage out of the garret window in any house round Bear Yard, and if it be a fresh bird it will be dead in a week." He had previously lived, for a time, in the same neighbourhood in a room over the Portugal Street burial-ground. That place was equally fatal to his birds. He had removed to Vere Street, Clare

Market, beyond the smells from those two places, and he was able to keep his birds. In town, however, the ordinary singing birds did not usually live more than eighteen months; in cages in the country, they would live nine years or more, on the same food. When he particularly wished to preserve a pet bird, he sent it now and then into the country for a change of air.

Let us take two or three cases, such as might occur in London to the most prudent of us; drawing them from a letter addressed by Mr. Cooper to the Dean of Westminster. "I was passing the drain grating at the corner of Union Street, Bond Street," Mr. Cooper writes, "when I perceived a most faint and disagreeable smell arising from it. Being immediately attacked with nausea and an indescribable sensation of illness, I at once returned home and drank half a wine-glassful of brandy. After a short time, the indisposition appeared to pass away, but the peculiar smell of the drain still remained in my nostrils." Again, a stout healthy servant maid was passing a drain grating at the corner of Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, perceived an unpleasant smell, and became faint and sick. On getting home she took a cup of tea, but was soon after seized with retching. Then she had headache, shivering fits, pains in her back and limbs, and the next day was visited by the doctor, and found with a foul brown tongue, a flushed face, a hot dry skin, and a

pulse running at one hundred and twenty. The attack quietly subsided. It is not worth while to multiply such cases; they occur within the experience of most Londoners, and relate simply to the effect of passing the emanation from a foul drain. What would be the effect of sleeping by it? Let us see. The following is a short tale of City life — and death — related on the authority of Dr. Good.

A family in the City of London had occupied the same house for many years, enjoying good health. One day a nursery-maid was seized with typhus fever. She was removed from the house, and there came another in her place. In a short time the new nursery-maid was attacked by typhus fever, and was also sent away. A few weeks afterwards, typhus fever attacked one of the children. The medical man then saw that there must be some local cause at work, and instituted an inquiry. He brought out these facts: — that the nursery was situated on the second floor of the house; and that, two or three weeks before the first case of fever occurred, a sink had been placed in the corner of the room for the purpose of saving labour to the servants. This sink was found to communicate with the common sewer, and to be quite open or untrapped. It was effectually trapped, and there was no more fever in the house.

We are proving principles which are well known, but they never can be made too notorious, or

kept too obstinately present to the general mind, while there is still such great need as there is in our time to bring them into common application in our towns and houses. M. Piorry, a French writer on dwellings, says that "however intense may be the smell arising from cesspools, it is only disagreeable and not directly injurious." Let us take a French answer to this staggering statement from M. Ruige Delorme. He informs us that in Paris, at the Bank, there used to be in the porter's chamber a small crevice in the tube leading to the cesspool. The smell in this room was insufferable. The porter died, and no one could assign the cause of his death. Eight months afterwards, the tube not having been repaired, a second porter died in the same mysterious way. M. d'Arcet discovered, however, that the fissure was the cause of both the deaths, and gave the necessary cautions. Nothing was done. M. d'Arcet had distinctly stated that if nothing were done, the next tenant of the room would also perish. Nothing was done and the next porter did perish.

Horrible neglect, no doubt; horrible apathy. Yet it was only a single porter, says some one, perhaps. Aye, but ten thousand people die yearly in London alone, much in the same way. And we accept with apathy our zymotic diseases — nearly all preventible afflictions of this kind — though there occur in England and Wales a hundred thousand annually.

They are accepted even with more apathy, it is fair to own, in Paris than in London; for, our neighbours are not ill-content to be told in the weekly reports that "diseases of the zymotic class are not above the average." To go back to the parallel with which we started, the apathetic reception of such a fact — and we assume it with sufficient nonchalance on this side of the Channel — resembles a state of quiet satisfaction in such intelligence as, that "There were two hundred and fifty cases of baking to death returned last week; but, allowing for the increase of the population, this is not above the average. Of these cases, the majority were young persons; only one hundred of those who have been baked, were above fifteen years of age." If Typhus were a murderer, and we could lock him up, should we put his murders into the weekly bill of mortality and leave him loose as an accepted fact? He is a murderer, and we *can* lock him up. Dogberry and Verges are discussing how to set about it.

There is a lake of filth under London, large enough to swallow the whole population. There need be no cesspools; there need be no house-drains, or sewers, containing a corrupt deposit, under any part of the metropolis. Even in very common and roughly made clay pipes, as compared with the best brick sewers, the rapidity of flow and power of sweep for a drainage is one third greater. Large brick sewers have

been opened, through which the diffused flow of a small stream of house sewage has trickled over stagnant deposit, and they have been found to be simply elongated cesspools. Inside such sewers, pipes have been laid down to do their work, having the same inclination and the same runs of water; through such pipes, the stream has been found to flow with a velocity that has kept everything clear. It has been found that the smallest tubular house-drains — which have, in proportion to the flow of water, the most friction — are kept free from deposit without flushing. It is quite certain, therefore, that the larger mains, when duly adapted in form, size, material, and inclination, for the work they have to do, with less friction and more water-power, will remain clear without artificial help. Old engineers, some of them men of note, hold an entrenched position in their capacious old brick sewers; but the pipe drainage proves itself, in every fair trial, not only cheaper, but a good deal more effective, than the old system of drains and sewers of deposit. Where a district is a dead flat, or below high-water mark, so that no natural fall assists what may be called the natural system of drainage, the fall can be made artificially at a comparatively small expense, and the drainage at last lifted by steam-power, which enables us to raise eighty thousand gallons a hundred feet high for a shilling.

The poisonous effluvium that rises from the openings of our old-fashioned sewers is not the result of immediate decomposition, but of a decay which is found to be established about four days after the discharge of the decaying matter from the house-drains. The rate at which the sewage matter travels through pipe drains and sewers, is about three miles an hour; it could therefore all pass from under the metropolis before the stage of poisonous decomposition begins.

There are, under London, about a thousand miles of sewer, formed upon no common system, in which floats the poison ready to ascend by any outlet. During the years 1849, 1850, and 1851, however, there have also been laid down about fifty miles of pipe-sewer, and upwards of a hundred and fifty miles of pipe drain, which work in a wholesome way and cost no money for cleansing. Upwards of eighteen thousand houses have been pipe-drained, chiefly by private enterprise. The expense of cleansing the old brick sewers under the metropolis, has varied between seventeen thousand five hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred pounds a year.

What conflict of interests, what vestry oratory, what heart-burnings between old school engineers and young school engineers, what clashing of boards, and jealousies of superseded men, and mountains upon mountains of controversial nonsense, would

make up my tedious tale, if I endeavoured to narrate how the allied wants of a high-pressure water supply and a pure system of pipe drainage have fared amid the din of London. One month, we are to have a clean Thames and a long tunnel; in another month, we are to be piped throughout, and are told, not without some truth, that it would not cost to pay the piper more than half the annual charge for cleansing and repairing the existing cesspools, house-drains, and sewers of deposit. Soon afterwards, there are new counsels to the fore. Trial works, requisite for the adjustment of the size of pipes to the services they are to render, are abandoned; proceedings under the Public Health Act, for compelling the abolition of cesspools, or the amendment of house-drainage, are dropped; and it is declared that all investigations as to the means of applying the refuse of London to agricultural uses are beside the purpose of the Commission. Young surveyors carry out some plans of tubular drainage, while the old surveyors bring their bricks into the field. A great brick sewer, already producing poison, has been constructed for Victoria Street, at a cost of one-third more money than would find pipe sewerage for the whole of Westminster, except Belgravia and Pimlico. Outlying townships, that could be got at in a simple quiet way — Croydon, for example — are being supplied with a complete new suit of water

supply and drainage, in the most approved style; but, in the metropolis itself, where the need is so great, we make small progress. We have a foe under our feet that is not conquered, and against which no public effort appears likely to have much effect. There is a Birnam wood sort of prophecy that this foe cannot be vanquished until Ministers, gentlemen of the Board of Health, Commissioners, engineers, and surveyors, can all come to a friendly understanding with each other, and obtain the blessing of a Beadle on their measures.

DOCTOR CHILLINGWORTH'S PRESCRIPTION.

SOME years ago I read the Life of Gifford, and straightway determined to go to some college, and become a great scholar. In what way this was to be done, I did not know; nor, indeed, did it seem very easy, for my mother was a widow, and her property was small. But whatever scheme I might decide upon, to come to London, it seemed, must necessarily be the first step; so to London I came in my eighteenth year.

I wandered in grand squares and crowded streets. I loitered at print shops and book-stalls. I idled in museums and galleries — profiting by nothing that I saw, because I was haunted with a bewildering feeling of how much

there was to be seen. I delayed presenting letters of recommendation, and when I did present them, was treated so coldly that I never went again. I looked for Milton's house at Westminster, and could not find it. I took a book sometimes and lounged all day in one of the Inns of Court, where there was a garden; and I felt more lonely than Robinson Crusoe. My faith in London was gone. I saw plainly enough what London was. A great family of rich and comfortable people, all leagued together against strangers; a community pretending to be open to all, but secretly agreed to dishearten intruders, by simply shunning them.

But while I had been thus staring about me, the very thing that I wanted had been lying at my feet. Opposite my window, in one of those quiet cross-streets in the City, that connect the narrow and comparatively unfrequented lanes running down to the river, was a little plot of ground, with a solitary sycamore tree, and a thin down of grass-plot, shut in with a wall breast high, and a row of weather-eaten iron railings. Next to this was a large house, almost entitled to be called a mansion, for it had a flight of many stone steps, a heavy oaken porch, profusely carved with fruits, and tangled ribbons, and leaves, and cherubim; a massive iron-ring knocker, a link extinguisher, and a pear-shaped bell-pull. I had settled in my own mind that this was the residence

of the clergyman of the parish; but, one day, induced by that curiosity to know my neighbour's business that comes of idleness and sitting near a window, I made inquiries, and learned that this was known as Doctor Chillingworth's Library. Now, on reference to Maitland's History of London, I discovered that this Doctor Chillingworth was a relative of the great divine of that name, who died in Charles the Second's reign, and left large property for the founding of a theological library; for the republication to all time, of certain religious works written by himself, that I had never heard of; for the annual charitable relief of the widows of poor clergymen (who should be found to have studied those works); and, lastly, for the sending yearly to a Scotch College, three scholars who should have proved themselves, upon examination, to have been the most studious and deserving amongst the competitors.

There was the library still, evidently — though nobody seemed to know it. I could see the ends of bookshelves near the upper windows. No doubt there were the scholarships, too, if any poor student chanced to hear of them. I would just step over and ask.

I did step over and pulled the pear-shaped bell handle, making such an incessant ringing in some distant part of the house — that if the trustees of Doctor Chillingworth had resolved to go into a long sleep (as to all appearance

they had), they might have done so with a perfect assurance of being roused on the first application. No trustees, however, came; but only an old man, who said Mr. Thaine, the librarian, was out, and so was Mrs. Thaine; but that Miss Thaine was in the library. I desired to see Miss Thaine — and the man bade me follow him upstairs.

There was a close smell of dust, but the great hall was extremely neat and clean; and the wide oaken stairs were all polished and bare, except a little rivulet of carpet, flowing down the centre. Portraits of old divines, in ugly skull caps, hung on the walls of the staircase, and at the bottom of a passage I found the bell that I had set in motion, still swinging faintly in a corner. My guide pushed open a door, and then another door, covered with black cloth and studded with nails; and I found myself in a long room lined with books on shelves, and saw a young lady sitting writing at a table at the bottom.

"A blue stocking," thought I; for she dipped her pen into the great round pewter inkstand, and went on writing without seeing us; but my guide went forward, and she looked up.

"Mr. Thaine is not in, Miss?" I said.

"No, Sir. Is it anything about the library?"

"About the scholarships —"

"O yes. There will be no examination till next October; for

the last examination has just taken place. You can send in your testimonials. You will be examined in the Iliad — first four books; the Antigone and the Medea; and generally in Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, and Terence. In English, the authors are Paley, Locke, and Lardner. There are some other subjects which you will find in this paper." She looked very serious, as if it was quite natural for a young lady to know all about such things; and then putting her hair behind her ears, she bent forward, and went on with her writing. I was awed. I had been taught to consider a learned woman as necessarily something old and ugly: a pretty young lady who could speak so familiarly of the classics deprived me of utterance. I could only stammer out "Good morning," and retreat.

I found by the paper she had given me that the successful competitors were allowed a bursary of forty pounds per annum, for their support during their studies — not a large sum, truly; but many great scholars that I could call to mind would, at one period of their lives, have thought themselves rich with such an income; and in Scotland perhaps it would be a fortune. I almost wished it had been less — for how noble it reads in the life of a scholar, that he nourished his body with bread and water, while his mind banqueted with the wisest and the mightiest. The following day I presented myself again at the library, and

saw Mr. Thaine the librarian. He was a man in the prime of life, tall, and dressed like a clergyman. There was a certain severity in his tone and manner, which struck me at first: but it wore off when I had explained to him the object of my ambition.

"Are you well versed in the authors in which you will be examined?" he asked.

"In some of them," I said.

"You must lose no time, then. There is rarely a great competition; indeed, we have had no applicants on some occasions. But the examiners will not appoint you unless you show considerable proficiency."

"If I have only health," I answered, "I doubt not of being ready."

My confidence seemed to please him. He offered me the use of the library; and, promising to assist me in any way in his power, he bade me good morning.

And now behold me wandering no more in galleries and museums, loitering no more at shop windows, reading no more in Inns of Court! That feeling of vagabondage which pursues the idler in a bustling city was gone. I could sit in my solitary room, poring over my beloved books all day, and feel no jealousy of the crowd who went about their own business and left me to myself. Whatever might be my ulterior object — whether I might become a college professor, a tutor, or a lawyer — I too was doing my part, with that individual perseverance, by which

the great aggregate business of life is carried on. From early morning till night I pursued my studies near my window, looking out sometimes for a few moments upon the quiet street, and the great house opposite, which seemed to me now the only Temple of Fame. I rarely went out, unless it was to cross the road to refer to some book in the library. I did not often see there the young lady that I had spoken to the first time; but the librarian visited me, and chatted with me upon the authors I was reading, till, by degrees he grew more friendly with me. One day he said, "Would to Heaven I had still a son who would devote himself as you do to the pursuit of a worthy object!"

"You have only daughters," I said, for I had seen several young ladies, younger than the first.

"I had a son once," he replied, "but" — he paused a moment, and then added, "he is dead." His voice faltered and his agitation was so evident, that I thought his loss must have been recent, but he did not wear mourning. Such a display of tenderness in a man who had at first seemed to me naturally stern, surprised me; but I said nothing, and soon afterwards he left me abruptly. I read in the library for some time, but he did not come back. The next time I found his daughter there, and asked her if her father was at home, but she said that he had left London for a few days.

"Perhaps," I said, "you can direct me where to find an Eu-

ripides with the best notes;" and then she smiled, and said, "I think I can; our catalogue is very incomplete." She went to a shelf and took down a book. "There is the best edition, I believe."

She looked at me, and seeing me smiling in my turn, she divined my thoughts. "You think it very strange to find I know these books," she said. "But I am not such a blue stocking as I seem."

"A lady will never admit that she understands Greek," I said.

"But I don't understand Greek," she replied.

"A little," I said, pressing the charge.

"Not a word. I know the books and the authors' names, like a parrot. I have read most of the books of history and some of the old divines; but I have so often searched for interesting reading that I know where to find any book in the library."

"I own I thought you a great blue stocking," I said.

"Oh no, I hope not; the world is so prejudiced against them. However, if you will keep my secret, I will own that I know a little Latin."

She looked, to me, so interesting as she said this, slightly colouring, that I fell straightway in love with her. I saw her afterwards frequently and chatted with her, till my attachment to her became confirmed. This was a serious obstacle to my studies. I found that I could read whole pages, word by word, without attaching any meaning to them. I was con-

tinually tempted to rise from my seat and watch the house opposite. I ceased to be an early riser; I delayed lighting my lamp when it was getting dusk, to sit and watch the glowing cinders on the fire. It was winter time; and one day when the rain was falling, making pools in the smoky little garden opposite, and the drops kept gathering on ledges and window-sills, and falling with a continual splash, I stood a long time at the window and felt as lonely as I had felt in the old times. But at last I made a solemn resolution to avoid the place, and apply myself wholly to my studies; not thinking thus, to come to love her less, but choosing this as the best means of winning her one day. For as yet I felt that I could not even speak to her of my affection. I had nothing. Even if I won this scholarship, which I felt now I must do, my future was still uncertain. The growing kindness of her father towards me was another reason for my silence. I felt that to have spoken to her in secret of my feelings towards her would be a wrong done to him, and once when I saw her coming down the street I turned aside as if I had not seen her. Her father invited me to his house several times, but I excused myself each time, and he ceased at last to invite me.

The examination-day arrived at last; and I presented myself, and was one of the two chosen among four competitors. I was to start for the college in a few days. It seemed to me very hard to leave

her for three years, trusting to the hope that she would form no attachment in all that time; but my mind was made up. "She will love me the better perhaps," thought I, "when she knows of this;" and I felt almost a superstitious conviction that all would turn out well one day. But, meeting her father in the library, the day before I started, the kindness of his words touched me so deeply, that I was tempted to open my heart to him. I delayed long, searching many pretexts for waiting a moment longer, till I saw he was about to leave me; and then I told him boldly of my affection, and how and why I had said nothing so long.

"It must not be yet," he said. "I am not one to make a money question of such things. You are both young, Kate is younger than you. You must make no engagement yet. Let me see, in two years' time, what progress you have made."

Two anxious years! but a strong hope sustained me. My patron received me, when I returned, with the affection of a father. "I have told Kate all about it long ago," he said; "and she loves you, and is as proud of your honours as if they were her own." My measure of happiness was full that night. Kate told me her first impressions of me, and other little secrets, with the simplicity of a child; and I related my own old hopes and doubts. My time was not yet completed. In a few days I started for Scot-

land again; but this time I had nothing to fear. Kate had promised me to write continually, and had pledged me her word not to forget me a day in my absence.

That day twelvemonth, I returned to London again. I came a little before the time I had mentioned, thinking to surprise them. It was on an afternoon in November, just as it was growing dark, that I turned again into the old street. There was no one passing through it, but myself; I looked up at the window where I had sat at my studies, and saw that it was dark; but at the library there was a strong light upon the blinds, on the ground floor — a light so unsteady, that I knew it came from a blazing fire — and I could hear voices; though I tried in vain to distinguish Kate's. Lingered, with that strange irresolution with which we delay sometimes to seize a pleasure within reach, I even shrank into a door-way opposite, when I saw the great door open. I could see that it was Mr. Thaine who stood on the threshold. He waited there a moment, and held out his hand; for a fine snow was beginning to fall; and then went in again, and shut the door. I crossed the road quickly; but as I passed the iron railing, I noticed some one in the enclosure. It was a man, and he stood quite near to the window of a little room at the side of the house, almost on a level with the ground. I had never seen any one in this enclosure; and to find a man there, at dark,

in the winter-time, excited my curiosity. I heard him tap upon the glass; and a moment after, the window was opened cautiously, then I could hear voices whispering indistinctly; till at last, they grew louder and I could catch the words. It was Kate's voice I heard first: I knew it too well to have any doubts.

"I dare not stay here any longer, Henry," she said. "My father would never forgive me for not telling him of this, if he knew my secret."

"No, no, Kate; you want to be gone," said the man. "You hate me. You haven't a spark of love for me."

"Indeed I have," said Kate. "I love you dearly, in spite of all. But I tremble so every time you come."

"Very well, Kate. I will go. I know I oughtn't to vex you. You are a good soul. Kiss me!"

I could see her in the dusky shade of the wall, leaning forward from the little window, while the stranger held her in his arms, and kissed her. They stood like this for a few moments; and then they parted; and I heard the window shut down. Drawing back, I saw the stranger look through the railings to see if the street was clear; and then he climbed over the high spikes, and dropping on the pavement, walked quickly away.

I walked after him, determined to ask him for a confirmation of my suspicions; and, if I found them true, to go away again without entering the house. He

quickened his pace, hearing me behind him: but I kept up with him till, having accidentally turned up a street which I knew to have no outlet, he was compelled to turn back and meet me.

"Stay!" said I. "A moment ago you were in the garden of Chillingworth House. May I ask what you were doing there?"

"What busybody are you?" he asked, in a tone so coarse, that I shuddered to think I had just heard Kate confess her love for him.

"I have a great interest in knowing this," said I. "You shall not leave me till you tell me."

"Do you threaten me?" he asked in a bullying tone; but immediately, changing his manner, he said, "But tell me who you are; and why you ask this."

"It does not matter who I am," I answered. "If you will tell me the truth, I will keep your secret. Was it not as the lover of Miss Thaine that you were there?"

"I wouldn't stand to be bullied thus," he said, "if you did not hold me at an advantage. I don't exactly want to be caught brawling in this neighbourhood."

"Answer my question," said I, seizing him by the arm. "I will not trouble you again."

"Well," said he, "I don't mind owning that it *was* as her lover that I was there. But mind, you promised to hold your tongue."

I let go his arm at this; and he hastened away, leaving me bewildered. I scarcely needed this con-

firmation, after what I had heard; and now the letters which I had lately received from Kate seemed to me to have been colder than usual. But how could I have believed that she could have loved such a man as this; or that she would consent to see him clandestinely? I remembered how long I had forbore to tell her of my affection; and blamed myself for not having seen that she was unworthy of my respect. I had resolved not to enter the house any more. I would go home; back to Scotland, abroad; anywhere, rather than meet again a woman who had so deceived me. My absence, I thought, will tell her that I have discovered her secret. But my old love for her struggled for mastery. I lingered about the street the next night, till the lights were out, scarcely knowing why. I could not resolve to depart. If I could only see her once, unobserved, I thought, I would go away content. The next night I waited about there again, and saw her mother go out with a younger sister; but I did not see Kate. It was getting late; when, passing the railings again, I saw a faint light in the little room where the stranger had spoken with her. I thought that it must be Kate there once more, perhaps expecting again the coming of her lover. My pride would have led me to depart at once; but the thought of the danger to which she was exposed in her unhappy attachment to such a man, made me shudder. My anger was changed to com-

passion. I knew how ignorant of life she was, having grown up from childhood in that place, with all about her simple, kind and gentle! Where was she to learn, save by bitter experience, that life was mostly evil. It seemed to me, that I must reproach myself for ever if I went away and left her in such peril. "Yes," thought I, "it will be a sad shock to her to know that I have discovered this: but I must warn her."

I walked about, until looking up and down the street, from end to end, I could see no one. Then I clambered up the railings, and with difficulty let myself down into the garden. The snow that had been worn away by tread of passers in the street, lay thinly on the ground within the enclosure; I could see no footprints in it, and I knew that no one had been there that day. Creeping along by the wall till I came to the window, I listened and heard no voices; so that I thought only one person was there. The lower panes, however, were of ground glass; and I could see nothing through them but the weak glimmer of the light. I hesitated a moment, for it might not be Kate who was there: and my position would be embarrassing if any one else had seen me. I resolved to tap faintly, and draw aside, so that if any one but Kate appeared, I might escape, and leave them to think that they had been deceived by the wind shaking the window-frame.

The window opened slowly, as I drew up closely to the wall beside it. Then I heard Kate's voice say, "Henry!"

I came forward. "It is I, Miss Thaine," I said, "do not be alarmed."

"O heaven! how you terrified me. Ho do you come here? We expected you yesterday."

"Kate," I said. "I know all. I know now that you do not love me any longer: but I am not come to reproach you. I come only to entreat you to take warning, lest one day you repent in vain. Kate, you do not know how bad the world is, and to what danger you expose yourself. I will not say any more now, lest you think me only selfish, but I implore you to think of my words when I am gone."

"No, no, do not go," she said, holding my arm. "You must hear me first. What is it you accuse me of? But I know; I know how it has all happened," she added, bursting into tears.

"Two nights since," I said, "I came to London the happiest man on earth. I thought to take you by surprise; to make you as happy as myself. But as I passed this enclosure, I saw and heard that which has destroyed my happiness for ever."

"I know what you mean," said Kate, sobbing. "I will tell you the truth. The stranger you saw was my brother."

"I cannot think you would deceive me," said I, catching at her

words. "But he told me, himself, that he visited you as a lover."

"It was a wicked falsehood," said Kate: "a falsehood that might have ruined me; and this, though I have been the only one who forgave him, and was kind to him. But, thank God! I can tell you the truth; and you cannot be angry with me when you know."

"But your father has told me from his own lips," said I, "that he never had but one son; and that that son is dead."

"It is a secret," she replied. "My father would be much pained if he knew I had told you; but I cannot conceal it now. My brother has sinned, and my father has no forgiveness for evil. One day he cast him off for ever; and from that time he has always spoken of him as dead. He dreads my father; and dare not come here, save now and then, by stealth, to see me."

"Forgive me, Kate," said I, "for not having kept my faith in you in spite of all. I ought to have known you better: I might have seen that your brother only told this falsehood because I drove him to it. I had judged you and condemned you in my mind already; and I would not let him go until he had confirmed me in my injustice. But you must pardon me all this, Kate, and think how wretched I have been these two days."

"Go now," she said. "We will talk of this by-and-by. It would be so strange if you were found

here. Go and knock at the door as if nothing had happened. Stay. Give me five minutes to dry my eyes, and not to look embarrassed. There!"

In a few minutes I was beside the fire in the great parlour, and we were a happy circle that night. Kate was a little thoughtful, and her father rallied her; but Mrs. Thaine begged him "not to tease the young people," and her little sister Ellen went and placed her hand in hers. When we parted that night, Kate said, "The thought of Henry, and what he may become, will not let me rest." Therefore, I set before all other things the object of raising him, if possible, out of his sad condition. The next time he came into the street, I met him, and talked to him with kindness, saying, that his father would be glad to pardon him, if he saw any signs in him of a real change for the better. Many months had passed before I succeeded, through my old introductions; in procuring his admission to a merchant's counting-house. Meanwhile, I had myself gained a footing in life. Then came a marriage-day — the beginning of long years of happiness for us. But, on the evening of our marriage — for we had no strangers there — the unforgiven son was brought in, and the story of his reformation, and the proofs of its sincerity, were told; and thus we were all made happy that evening.

REALLY A TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

AMONGST the good things looming in the future, we may venture to name wine for the million. We don't mean the dark-looking home beverages concocted from dry raisins, sour oranges, immature currants, and flavourless grapes. They are doubtless all very good and innocent in their way, but, from long habit and prejudice, we have become habituated to consider wine, in the broad acceptance of the word, as indicating the rich, rosy contents of that army of casks rolling and rollicking about in the great stone yard of the London Docks in such reckless wild confusion, that one might well imagine them to have imbibed rather more than is consistent with the sobriety of well-seasoned pipes and hogs-heads.

Foremost among the more astonishing anomalies of this very astonishing age, may be mentioned the legislative fact, that whilst France, Spain, and Portugal have laid their national heads together, and by high or prohibitory Customs duties interdicted, to a great extent the importation into their territories of the produce of our looms, our steam-engines, and our collieries, preferring to use the inferior and dearer productions of their own lands, we, in our retributive turn, have placed such high duties and such vexatious restrictions on the importation of their wines, as

most effectually to shut them out from the possession of our middling and lower classes. And this exists in what is termed a Free Trade age.

It needs but the will of the nations to demand a modification of this absurd state of things, and at once place on the humblest tables, generous, wholesome, wine; while, at the same time, our friends across the Channel would be enabled to supply themselves, at half their present prices, with our cotton fabrics and iron wares. Neither they nor we would require money to effect all this: it would amount to a simple case of barter, and both would be infinitely the richer.

One of the most striking results of fiscal legislation, has been the rapid increase in the consumption of ardent spirits in this country, attended by a proportionate decline in the use of wines, especially of those of a light and harmless description. In Hollingshed's *Chronicles*, we find it stated that, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, there were at one time in the river Thames, as many as four hundred vessels laden with French wines for the use of Englishmen of all ranks, even to the peasantry. If we refer to statistical records of a more recent period, we shall there learn that the use of wine was far more general in those days, than at the present moment. Looking to three distinct periods, namely, the years 1795, 1803, and 1825, we observe that the consumption of wines of all

sorts in each of those twelve months, amounted as nearly as possible to eight millions of gallons; yet the number of persons drinking those wines varied very greatly. For, in the first-named period, the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland was no more than about thirteen millions: at the second period it amounted to fifteen millions; in 1825 it had increased to twenty-one millions. Last year, with a population of more than twenty-seven millions, we did not consume more than six millions of gallons; that is, just three-fourths of the quantity used by the thirteen millions of 1795!

It is, moreover, stated, that in the reign of Charles the Second, our ancestors contrived to drink, annually, forty thousand tuns of French wine: a quantity very nearly approaching our total consumption of wines of all sorts, in the present day. Besides this quality, there were then consumed upwards of fifty thousand tuns of other sorts, and that, too, at a time when our population did not exceed five millions! But it should be borne in mind, that at the period last named, the import duty upon wines of all sorts was not more than fourpence the gallon; since then, it has been gradually raised to the enormous amount of nineteen shillings and eightpence, though, in more recent times, again reduced to five shillings and ninepence. This goes far to account for the altered position of the wine trade of the

country; and, when we bear in mind, also, that while the more wholesome liquids have been thus heavily taxed, spirits have been favoured with comparatively easy burdens, our surprise will cease. The duty on English gin is at the rate of one shilling and three-pence-halfpenny the bottle; that on Scotch whiskey, sevenpence-halfpenny; on Irish whiskey, only fivepence farthing; while wine of not more than one-twelfth the strength of the latter, pays at the rate of elevenpence-halfpenny the bottle; a duty amounting to from twenty-two to six hundred and sixty per cent. on the value of the article.

With these plain facts staring us in the face, we cannot be surprised at learning that, in Scotland, the use of spirits averages three gallons per annum to each inhabitant, and for the whole of the United Kingdom rather more than one gallon to each person, while our consumption of wines does not average quite one fourth of a gallon.

Contrasting this state of things with that across the British Channel, we find Paris alone consuming nearly twenty-six millions of gallons of wine; and the entire quantity drunk in one year in France, gives quite nineteen gallons to each individual, or more than seventy times the consumption of Englishmen.

It must have been the knowledge of some of these startling facts, which, in the early part of this present year, moved the House

of Commons to appoint a committee of inquiry upon the "wine duties." This committee sat very perseveringly during several months, examining not less than forty witnesses — nearly all directly interested in the wine trade — and eliciting from them some very curious details connected with the production and sale of wines and spirits. This evidence is now before us in the shape of two thick octavo blue books; and from the six thousand and odd questions and answers contained in the twelve hundred and odd pages of these volumes, we propose placing before the reader the pith and marrow of the facts elicited during the investigation.

The main object of the promoter of this inquiry appears to have been to ascertain, from persons thoroughly conversant with the various branches of the manufacture and trade in wines, if a reduction of our present import duty to a duty of a shilling a gallon would so stimulate the consumption of wines in this country, as eventually to make up a revenue equal to that at present derived from the same source; and whether, if this were possible, the vine-growing countries of continental Europe were in a position to produce the large additional quantity of wine thus required.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the evidence is that which relates to the chartered monopoly of the Oporto dealers, known as the Alto Douro Company, by means of which the

supply of Port wines to this market is kept at the lowest possible amount, and at the highest possible price. During the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, the supply of Portugal wines ranged from one million to three millions of gallons yearly. About the middle of the latter century — that is, just one hundred years ago, — this monopoly was established, avowedly for the prevention of adulteration, but really for the maintenance of monopoly prices. And so nicely have the shipments of wine to this country been managed, that we find, during the whole existence of this Company, the exports of Port wine to England have, with the exception of nine years only, been within two million and odd hundred gallons per annum.

The whole produce of the Port districts is under the immediate control of this Company, whose servants — usually of the most ignorant description — are empowered to taste and certify as to the character of every gallon manufactured. These men classify the wines under four heads: the first, includes all of a warm, sweet, and dark quality, and this alone is permitted to be shipped to any European country; the second, which is still darker, sweeter, and stronger, containing often thirty per cent. of spirit, is for export to any part of the world out of Europe; the third, and the most pure and wholesome description, is retained with great

consideration for the use of the Portuguese themselves, from the prince to the peasant: none of it being allowed by law to leave the country; the fourth quality, is inferior wine, retained for distillation.

The Portuguese Government levy a duty of upwards of three pounds the pipe on all Port shipped to this country, while on wine sent to America or Asia a duty of sixpence per pipe is considered sufficient, and this in the teeth of a treaty which stipulates for their placing us on the footing of the most favoured nation! In this way, not only are we compelled to pay a very exorbitant duty, but we are refused the wine most suitable to our taste, and obliged to take that which the Company's tasters consider best suited to us. For the trouble of tasting these wines, the Company are paid one half of the export duties: but there is a further source of revenue derived by the sale of the permits of shipment, or "*Bilhettes*," as they are termed. These, the wine-shipper pays for at the rate of three pounds the pipe; making a total of six pounds impost on every pipe sent to this country as against sixpence on wine shipped to America. This state of things has led to a singular evasion of the law, by some merchants who find it their cheapest course to ship their Ports to America and thence back to England; by which means they get their wines out of Portugal at the sixpenny rate, while the

double freight does not cost more than three pounds.

In spite, however, of the severe restrictions of the Portuguese authorities, a little of their own pure wine does find its way to this country; for, one or two English dealers, having purchased grapes and made the genuine article, are enabled to ship it under a *Billette*, given for the authorised quality.

There would appear to be no difficulty in the way of obtaining a vast increase to our supply of wines from the three great producing countries, but the more especially from Spain and France; where, even at the present moment, there are millions of gallons of wholesome nutritious wines consumed like water — wines totally unknown in this country, in consequence of our excessive import duties. In some of the wine districts of Spain there are good, wholesome red wines consumed at twopence the bottle; in many parts of the Continent, really excellent wines can be purchased at from sixpence to tenpence. Not only would Spain and France find no difficulty in providing us with any quantity of wine we might require, but the quality of their principal cheap wines would be greatly improved if taken for export; as it is, their sale is so limited to the poor peasantry of the various districts, that the manufacturers cannot afford to take any pains in their preparation.

In the south of France some millions of gallons of a fine red

wine, quite equal to Port, could be produced and shipped hither annually, at a very low cost. From Sicily, Italy, Hungary, and even the little island of Corsica, we might draw large supplies of pure, wholesome wines, at prices which would render them accessible to the poorest of our labouring classes.

The oponents of cheap wines exclaim that the English, as a nation, are too addicted to beer to be induced to take to wines; but, in reply to this argument, it may be remarked that good cheap wines would scarcely interfere with the consumption of beer: they would find their way mostly amongst people who are at present consumers of spirits, often more from necessity than choice. Spirits and water are found to be cheaper than any wine of fair quality. It is not supposing anything unreasonable, to suppose that if good wine were sold at one shilling a bottle, the tradesman or the artificer would drink it at his own table among his family in preference to, as at present, resorting to the public-house for his daily glass of grog. The Dutch ship a good light wine to Java, able to stand the long voyage and the climate, and sell it in that island at eightpence the bottle. The same article might not suit many in this country, but it shows what is done, and what might be done with more suitable wines.

Even with the present high duty on wine some very considerable progress is making in their re-

tail sale, at various public establishments where Port and Sherry are sold over the counter at fourpence the glass. Doubtless these wines are not what they are represented to be; but, that they are liked, may be inferred from the astounding fact that, at one gin-palace, the sale of wine in this way has amounted to one pipe a day. To get through this large quantity, it would require five glasses to be filled, every minute, for twelve hours.

The evidence of the proprietor of certain Shades near London Bridge, was especially interesting on this one point.

He disposed of three pipes of wine weekly, nearly all in glasses and half-pints, though a good many people came some miles to fetch a bottle of his cheap wines for family use at home. The price appeared to be two shillings the bottle, and fourpence the glass, of which twopence farthing was duty. If the duty were lowered to one shilling, he believed he should vastly increase his business. In addition to the stronger wines a good deal of Hock and Bucellas, with some Moselle, is also disposed of in a similar manner, and to similar customers. The people frequenting these Shades are clerks, artisans, day labourers, and others; and they all come for wine — few, if any, for spirits. Speaking of the proposed reduction of duty, this witness observed:

“If we could sell it at twopence or threepence a quartern, we

should have them all day; even as it is now, if you were to see my bar, and see the people how they come there and drink wine! — they take a glass of wine — bricklayers’ labourers, coal-heavers, journeymen carpenters, and men of all grades, come in and take their fourpenny glass of wine, and they go out sober. You never see anybody drunk in my house. We have one thousand people a day in it, and not a drunken man among them. We have a great many cabmen and omnibus men who used to drink gin — they come often to my house, five or six of them together, to drink a glass of sherry for fourpence, instead of gin at twopence. . . . Irish labourers very often carry home a bottle of Port wine to their sick family.”

Of the moral effect of supplying the bulk of the labouring population with wholesome wine, at a less cost than the poison sold as gin, there can be but one sound opinion. There is, however, another class, not so large, but still more capable of being benefited by a reduction of duty. The sick poor in hospitals, in workhouses, and in their own humble dwellings, would all be largely indebted to any legislature which placed within their reach a supply of generous wine: now but too often impossible to be obtained. How many cases of low fever among the poor might not be arrested and cured by the timely use of a little good wine! One of the witnesses spoke to this

point, for, in his evidence as to the advantages of lowering the duty on all kinds of wine, he said, "A little girl I was fond of, thirteen years of age, was attacked with typhus fever. Doctor S—, a friend of mine, said, 'We cannot bring her about, except by wine. I cannot give her quinine enough. She must have wine every four hours.' I left my own bed to attend to her, and she took no less than six bottles of Port wine in eight days: she recovered. You debar the population of a sovereign remedy by your high duties on wine, in a Christian land." The medical value of this wine consists in the tannin found so abundantly in it, similar, indeed, to the principle of quinine, but more capable of being taken in quantity without ill effects.

It is further argued by the advocates of free trade in wine that if, with the reduction of duty, the license to retail the article were reduced from the present sum of ten guineas to one or two, very many shopkeepers of respectability would gladly become retailers of wines. In foreign countries, the traveller may obtain a glass of wine at many places; in this country, only by entering a public-house or gin-palace, which none but the lowest orders care to do. There is no doubt that, were wine obtainable at pastry-cooks and similar places, very many persons of both sexes and in the middling and better classes, would resort thither for an occasional glass after a long day's

walk in town: materially helping the consumption.

Mr. Redding, the author of a work on wines, gave some curious evidence relative to the blending and adulteration of wines in this country by dealers and retailers. It would appear, indeed, from the substance of his remarks, as well as from the evidence of other witnesses, that the chances of our ever swallowing a glass of genuine wine are against us by very long odds. One witness, an importer of Spanish wines, on being asked how much genuine Sherry reached this country, replied, "None whatever." The real vintage of Xeres, it seems, is blended with a dozen other varieties, far inferior, but with more body. Yet we are told that Spain could supply this country with hundreds of thousands of gallons of beautiful choice wines not known in this market.

If to the medication pursued by the original producers of these wines we add the additional doctoring bestowed upon them after their arrival in this country, it will no longer appear wonderful that the English nation are not given to such beverages, but prefer beer and spirits. The "Making up" of wines, whether in or out of dock, would seem to be a comparatively harmless process, merely consisting of a blending of Beni-Carlos, Figuera, red Cape, Port, Mountain, Brandy-washings, and Elder-juice, with sundry pleasant articles, such as salt of tartar, gum dragon, sanders

wood, &c., — included under the head of etceteras. These “blenders” would seem, however, to be spotless beings as compared with certain other gentry of the vinous profession, who are in the habit of cooking up pipes of Port from the most extraordinary materials. These gentlemen have stolen the laurels from the brows of Anderson and M. Robin, and actually produce “fine old Port,” and “excellent Sherry,” from no wine at all. One of these wine wizards takes certain proportions of brandy, cider, elder-juice, and other innocent matters, places them in a Port pipe, with an old brand on it, and lo! with one wave of the magician’s — pen, it is found to be fine old Port! Those who are very particular, and painfully conscientious, prefer adding a few gallons of real Port; but these are not the bold scientific men.

When the above magical compounds are bottled, the ends of the corks are steeped in a strong decoction of alum and Brazil-wood, with the view of inducing an appearance of premature old age; a teaspoonful of powder of catechu being added to each bottle, a fine crusted appearance will quickly follow. Who would be silly enough to keep his Port twenty years in his cellar, when, by the friendly aid of the chemist, he can secure a fine crusted appearance in as many days!

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the perfection to which the art of our wine

wizards has been brought in modern times. The Prince of Wales had a small quantity of remarkably fine wine; and his household chose to drink it out. The Prince one day ordered some of this identical wine for his table, and there was but a single bottle left. The person who had the management of the wine went to a merchant in the City, and stated what he wanted. The dealer said, “Send me a bottle of what remains, and what I send must be drunk immediately; I can imitate it.” The trick was perfectly successful. The Prince enjoyed the “remarkably fine wine” with evident satisfaction, and was afterwards supplied with more from the same binn.

The facts elicited during this inquiry prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that high duties on wine, act as they do on other articles; injuriously to the revenue, to the trade, and to the nation. They open a very wide door to frauds, and stimulate the use of far less wholesome liquids. The people require, and will have, a beverage possessing more or less of stimulant qualities; and if, by wise legislation, they can be provided with a genuine, wholesome and cheap wine, the effect must be to rescue hundreds of thousands from the vice of gin-drinking. It has been stated, and we fear with too much truth, that in Glasgow alone twenty thousand people go to bed drunk every Saturday night.

There surely cannot be a doubt

as to which is the less hurtful, and the more likely to elevate the character of the consumers: Port or rum, Sherry or gin, Claret or whiskey, Moselle or cognac. Of the advantages certain to result to this country, not less than to those producing wines, from a liberal reduction of our duties, there is ample evidence in these volumes; we cannot do better than conclude with the following testimony:

An old resident on the Continent "alludes to the great probability of an increased demand from Spain for our casks and bottles; articles in which that country is deficient; while Portugal is ready to 'reduce the tariff upon our cotton and woollen goods, if we reduce the wine duties.' To these results, must be added the immense impetus that will be given to our shipping interests and the industry of numerous classes connected with them."

An extensive wine importer stated that he did not know any "article in commerce that would give so much employment to labour as an increased importation of wine. It is bulky; and, being in casks, would require a great number of ships to bring it over; to land and store it on the quays for guaging; to convey it to the cellars; to fine and to bottle it; and to convey it away when sold. A large quantity of cork-wood must be imported additionally, which would employ many vessels. Bottles must be

manufactured, as well as cases and baskets; all these manufactures employing manual labour.

FORTY FAMOUS ARM-CHAIRS.

HERE follow some notes upon the French Academy, with its forty famous *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs, the gift of the Grand Monarque. The original chairs ceased to be used after the transference of the sittings of the Association from the Louvre to the Palace of the Institute; but the order of them is still religiously preserved, and the honour of a seat in the Academy is to this day accounted great. At this day in France there are some things called great that are particularly little. What our neighbours regard as a new and gorgeous throne may be but rickety old lumber; nevertheless, we think the arm-chairs of the French Academy to be thrones in their way better than lumber, representing powers that deserve the honour of a little history.

The first literary society in France which took sittings in Paris was founded in 1570, by John Anthony Bayfius, a writer of Latin verses, and a son or nephew of the once celebrated Lazarus Bayfius, a learned, turbulent, and unfortunate scholar. The academy of Bayfius, which appears to have been intended quite as much for the encouragement of music as of literature,

was duly registered, after considerable opposition, by the parliament of a famous King, that is to say, Charles the Ninth — author of *St. Bartholomew*, a tragedy — and it enjoyed the protection both of that sovereign and of his successor. But those times were so noisy that learning was impossible, and the academy of Bayfius broke up, after an existence of twenty-five years, expiring with its founder. An attempt to revive it in 1612, made by one Daniel Revauet, author of a book called “*A Plan for a New Academy, and for its introduction at Court*,” met with no success. Peter Ronsard the poet, Desportes, and the elder Du Perron, were the most distinguished members of the academy of Bayfius; of which the sittings were held in a mean building, not very long since demolished, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor.

The founder of the present French Academy was Valentine Conrart, secretary to Louis the Thirteenth, and an indefatigable writer of manuscripts, none of which, we believe, have ever been committed to the press. At the house of this gentleman, in the years 1630 and 1631, Godeau Gombauld, Giry Habert, Serisay de Malleville, Chapelaine, author of *La Pucelle*, and other men of genius or men of letters, were in the habit of assembling once or twice a week for the discussion of literary subjects, and the advancement of new works. Their sense of their own importance was acute; for

these gentlemen, of course without any charter, dubbed their party in a *parlour* sometimes “*The Academy of Wit and Eloquence*,” and sometimes “*The Eminent Academy*.” Faret, a friend of Malleville, was introduced at Conrart’s house in 1633, and he in his turn obtained the admission of Desmarets and the Abbé Bois-Robert; the latter a well-known hanger-on and flatterer to Richelieu. The Abbé took an opportunity of mentioning the new Society to his great patron, who was graciously pleased, in the following year, to offer to the members his protection — a gift well worth having — and to obtain letters for their formal incorporation into a public body. Serisay de Malleville, and another or two, opposed the proposition; but the great majority of the associates, Conrart included, were very glad to accept Richelieu’s offer; and Bois-Robert was formally authorised to inform his patron, “*That the Society very humbly thanked him for the great honour which he had done it, in taking it under his protection, and though they should not of themselves have ventured to entertain so lofty an ambition as being incorporated by a charter, and were mightily surprised at his Eminence’s condescension, the members were willing to submit themselves in all matters to his guidance.*”

An active mind was now at work on their behalf; and the gentlemen proceeded, at the Car-

dinal's suggestion, to draw up a complete code of regulations, by one of which they professed, after the modern fashion of Academies, to receive only a limited number: they would have only forty members. They then also adopted the new title, at once modest and ambitious, of "The French Academy." In a preliminary discourse — the composition, it is believed, of de Malleville — the great object of the new Academy's existence is laid down, and its necessity is strongly urged. "Nothing is wanting," says the orator, "to the felicity of the French people, but that their language should be rescued from out of the number of barbarous tongues. Nearer to perfection already, with all its numerous faults, than any other living language, French may be made to take the place of Latin, as the Latin language took the place of Greek, if only proper pains be spent upon it. It shall be the object of the new Academicians to purge out of it those impurities with which it has become polluted in the mouths of the common people and the hangers-on about the Court, by quibbling lawyers, by corrupt writers, and in the pulpits of dull priests, who make the very Gospel ludicrous by the barbarous phraseology in which they preach it."

The Letters Patent of the Academy were signed on the second of January, 1635, and the Chancellor, Peter Séguier, when he affixed his seal to the charter, paid the Academy the compliment of desiring to be entered on its list of members. Montmart, Master of Requests du Chastelet, and Bautru, Counsellor of State — the former a man still honourably remembered in French literature, and the latter a well-known wit and buffoon in the train of Anne of Austria — together with Servien, the King's secretary, followed the lead of the Chancellor. Soon afterwards the great Cardinal sanctioned the statutes; but of course cancelled one of them, by which the members bound themselves and their successors "to reverence the virtue and blessed memory of his Eminence." One formality, however, was still wanting. It was requisite for the complete constitution of the Society that it should be registered by the parliament of Paris; and at this stage, as had been the case with the Academy of Bayfius, great difficulty was experienced. It was not until after a delay of two years and a half, during which time three thunder-and-lightning letters had been written by the King to the recalcitrant counsellors, and a world of menaces set moving by the Cardinal, that the consent of parliament could be obtained. When given, it was exceedingly ungracious, and it was expressly stipulated that the Academicians should add to their statutes one more article, by which they bound themselves to take cognizance of no other matters than the embellishing and enriching the

French language, and to sit in judgment upon no books save such as were written by their own members, or by authors who should willingly submit themselves to Academic discipline.

The Academy at length having been fairly launched, its first step was to nominate a director and a chancellor — both for short periods only — and a secretary, who was to retain office for life. The latter appointment was, of course, unanimously conferred upon the hospitable and industrious founder of the feast of reason, Conrart, who continued to hold it for upwards of forty years. A smart fire of jokes formed the salute of Paris to the new association. The better to maintain the visible respectability of the members, many of whom were in very needy circumstances, each of them was endowed by Richelieu with an annual pension of about eighty guineas. It was found out, in an hour lucky to all dealers in sarcasm, that the salaries of the Academicians were defrayed out of a fund of forty times eighty guineas that had been created to pay the expense of scavengers' work in the streets of Paris. Some of the first acts of the Academy were indeed very little calculated to inspire the public with respect. The "Cid," a tragedy by the immortal Corneille, which the author had submitted to its decision, was unscrupulously condemned; Chapelaine, a rival playwright whom the world has forgotten, being appointed, at

Richelieu's instigation to draw up an unfavourable report.

Mazarine, the successor of Richelieu, a patron more to art than literature, took but little interest in the Academy. But the distinguished favour of Louis the Fourteenth made ample amends, a few years later, for the coldness of his early minister. Moved by the statement of the Cardinal D'Estrées, who was old and infirm, that his seat as an ordinary member was exceedingly uncomfortable, and that instead of attending to the business of the sittings, "his mind was distracted with envy of the luxurious *fauteuil* of the President." His Majesty was pleased to present the Society with forty soft arm-chairs, "in consideration of the hardness of their benches;" and having thus provided for the bodily accommodation of the members, he attended also to their mental comfort, and endowed them with six hundred volumes, the foundation of the present magnificent library of the Institute.

The reign of Louis the Fourteenth was the golden age of the Academy. "Then," says the delighted de Chambre, "was it indeed a glorious and triumphant body; it was clothed with the scarlet of cardinals and the purple of chancellors; it was protected by the most puissant sovereign upon the face of the earth; its rooms were thronged with princes and senators, ministers, peers, and councillors of state, who, divesting themselves of their

proper splendour, would agreeably lose themselves in an infinite crowd of excellent authors without precedence or distinction."

Such prosperity unluckily conduced to various abuses. Literary merit in a candidate became a secondary qualification, and the interest of any powerful person sufficed in itself to obtain the title of Academician for himself or his nominee. A few examples of this meanness on the part of the Academy can be cited. On the death of Montmor, in 1679, one Lavan — librarian indeed at the Louvre but not the less a notoriously ignorant person — demanded, and obtained a chair in the Academy, as a reward for his services in successfully negotiating the marriage of one of Colbert's daughters with the Duke de Montemart. In 1685 died the great Peter Corneille. The young Duke of Maine, a lad of fourteen, to the wants peculiar to juvenility added a want to be an Academician. He communicated his wish to Racine, who called a meeting of his colleagues and proposed the nomination of the gracious boy. These worthy gentlemen not only unanimously voted the young duke's admission to the chair vacated by Corneille, but authorised Racine to inform his Highness, "that even if there had not been a vacancy at the time, there was not one of their number who would not have cheerfully resigned his place for the express purpose of creating one." Louis the Fourteenth — placed by his own rank above the neces-

sity of tuft-hunting, — refused to ratify the duke's election, and Thomas Corneille was then chosen to occupy his brother's chair. The chair vacant by the death of Tourreil, in 1714, was hastily offered to Desmarets, Comptroller of the Finances. "I know nothing myself of literature," was the reply of Desmarets, "but there is a clerk in my office who is fit enough for that sort of thing." This clerk was one Malet, the obscure author of a ridiculous ode. The Comptroller's recommendation was irresistible; Malet was elected, and occupied one of the chairs of the Academy for more than twenty years. To the credit of Marshal Saxe, it must be told that he declined an honour for which his education rendered him unfit: "they wants," the great commander said in a letter to one of his mistresses — it is his own grammar and spelling that we imitate, — "they wants to putt me in the Cadmy; wich would soot me like a ring upon a catt." It was not, therefore, without reason some years afterwards, that Voltaire described the Academy as "a place intended for the reception of men of title and men in power; for prelates, soldiers, lawyers, doctors; and where they sometimes, by way of variety, condescended to admit a man of genius."

The republic of letters has been outraged, now and then, by the Academy in a way that is still more discreditable. In the present century alone, no less than four-

teen members have been ejected from its body for political considerations; three of them having subsequently been restored to their position.

The practice imposed upon every new member, of pronouncing a panegyrical harangue upon the memory of his predecessor, has contributed in no small degree to throw an air of ridicule over the proceedings of the Academy. This practice was first introduced by Oliver Patru, in the year 1640. Upon the death of De Porchères, an original member Patru, who had been chosen to succeed him, discoursed so well upon the loss which the Academy had sustained, that his speech was established into a precedent in the case of all future elections. The rule so established has been very rarely set aside. Colbert was the first exception to it, and in later times, and for less complimentary reasons, it has been dispensed with in favour of Chateaubriand, Maret, and St. Jean d'Angely. It is related of the celebrated de la Rochefoucauld that, despairing to be excused from delivering the usual encomiastic discourse, and conscious that his overwhelming nervousness would render him physically incapable of addressing the shortest speech to a public audience, he reluctantly forbore to become a candidate.

Louis François Richelieu, the fop and general, had neither the scruples of Saxe nor the diffidence of Rochefoucauld. Though one of the most illiterate men of his

rank in France, he composed, and actually delivered an oration, of which a copy is still in existence, written with his own hand; a piece of orthography that would have astonished even Marshal Saxe. "It was quite evident," said one of his colleagues, "that Monsieur the Marshal had made it himself."

Another absurd introductory discourse was that delivered by the Abbé de Hardion; who, having been appointed temporary secretary to the Academy during the illness of the regular functionary, had to reply in that capacity to the speech of a new member, Monsieur de Mayran. The Abbé was really a man of learning, but lamentably deficient in the art of composition. Words, such as never were heard before, and sentences of immeasurable length came thundering on the ears of the perplexed auditors; and the public was shortly afterwards amused by the appearance of a book from the pen of de Beauveau, entitled, "A Treatise on a Sentence two hundred words long, comprising very many new ones, in a late speech of the Abbé de Hardion."

Of Patru, a bold and honest man, whose excellent speech established the precedent of panegyric, it should be recorded, that on one occasion, when some titled dunce was on the point of being elected, he addressed his brethren in the following apologue: — "An ancient Greek possessed a lyre that was attuned to the most perfect

harmony. By accident, one of its chords was broken, and the Greek must needs replace it with a silver string. His vanity was fatal to his reputation, for the beauty of his music was destroyed." The fable, it is said, did wholesome service for the time; but, when it was no longer fresh, it could no longer excite lively emotion and produce effect in an academy of Frenchmen.

The Abbé Tallemant having published a book containing some highflown notices of deceased Academicians, de Boze, on taking possession of his chair, in 1715, paid compliment to the Abbé's production, in accordance with a time-honoured class of blunders: "The admirable manner in which the eloquent author has depicted our losses inspires me," he said, "with the fervent desire that he may have many more opportunities to write about us." This reminds one of the heedless reply of Miss Chudley, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, to George the Second, who did her the honour of inquiring, upon her presentation at Court, "how she had enjoyed the sights of the metropolis?" — "O wonderfully, Sire; but there is one sight above all others that I have the greatest curiosity to behold." — "And what may that be?" asked the King. — "A coronation, may it please your Majesty."

The practice of panegyric which continues to this day in the Academy, so manifestly bad, has been protested against frequently.

"The necessity," said Voltaire, "of making an harangue, the difficulty of finding anything to say, and the desire to appear a person of wit, make the most sensible speakers ridiculous. It has passed into a practice for every new member to assure his colleagues that his predecessor was a great man; that Chancellor Séguier was a very great man; and that Cardinal Richelieu was a greater man still: to which Monsieur le Secrétaire is in the habit of replying, that all this is exceedingly true; that the new Academician is on the high road to become a great man likewise; and that he, the secretary, ventures to hope that he is something in that way himself. Such speeches," he goes on to say, "remind one of the Barmecide's banquet, where the guests were in danger of dying with hunger all the time they were pretending to eat." De Mesme, himself an Academician, compares them to those solemn masses in which the priest, after absolving everybody present, ends by absolving himself. Piron, the sworn enemy of the Academy, informed the secretary, that against the time when he should one day or other be elected a member, he had already composed both his own speech and the secretary's reply. "I shall rise up," said Piron, "take off my hat to the assembly, and thank the members for the very great honour which they have been pleased to confer upon me: whereupon you, Mr. Secretary, will rise up, take off

your hat to me, and say, 'Monsieur Piron, I beg you will not mention it. It is not worth the trouble of your thanks.'" Piron composed his own epitaph in derision of the Academy: it may be rendered thus:

"Here lies Piron; who was nobody; not even an Academician."

Another practice of the Academy, not less injudicious than panegyric orations, is that of giving out subjects for literary compositions, and rewarding with prizes of money some of the competitors. Intrigue often presided over these adjudications; and even when the decision has been honest, the public, by a sort of fatality, most frequently preferred some unsuccessful essay. "I wrote," says Voltaire, "when I was eighteen years old, an ode upon a subject given by the Academy, and a very miserable ode too. Bad as it was, there could be no doubt that it was infinitely superior to the successful poem; which was written by the Abbé du Jarri, a man quite old enough to have left off writing nonsense; for he was at that time nearly seventy years of age. One of the Abbé's lines ran thus:

"And from the freezing to the burning pole."

I took the liberty of asking Monsieur de la Mothe — by whose voice it was commonly reported that the judgment of his colleagues had been mainly influenced — what he thought of the

Abbé's geography? 'Young man,' said he, with an air of severity, 'we are a literary association, living at Paris, and cannot reasonably be expected to know anything about such very distant places as the poles. Besides, the Abbé is a friend of mine.' An ode by de Gacon was so intolerably bad, that the Academy, while they decreed it a prize, sent a private message to the author, begging him to put the money into his pocket and say nothing about the matter."

The design of compiling a dictionary of the French language — the one great labour of the Academy — was taken into serious consideration so early as the year 1638. Two plans for its composition were submitted to their colleagues by Vaugelas and Chapelaine. That of the author of *La Pucelle* was preferred, and Vaugelas was consoled by being appointed Secretary of Definitions, with an annual allowance of two thousand livres, in addition to his pension as an Academician.

The first thing done was to draw up a list of authors in prose and verse, whose writings should be considered as authorities in the choice and meaning of words. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, Montaigne, of whom too little use was made, du Vair, Charron, Bertaud, Marion, de la Guesle, Pibrac, d'Espeisses, Arnaud, Coeffeteau, d'Urfé, de Molieris, Noué, de Dammartin, de Refuge, d'Aubignier, Duplessis-Mornay,

and the recently deceased Academicians Baden and du Chastellet, were among the undefiled fountains of prose literature. In verse the authorities were Marot, St. Gelais, Ronsard, du Belloy, the "divine" du Bartas (a sort of compound of Sternhold and Blackmore), Garnier, des Lingendes, a famous preacher as well as poet, Motin, Touvaint, Montfuron, Theophile, Passerat, better known for his Latin than his French poetry, and St. Marthe, a celebrated scholar, with more learning than taste. Desportes, du Perron (the cardinal), and Malherbe had the double honour of being selected as classics in both kinds of composition.

The work proceeded with exceeding slowness; commonly the fate of joint-stock literary productions, especially when all the contributions are gratuitous. The letter F in particular hung so long a time in hand, that Bois-Robert, then a very old man, exclaimed —

"Doubly a Nestor shall I be
If I survive the letter G."

The first edition of the Dictionary, after a gestation of fifty-six years, was introduced to the world in 1694. A second, very little altered and not at all improved, made its appearance in 1718. Since that time there were four other editions up to 1836, and a supplement has been recently published, as bulky as the dictionary itself, containing many thousand familiar and technical words

and phrases, to which the puritans of the Academy had previously closed their pages.

The dictionary of the French academy, the work of forty men, has often been disadvantageously compared with Dr. Johnson's English dictionary — the work of one man. There is some force in the comparison, but not so much as would at first appear. The two labours were different. The French language, when the Academy was founded, had no settled form; between north, middle, and south France the difference of speech was so great that there existed no complete and consistent body of words whereof the French language might be said to have been composed. Redundancies, inconsistencies, and great varieties of spelling and pronunciation, were weeds that called for extirpation. The Academicians set themselves to work on this untidy mass. The first Academicians and makers of the dictionary affected a precision of speech, and fought for a rigid system of pronunciation with a zeal that exposed them to a thousand jokes. They, however, were the right men for the work they undertook. Language could not be dammed up; any obstructions would be broken down; but fit confinement of its course within one deep and fairly defined channel could lead only to good results. This purpose the Academicians, when they formed their dictionary, really did fulfil. The dictionary of the Academy converted French into a polished

language, and was made only the more efficient for its purpose by the pedantry of its promoters. It is said to have been once a subject of debate whether the innocent adverb "car" should cease from that time forth to form a part of the French language. Fontenelle complains bitterly of this puritanical pedantry, and Ménage, in some clever Hudibrastic verses (which cost him the honour of a chair), introduces Nicot, of tobacco fame, Calepin, Ouden, and Estrenne as humbly remonstrating with the Academicians on the exclusion of their favourite phrases. "If," says Diderot, "the gentlemen of the Academy had been a little more particular about their own definitions, and a great deal less so about the French language, it had been better in both ways for the public." Several of their definitions, and those perpetuated in very recent editions, are excessively absurd. We are told that the Academicians were once on the point of admitting the following definition of a lobster: "a little red fish that walks backwards." "Gentlemen," exclaimed Furetière, just as the secretary was about to record this lucid explication, "the definition is undoubtedly a very ingenious one; but it is open to three objections. In the first place, the little animal in question is not a fish; in the second place, it is only red when boiled; and in the third place, it walks straight-forward, though it may not be at a very rapid rate." Without going

through the entire series, we will note here and there the names of a few men who have been connected with the forty chairs of the Academy.

No. one was originally filled by Barden, who held it for only two years. The most celebrated of his successors was Cardinal de Fleury, the Minister of Peace, who was elected to it in 1717. Florian the fabulist and biographer of Tell, a bold and eloquent writer — not famous for personal courage — was chosen in 1788, having been decorated a few days before, through the powerful patronage of the Duke of Penthièvre, with the then coveted Cross of St. Louis. His double honours were thus commemorated —

"Courageous pen, and coward sword —
Due fame to Florian see decreed —
The warlike cross his wit's reward;
The peaceful chair his valour's meed."

Penthièvre, the patron of Florian, gave so splendid a repast to the members on the day of his protégé's election, that he was afterwards known by the name of "Restaurateur of the French Academy."

No. two had du Chastelet for its original occupant. It is now filled by Mignet, the historian, elected in 1836.

No. four has been honoured by the occupancy of Racine and the elder Crebillon. Monsieur Scribe is their successor.

No. five is now the academic seat of M. Guizot.

In 1811 Chateaubriand was

elected to No. six; and, lest he might perpetrate some eloquent "escapade" in honour of legitimacy, was excused from making the usual introductory oration.

No. seven has been occupied by Boileau.

No. eight has been voted to no person of any literary eminence. One Lormian-Balurd — a man who had neither birth nor brains to recommend him, and whose only title to such a distinction was his fanaticism for the Bourbons — was elected to this chair in 1815. The following doggrel lines commemorated the choice of the Academy —

"A man so stupid and absurd
As Monsieur Lormian-Balurd —
So stupid and absurd a man
As Monsieur Balurd-Lormian —
In fitting company to be,
Is named of the Academy."

The ninth chair was successively occupied by the brothers Corneille, and afterwards by Foncemagne and Chabanon. Of the latter, an excellent fiddler, it was commonly said that he was chosen to infuse a little harmony into the meetings of the Academy. Victor Hugo was elected to this chair in 1841.

Bougainville, the circumnavigator of the globe, was elected to number eleven in the year 1754.

Number twelve was the chair occupied by Voltaire.

The Duke de Montesquiou-Fesenzac, a man of illustrious descent, of which he was ridiculously proud, was elected in

1784 to chair number thirteen. His claim to it was thus described —

"'Tis ruled a man a book should make
Before elected he can be,
So Montesquiou his place may take,
For he has writ his pedigree."

The Duke was so proud of his alleged descent from Clovis "that it was a lucky thing," said de Maurepas, "he had not taken it into his head to lay claim to the crown of France."

The honest and courageous Malesherbes was elected, in 1774, to chair number fifteen. Monsieur Thiers has occupied it since the year 1833.

D'Alembert was chosen to number seventeen in 1754, and held it for the long period of thirty years.

Chair number eighteen, the seat of Fénélon, was subsequently disgraced by the election of the stupid, haughty, and vindictive Count de Clermont, of the blood-royal of France. Several anecdotes have descended to us of this man, all greatly to his disgrace. Lecourbe, a poet of the day, having written some verses on his election to the Academy beginning thus —

"Fat cousin of Louis
So lean your wit,
The chair still is vacant,
In which you sit,"

he was so brutally beaten by the Count's servants, that he died of his injuries; "a lesson," said the offended Count, "of which this sort of writing-people stand in much need; that princes are not

to be lampooned with impunity, and that cudgels hit at least as hard as couplets." Clermont made himself conspicuous at the time of his nomination (1754), by omitting in his introductory discourse all mention of Barbier d'Aucourt, his predecessor. "He had invariably made it a rule," he said, "never to utter anything in praise of Roturiers;" but the Academy, for once, was independent, and he was compelled by the general indignation to introduce into his speech, when printed, a few unmeaning compliments to the memory of his predecessor.

Cardinal Dubois, the reverend scamp of the Orleans regency, was chosen in 1722 to fill chair number nineteen. It has since been occupied by Casimir Delavigne, the Alfieri of the French drama.

Fontenelle, the clever old glutton, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, whom Napoleon pronounced to be "the greatest scoundrel in all my empire," have sat in chair number twenty-two.

Perrault, author of "The Hives," and la Condamine have filled chair twenty-three. The latter, who was exceedingly deaf, at a supper which he gave to his brother Academicians on the evening of his election, produced the following verses:—

"La Condamine this day to greet,
The Louvre's gates have opened wide,
With joyful mien he takes his seat
The Academic gods beside;
So hard of hearing, thanks to Fate,
No nonsense to his ears can come,
But when his colleagues hear him prate,
Instead of deaf, they'll wish him
dumb."

La Bruyère, the sketcher of characters, was elected to number thirty-two. He was so little thought of, when nominated in 1693, that the following epigram was current in Paris:

"Fret not, good people, at the thought
Bruyère has got the vacant chair,
Forty to make we need a naught,
And naught's the value of Bruyère."

Number thirty-six was the chair voted to Laharpe the grammarian; a man whose honesty has been accused, rightly or wrongly. Upon his election, among other epigrams, ran one not very complimentary to his associates—

"Laharpe—all other degradations past—
Lights on the Academic chair at last!"

His chair belongs now to Lamartine.

Conrart, the founder of the Academy occupied chair number thirty-eight.

The last in number of the Forty Arm-Chairs has been occupied in succession by the illustrious Cuvier, and the clever, time-serving Dupin.

THE CRUSADE OF THE NEEDLE.

SINCE the year eighteen hundred there have been not less than four hundred parliamentary committees formed for the express purpose of taking Irish affairs into consideration: vast grants of money have been made to relieve the sufferings or stimulate the industry of the Irish, and a variety of fiscal immunities

have been conceded to the tax-paying portion of the community. Yet all this has been done in vain. Not one of these many agencies has shed a single ray of Hope over the darkened scene.

In one corner of that land, however, there is a hopeful glimmering of light; a ray that although small and apparently stationary is, in reality, expanding on many sides. That light flows from a cheerful, noble, swelling band of workers, toilers at the hearth. The band numbers upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand labourers, never flagging, never wearying, but always progressing. The task they labour at is a crusade, more fruitful, more blessed, more lasting than those of bye-gone ages, for it is the Crusade — and, reader, smile if you will as I tell you — the “Crusade of the Needle.” Spreading to the westward and the south westward of Belfast, this army of crusaders has gone on establishing itself in villages, and towns, and hamlets; entrenching itself so quietly, yet so strongly, in the very hearts of whole communities; throwing out advanced guards here, and picquets of sharpshooters there, and then drawing on the main body so stealthily, that even the very parish priest knew nothing about the matter until the army were at the chapel doors, and had obtained possession of the keys.

The sewed or embroidered muslin trade, the heart of which beats at Glasgow and in other

towns in Scotland and the north of England, has of late years so grown and extended, that to obtain a sufficiency of female labour to meet the wants of the public, it has been found expedient to send the plain goods required to be embroidered, across the Channel to the north of Ireland; whence, by means of agents in Belfast, who employ sub-agents in the villages and towns of Ulster and Connaught, the work is distributed into the most remote hamlets. For some years this new branch of home industry has been moving onwards, south and west, slowly but steadily, like the ripples on the water, until there are at the present moment upwards of a quarter of a million of persons so employed in that country. One house in Glasgow alone gives work to twenty thousand Irish females, and it is not at all too much to estimate the yearly sums of money thus annually circulated through many of the poorest districts of Ireland at between one and two millions sterling. At first, there was a positive disinclination amongst the cottagers to apply themselves to this kind of work, even though it was brought to their very doors, and their labour paid for weekly. They were obstinate, and showed no desire to give up old time-worn habits of idle wretchedness. But, by degrees, as one or two attempted the task and found how easy it was, and how little it interfered with their few domestic duties; how even the

young girls could work at it; and how wonderfully the few shillings at the end of the week added to their scanty comforts and soon gave them a feeling approaching to independence: then others followed the example, worked, prospered, and found their homes and themselves changed as by some magic spell. Soon the cry was "more, more;" and there is no longer any difficulty in obtaining recruits to the ranks of these Needle Crusaders.

Having thus glanced at the work in the camp, it may be well to complete the picture by an inspection of the operations at head quarters. For this purpose I must tell the reader that, crossing the Irish Channel from Belfast, I landed one fine morning on the banks of the Clyde, and, during my sojourn in the town of Glasgow, inspected a sewed-muslin establishment which is the largest of the kind in the United Kingdom, and probably in the world.

I must confess to perfect ignorance upon the subject of ladies' worked collars and sleeves, and babies' embroidered caps. I am not quite sure that, before visiting Glasgow, I had not a faint indistinct impression, amounting almost to a belief, that the mysterious embroidered articles in the linendrapers' shop windows were worked by the young women behind the counters. Certainly, I had not the slightest conception of the magnitude and value of the trade in these small articles of luxury; of the gigantic piles of

buildings needed to carry on the business of that one firm; of the apparently complicated ramifications of a sewed-muslin factory; nor of the vast numbers employed by means of this one branch of industry.

In describing the many departments of this interesting establishment, it may be as well to classify them under three heads, all perfectly distinct from each other. These are, the tool and pattern rooms; the preparing and printing rooms; and the receiving, finishing, and sale rooms.

Wending my way through a huge gateway and up a noble flight of stairs, I reached a long suite of quiet, business-looking workshops full of young men of gentlemanly appearance. They were all busily employed with pens, pencils, tracing paper, and sundry curious-looking surgical sort of instruments. I scarcely knew whether they were studying comparative anatomy, civil engineering, or architecture, and was not a little astounded on learning from my guide that this staff of draughtsmen were designing and drawing patterns for infants' caps and young ladies' collars! After that, I felt perfectly prepared for anything.

I examined, and sure enough they were all hard at work upon flowers, and fruit, and cross-bars, such as we see on the surface of raspberry tarts: evidently intended for embroidery work of some description. Every one of these patterns must, of necessity,

possess novelty, or the work would not sell; and for the guidance of this *corps artistique*, there were kept on shelves in an adjoining room volumes on volumes of their own old patterns, as well as of those issued by other houses, not only to form new combinations from, but to prevent repetition of worn-out designs.

Some of these draughtsmen receive as much as two hundred pounds per annum, and that for work occupying not many hours a day. There were at that time about a dozen men and lads thus engaged, and I learnt that the business of the house could, at most seasons of the year, give ample employment to them.

In a new workroom, well lighted from above, we found six or eight persons occupied in copying the last finished patterns from the designers' sheets, upon transfer paper, ready for throwing them upon zinc plates and stone blocks, from which to be printed off on the plain muslin ready for working.

And here it must be observed that, to enable the thousands of workwomen to embroider the tens of thousands of little articles of dress required, the patterns are not worked by them direct from the paper on the cloth, as I remember to have seen done by my young lady acquaintances; this work, like everything else, has been so perfected, that a far superior and more economical mode is adopted with the designs. In place of stitching the paper pat-

tern on the back of the material and working from that, the design required to be embroidered is printed on the cloth, by means of zincography and lithography, with a fugitive ink which is afterwards easily washed out. Passing on from the workmen who were preparing these transfers, I entered a large room in which were a party of workpeople engaged upon blocks of wood, masses of metal, and curiously shaped tools. These were cutting patterns of a particular description upon lime wood for block-printing direct, or for forming matrixes for metal moulds to be framed from them. Here I witnessed a very ingenious method of cutting designs in wood; it was performed by means of a hollow pointed tool, fixed perpendicularly, the extremity of which was kept almost at a red heat by means of a lighted jet of gas thrown within it. The operator having the pattern inked on the wood, moved the block against the fiery cutter which, tracing out the design instantly, burnt in at one regulated depth the lines and corners of the pattern. This work was performed with astonishing rapidity and precision.

Amongst other curious apparatus for transferring patterns on muslin fabrics, I observed a pair of copper cylinders; on one of these a number of half-circular devices were engraved; these turned out to be patterns of ladies' collars, which, by means of an inking apparatus, were transferred from the revolving

rollers with wonderful rapidity to long slips of muslin. In one ordinary working day, a man and a boy could print off in this way fifty thousand of collar patterns.

On the same floor were extensive workshops for the manufacture and repair of the numberless tools and machines employed throughout the establishment; and, below them, were other large apartments, in which were made card-board boxes and heavy deal packing-cases for the reception and despatch of the wares of the factory.

From these ranges of workshops I proceeded to the preparing and printing rooms. There, might be seen whole hecatombs of muslins ready to be offered up to the printers and sewers, from the finest French cambrics for babies' best caps and ladies' superior worked handkerchiefs, down to the low qualities for servants' collars; the goods were ranged around in Titan heaps. Burly-limbed, beef-fed porters staggered and reeled under enormous piles of stuff for ladies' sleeves; giants of labourers perspired under the infliction of infants' caps. In fact, it seemed marvellous what was going to be done with so many little round pieces of muslin; there could not be such a number of babies "expected" for many years to come to fill all those caps, unless, indeed, there was some large society about to establish infant hospitals throughout Central India and the Chinese empire.

In one of these initiatory rooms

young women were busily employed measuring and cutting up enormous heaps of cloths, of various qualities, into squares and lengths for handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and arranging them in neat piles ready for work. Some of these fabrics were of exquisitely gossamer lightness: so fine, that in one yard of the material there were six thousand threads lying side by side. Such is the variety of quality to meet the many grades of demand that, while there are pocket-handkerchiefs sent out at as low a price as ninepence each, the article is likewise to be had so fine, so richly embroidered, as to be worth ninety shillings.

From the cutting-up room the cloth was removed to the preparing room, where each lofty pile of grey blank squares and slips was arranged in dozens, and marked with the number of the pattern to be given to it. Thence we passed on to long suites of rooms, where a busier though equally quiet process was going on. These were, in every respect, similar to printers' offices, save that, in place of paper, muslin, coarse and fine, was being operated on.

Huge lithographic printing-presses were there, and, from these, every minute, one attendant lifted the device of some exquisite flower-work on a piece of muslin, so fine that it looked like a handful of Scotch mist rather than Scotch cambric.

The patterns printed from these stone blocks were of the most

costly description; the more ordinary qualities being worked from the zinc plates, or from metal castings. The rapidity with which these sheets of fine linen were made to receive the impress of all the varied patterns, the precision with which they were imprinted, not less than the delicacy of the outlined figures, were, indeed, matters for admiration and wonder.

Adjoining these printing rooms were others, in which a number of men were employed in transferring narrow neat-looking patterns to long strips of fine cloth, containing a sort of open-work through the centre. This, I learnt, was what is known as "insertion:" the pattern was here worked or cut into the edge of a little brass wheel, which, being fixed firmly in a handle and fitted with a Lilliputian inking-apparatus, kept itself supplied with ink, and, as it was rapidly rolled along the insertion, transferred its figure to the muslin with great precision. This neat little machine, the invention of one of the principals in the firm, is called a "monkey."

I observed upon each piece of cloth that came from the various printing-presses two lines of letter-press with a few figures. On examining them, I found the words were a caution to the work-women to perform their task with care and dispatch, whilst the figures denoted the rate at which the work was to be paid for if well done; in this way the poor people,

as well as the owners, were protected from any blunders or extortions of the petty agents in the rural districts, for, although it was probable that education had made small progress in some of the villages, there would always be one or two in each hamlet who could read these instructions.

The last room in this department was devoted to assorting and packing the printed muslins ready for conveyance to and distribution in the sewing districts. The cases receiving these goods were sturdy-looking old fellows, with rare substantial sides, all well fastened down with long-bodied screws—bidding defiance to damp or dirt. These are carried from Glasgow to Belfast by steamers, and thence by rail, or otherwise, to the subagencies.

I was then shown into the final division, where the worked goods are received from the agents, or from the hands of such as are employed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow to perform this labour. Here, ranged on long tables and shelves, were many piles of goods all worked over with patterns, but so changed in colour, so dingy and dark, that one might well imagine them to have been to the dyer's. Three or four respectable-looking women were occupied in a narrow scrutiny of each piece of work, as it was placed before them from the packing-cases, in order to detect any bad or imperfect work. Every single piece was passed between their eyes and the light, and, by the aid of strong

glasses, the least defect was in this way discovered, and the faulty piece laid on one side for remedy.

Some idea may be formed of the vast magnitude of the operations of this one house, when I say, that in an adjoining work-room — the hospital, where all these diseased collars and disabled flounces were being cleverly cured by female practitioners — there were not less than one hundred young people constantly employed in remedying the slight defects of the Irish needle-women.

Everything was on a gigantic scale. Adjoining the muslin hospital was another room, in which an army of girls were working on the various articles a set of private marks, by a tambour stitch, for the purpose of distinguishing the goods at the bleach works from those of other houses, as also to indicate the price paid for the work, the district in which they were sewn, and the class number to which they belong in the warehouse. All this being completed, the goods are despatched to the bleaching works, whence they are returned white as driven snow, all traces of the pattern-inking and the Irish fingering having disappeared from their fair forms.

Coming from the bleach houses the goods have to be "made up," and for this purpose are passed on to other busy workrooms, where it would appear as though all the civilised world were having its ironing done. Huge stoves are

there bristling with burning hot irons: there are round irons, flat irons, semi-circular irons, and irons so thin and long they must be intended to iron the inside of ladies' dress gloves quite to the tips of the fingers. How hot the rooms were! for it was in the month of August, and I felt rather relieved when passing out of these tropical regions to the temperate zone adjoining, where I found neatly dressed, taper-fingered, little Glasgow lasses, stitching pretty pink and blue ribbons upon thousands of small worked articles, of the uses of some of which I had not the least conception, and probably never shall have.

From these interesting workers I proceeded to other apartments equally large, wherein other neat-looking lasses were engaged in the various "making-up" processes of ribboning, folding, ironing, ticketing, marking, and assorting. Thence the finished goods were conveyed in dozens to the ware-rooms and sale-rooms — fine, well-lighted floors, in which the articles were arranged for the inspection of buyers for the wholesale houses who supply the shops.

At the time of my visit there were buyers examining those goods from America, Germany, the Levant, as well as from the chief cities of Great Britain. Indeed, our sewed muslins find their way over most parts of the civilised world. There is one country, however, who has

hitherto done all in its power to exclude this branch of our industry from its shores. France, by prohibitions, declares that its people shall buy the dear embroidery of its southern towns instead of the much cheaper work of Scotland, forgetting that, if it relaxed these foolish laws, we should, in return for our worked muslins, take from them their full value in French wines, whilst the revenues of France would be gainers by the duties both ways of the goods bought and sold.

Before taking leave of the establishment I have thus been endeavouring to describe, I may mention that the number of hands — chiefly female — employed within its walls, amounts to about five hundred, whilst it furnishes work — in Scotland and Ireland, but by far the greater part in the latter — to fully twenty-five thousand women. The total value of the embroidery trade within the city of Glasgow alone, cannot be less than seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds yearly, the greater portion of which value is made up by human labour, and paid for in sixpences and shillings,

Such is the internal and external working of one of the enormous establishments happily called into existence by the fictitious wants and luxurious tastes of the present age. We thence see how the demand for a little finery for our wives, our daughters, and our infants, brings into active operation a whole army of workers,

male and female; how it employs steam-ships, waggons, porters, steam-engines, mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill; and how, above all, it takes the means of food and clothing to the humble door of the poor peasant in the remotest and wildest districts of Ireland.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

ON HORSEBACK.

I RECOLLECT having a conversation with a worthy old Mussulman, who confided to me, in the course of a long friendship, his extreme astonishment that any one should ever walk anywhere who could ride. A walk, however, if we do not fall into a brown study, as studious men are apt to do, is the best and healthiest exercise possible. Laughing, therefore, to scorn the doctrine of the Moslem, still even Captain Barclay might agree that a carriage or an ambling cob are both very good things in their place. The first thing most of us do, who have money enough, is to buy a horse; the next, to mismanage it. What those poor animals go through in the hands of ladies, boys, and other utterly misguided people, nobody can know but themselves.

Let us begin with a boy's pony, and see if we are not able to point out one or two little things that might be altered. In the first place, then, we wholly disapprove

of the pad, or soft saddle (without a tree), as a most cruel invention. It does not sufficiently protect the backbone, and every sudden jolt or movement of the rider is likely to injure it. Let the pad be replaced by the common saddle by all means. The saddle should not be so small either as it usually is, and should be well stuffed, especially towards the shoulder. It should be remembered, also, that when a saddle has been used a little while, this stuffing gets sweated through, and becomes hard and knotty from unequal pressure. To avoid this, the stuffing should be taken out frequently, and though the same material may be put in again, it should be thoroughly pulled and dried. I have often seen saddles as hard inside as they were out, and the horses on which they were put writhing about like eels, till they got warm enough to soften their dirty uncomfortable harness. This often makes high-couraged horses difficult to mount, and apt to kick at starting, nor will all the coaxing in the world cure them if the rider's common sense does not point out the evil; and it very seldom does. When a horse is vicious to mount, nine times in ten he is or has been badly saddled. Saddles should also be kept in a dry place, and the lining carefully dried either by the fire or in the sun, before they are used again. Nothing is more apt to gall a horse's back than a damp saddle. An excellent means of getting rid of the brannew look of a saddle, fresh from the maker's, is to wash it with a weak solution of coffee, and then two or three washings with common soft soap will give it a good gloss. Oil should never be used; it is dirty in the extreme. A well-cleaned saddle and bridle should not soil a lady's glove, or a pair of white trousers, and should be as supple as silk. Soft soap is the only thing that will make it so.

Horses in England have their harness on generally a great deal too tight, and even the best grooms want looking after to prevent this. Horses are very often cut by their curb chains in a cruel manner, half throttled by the throat-strap, and stifled by their girths. The two former make them carry their heads awkwardly, and spoil the natural curve of the crest. I have seen a strong man six feet high straining at the girths of a pony he could push over with one hand, till he was black in the face; and then the poor little wretch would hobble out of his stable like a trussed fowl. The girths should not be too forward. If any one wish to prove the justice of this maxim let him buckle a strap tight round his own chest, and try to run with it. He can bear it round the waist well enough, but the chest expands with exercise, and to confine it must be very severe punishment.

Many horses have a trick of swelling themselves out when first saddled; it is, therefore, a good plan to saddle them about half an

hour before they are wanted, and girth up a hole or two just before mounting. If a saddle is really well made, the girths will want no straining at to make it sit safely. With thorough-bred horses, or those having flat sides and bad barrels, a false collar and a couple of straps will keep the saddle from slipping too far back. I object strongly to martingales, except with young horses, and to teach them to carry their heads properly. A horse should never be put at a jump with a martingale on, or he is almost certain to fall into it or over it. A gentleman named Singleton was killed some years ago by his horse jumping the turnpike gate near Woodstock, with a martingale on. I remember seeing a horse break his neck at a hurdle not five feet high from the same cause. A martingale is still more dangerous, jumping lengths. The severest fall I ever had was jumping a brook with a martingale. With a gag snaffle, or a very severe bit of any kind, a horse with a martingale is extremely apt to get into mischief; and if he does so, it must be a light hand indeed to get him out of it. The rings of a martingale should never be put over the curb rein, and leather sliding-stops should be always put before them to prevent them slipping over the buckles, a mischance often followed by a pair of broken knees. Great care should be taken that the martingale is not shorter than absolutely necessary, and a rider should so play

with his reins as never to keep a dead pull upon a horse's mouth, and let his head have as easy play as possible. A martingale will ruin a horse's temper if this rule is not followed.

There are few things more misunderstood than bits. I heard one of the best trainers in England say, "If you can't hold a horse with a snaffle, you can't with any thing else," and I am almost of the same opinion: a thin twisted snaffle is one of the severest bits made. I hold the gag and the Chiffney in abomination. I have seen scores of horses' mouths spoiled by them, and never saw any good come of either. If a horse does not go well and easily with a man who knows how to ride him, the fact most likely is, that he is not in his proper work. I had a little chestnut mare more vicious than enough to ride, yet she would go like clockwork in harness. Many horses, too, who never bear a collar, are the best of hacks. A horse I am now driving in a team, pulls my gloves nearly off as a wheeler, though if put in as a leader he does not hang an ounce. Most hard pulling horses make good leaders. In pairs, the smallest horses go better and look better on the off-side.

But to return to bits. They are, generally, a great deal too heavy; while the mouth-piece should still be left of a moderate size, the rest can hardly be too slight consistent with strength. The best bit for the

road is, undeniably, a snaffle; but for park riding or anywhere in a crowd, horses will perhaps go cleverer with a curb, managed by a light hand. No grooms or horse-breakers have ever light hands, therefore they should be made, invariably, to ride with a good strong plain snaffle and a broad rein. A groom will spoil a well-broken hack in a week, and often ruin a hunter for any man's riding but his own. A bit I have found very efficacious for very high-couraged horses with bad mouths, is a Pelham, with rollers. It prevents a horse getting the bit in his mouth; they want, however, a very light hand. If you are surprised by a very hard puller and have only a snaffle bridle, get off and cross your reins — that will stop him. If you find he still gets along too fast, pull up again, let him wet his mouth, or crop a bit of grass, and then start very gently until you master his head entirely; keep your hand low and steady, give and take; humour him, and he will go pleasantly. Many horses pull from fear, and want coaxing much more than a Chiffney: a thirsty horse with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, black and swollen, will always pull — such a horse should have something to play with in his mouth; rollers and pointed bits are best. With a mere stubborn, wrong-headed pony, who bores away like a wooden thing, a ragged curb may teach him to keep his head up and go decorously. Spurs are bad and cruel things, except

on very cautious heels and with young horses.

Stables should be much better ventilated than they are, and should be always scrupulously well drained. Horses, too, are very often lamed by inequalities in the ground they stand on; it should therefore be perfectly level, and well perforated with holes to carry off wet and keep the stall dry. Innumerable horses go blind from the bad drainage of their stables, in consequence of the vapour of ammonia which is generated from stagnant stable refuse. Even a greater number of horses become broken-winded from defective ventilation: — bad air ruining their lungs. Grooms have an idea, that by keeping their cattle swathed up in hot clothes they get good coats. The practice should be discouraged. Care should be taken to keep the stable at a healthy moderate temperature, however, and if in a cold situation this should be done by artificial means. A groom should never be allowed to clean his horses in the stable; this is a common reason of horses leaving their food: it gets impregnated with the dust and scurf of the curry-comb and the brush, and becomes, indeed, uneatable. Few grooms either seem to have a proper idea of the use of water. Whenever a horse is washed, the groom should never leave him until every hair is dry. As you cannot expect the ostlers at inns to do this unless you look over them, I never allow my horses'

legs to be washed anywhere but at home. The hoof may be brushed out and washed as much as they like: that will dry again; but no ostler shall ever wet a hair of a horse of mine if I know it.

With proper management, however, water is invaluable after hunting; I generally have my horses' legs put into a regular bath (made on purpose) full of hot water, then dried and bandaged when they come out. I do not like the bandages, however, left on the legs too long; they stop the circulation; three hours is quite enough, and then a good hand-rubbing will freshen a hunter's legs more than any thing, and the groom can feel if any thorn has got into them, or if there be any trifling strain upon a sinew, and attend to it at once. An acquaintance of mine tried a complete warm bath for his horses after a hard day's hunting, but he told me it did not answer. The horses broke out into a profuse sweat afterwards; I found this the case in a less degree with the leg bath, but I did not find that the horses were the worse for it.

If horses will not eat their oats, mix it with chaff and beans; a sprinkling of salt is a good thing, and so are cut carrots. In Austria, they give their horses small doses of arsenic, but I should not like to try it. I once had a mare so thin as to be a disgrace to any stable, yet so fast and high-couraged, and with such sporting points about her, that I could not make up my mind to get rid of her. Yet

she was the plague of my riding life, a perfect Rosinante. I tried everything I could think of, but what with rejecting her food and fretting over her work, she was nothing but a bag of bones. At last, chance brought me acquainted with a noted character, now no more, Dick Wetherall, the trainer, "My Lord," said Dick, who always used this form of address as a matter of refined diplomacy, "I'll tell you what you go and do with her. Take a lot of barley, a good lot on it. Power some biling water on it jist enough to cover it. Then putt it, or leastways afore you putts the biling water, putt the barley in a glazed pan so as nothing of the steam can git through, and there let it soak. Next mornin go and putt some molasses in along with it and stir it all up. Don't trust your groom to do this if he ain't one of the right sort, cos he'll eat the molasses if you do, or perhaps take 'em 'ome to his missus. When you've made this mixter up (it's like a stiffish pudding it is, when it's made right; or a jelly as you may say), give her a lot on it, mixed in with her corn, and if she don't slobber *that* into her and get fat on it too, never you trust me again. Let her have four or five feeds on it a day." Such was the summary of Mr. Wetherall's wisdom, and the best advice I can give the reader is, in the words of the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Napier, "If you understand these instructions, go and execute them."

One evil, however, it may be well to guard against. It is apt to teach horses the abominable trick of crib-biting. The sugar soaks into the woodwork of the manger, and they will keep on gnawing to get it out. To prevent this, a manger of polished stone is best, or one lined with zinc. I was apprehensive that the constant use of sugar would spoil the horse for other food if obliged to return to it, but it has not this effect. I have found, too, that nothing will improve a horse's mouth and temper, more, than giving him now and then a lump of sugar. Barley, however, is a bad thing for fast work. To check crib-biting a muzzle is better than a strap.

Horses should not be fed immediately on their coming from their work, as they are nearly sure to blow upon their corn and leave it; a pailful of water at a time is quite enough, and that should be given in the morning and evening. Now I will let the reader into a choice little secret. I had a very beautiful entire horse, an Arabian. I found it dangerous to take him into the park; at last, however, noticing the sleepy effect produced on myself by a large glass of cold water, I bethought me of trying the experiment on the Soldan. I kept him short of water in the morning, and just before my ride gave him as much as he liked. The effect was most satisfactory. Timid horsemen, and old gentlemen who will ride high-couraged cattle, should have their horses watered in this way by

their friends, whether they will or not. A bucket of water might have saved Sir Robert Peel's life. I know one wilful old gentleman who always will ride horses that are too much for him. I gave my recipe to his son, and he told me that his father never got into mischief afterwards, "though," said he, "he would never forgive me if he knew he had a bucket and a half of water under him."

Horses are often frightened or excited by music. To cure them of this, it is a good plan to ride them with a military band every morning. If you have not such a thing near, blow a horn in the stable until they will put their noses in it and take out a piece of sugar. You can get them to do it in a very short time, and afterwards they will hardly prick their ears at the most intolerable Italian organ-grinder who ever was in league with an undertaker to ply his trade upon the wooden pavement.

I remember once finding a horn a very useful thing. When a lad, I was on a visit to a gentleman who hunted one of the Midland counties, and his second "whip" being taken ill, I supplied his place, and never enjoyed a hunt so much in my life. Ladlike, however, I rode my horse almost off his legs, and going home I was left behind by the whole field. My horse had had enough for one day; and no coaxing and (I am ashamed to say) no thrashing would prevail upon him to go further. I was about five miles

from home and mortal hungry; I knew, too, that if I was not at the Hall by five, every vestige of dinner would be devoured by the hungry gentlemen who had gone on before, and who invited themselves regularly on hunt days to my kind-hearted host's table. Well, thought I playing with my stirrups, what's to be done? Echo answered or might have answered, what? To assist my reflections, I took out the horn I had been blowing with high glee for the greater part of the day, and made such a discordant noise, and one so unlike anything my horse had ever heard before, that, seized with the utmost alarm, he carried me home like steeple-chasing. I blew like mad whenever he slackened his pace, and was quite in time for dinner, with plenty to spare.

Fifteen hands is the best height for a hack; a hunter may be higher. As long as your weight will allow it, ride light thoroughbred horses. Avoid Irish horses, unless you are a bold temperate rider; they are almost as difficult to manage as Irish men. They are particularly awkward in harness, and nearly always gibbers. When they will go, however, and if you are not afraid of them, they go well. Never buy a horse who has not good, airy, cheerful action; it is combined, generally, with every other good quality. For harness, horses should have plenty of bone and substance, with short pasterns and round action. For saddle, they should be light, with long springy action and long pasterns. Chesnut horses are nearly always hot; roans as generally slugs; mares are hardest, horses quietest; grey horses are difficult to keep clean, and look miserable when they are dirty. Horses should only be clipped when they are in hard work. I do not hold with trimming the legs even, except for Park work. Hunters' legs should never be trimmed, the hair on the fetlock protecting them from sharp stones, thorns, and so on. A little patience and time will enable you to dispense with punishment of any kind. If you say "Steady!" to a horse whenever you want him to go slower, and "Wo!" when you wish to stop him, he will moderate his pace, or pull up without having his mouth hauled about, and likes it better too. In the same way you may teach a hack to canter whenever you raise the right curb-rein, and to trot when you drop your hand and take the snaffle. "Gently, lad!" or "Steady, lass!" may bring you to a walk, and "Wo-ho" to a dead halt. Feed in small quantities every two hours, and give no hay to horses in fast work — supplying its place with clover-chaff. Beans only do for hard work, and, even then, horses fed upon too many of them are apt to fly at the heels. As they are very fond of them, however, a few beans bruised are a good thing to give horses off their feed, or in raw cold wintry weather, or on a long journey. The feet should be stopped twice a week,

not oftener, except in the height of summer, or the hoofs will get too soft, and the pressure of the shoe bring on corns, which make a horse unsound. A dandy may have his hacks' hoofs polished with honey, boiled oil, and beeswax, mixed and put on very lightly, and after the hoof has been washed quite clean. Blacking or varnish is very mischievous.

I have some ideas of my own about shoeing, and think that iron and nails might be replaced by some lighter and softer material; but I shall not say anything about this, until I have completed some experiments: except that we all know very well that more horses are lamed by shoeing than by every other cause put together; and that more horses fall down, in towns especially, from iron shoes than from the wooden pavement. I do not think that, with a proper shoe, even the wooden pavement would be dangerous. Iron shoes get hot going over the stones, and the nails burning their way out, the shoe comes off. I know a farmer in Wiltshire who never shoes his horses; but as he rides mostly over soft ground, and never beyond the steadiest of jog-trots, it will not do to cite him as an example to be followed. If, therefore, we must shoe our horses (a fact which I am not altogether going to admit, as I think the hoof might be hardened by proper treatment), let us set about finding some lighter and better shoe than the present one as soon as possible.

SOME COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

REMEMBERING as I do, what good and wise and learned men have said and written of the strong connexion that exists between the human heart and the human stomach, may I (as a humble and commonplace man) broach the as humble and commonplace, and by no means novel theory, that there is likewise a strong connecting link between the season of Christmas and good eating and drinking.

Two or three months before Christmas the public-house puts forth a notice that a few members are required to complete a Goose Club. A picture of a goose, painted in defiance of nature, with variegated feathers, and walking in a fair landscape, embellishes the announcement. The proprietor of the gin-shop at the corner of the street exhibits a bill which, disdaining to catch the eye with a mere picture, seeks rather to startle the beholder by the gigantic scale of the raffle, which is to take place there on Christmas Eve. For one shilling, a chance is to be had; and the prizes are, three thousand five hundred geese, two thousand pieces of beef, fifteen hundred pair of fowls, and a total of bottles of rum, gin, and other liquors, which would appear fabulous if they were not stated, with an appearance of exactness, in long and odd rows of figures such as are used to distinguish public conveyances and Bank of

England notes. The prizes are to be drawn and distributed immediately, in the presence of the subscribers; and a glass of any spirituous liquor is destined to console the unsuccessful speculator. "Vivat Regina!!" with several notes of admiration, give a finish, and official character to the announcement. The grocer, also, gives notice of a raffle on Christmas Eve. He, too, gets up things on a large scale. Nothing will serve him, but four, nought, nought, nought parcels of currants; three, nought, six, five ditto of plums; three, seven, five, four packets of candied peel; and spices in proportion. He, too, has a balm for unfortunate subscribers — hot elder wine and cake being, in his opinion, the most powerful agents for that purpose. Another grocer, accommodating himself to the resources of the poor neighbourhood, announces some weeks before Christmas an intention of opening a series of Pudding Clubs, by which the immense advantages of combination will result to the public. There is no risk with him. Threepence per week will be paid in advance, and the Christmas pudding will not be problematical. No glass of any spirituous liquor, no hot elder wine, no cake, will be required to soothe any disappointed customer. His dealings are straightforward; as his advertisement of "Cat out of the bag! Turkey chicory at sixpence," will corroborate. Therefore, if your subscriptions have

been paid up, you will call on Christmas Eve, and take away your grocery.

The Christmas preparations begin to thicken. The grocer becomes poetical about his tea; facetious as to his plums. The invigorating influence of tea, at this festive season of the year, is set forth in a poem, in which the first letters of each line, read downwards, form the words "John Warmer and Company's Tea Mart." This invigorating influence is further insisted on, in a short history of the tea plant, accompanied by Lord Bacon's opinion of the properties of coffee, printed on the paper which serves to wrap up those articles. The excellence of the fruits sold within, and the general wholesomeness of Christmas pudding, are set forth in the conversation of a stout gentleman and his wife, to be found beneath their portraits in the window. This firm is the original vendor of "Warmer's celebrated Mixture;" and is nervously anxious that Warmer's may not be connected, in any wandering mind, with any other house in London. The ready-made clothes shop, at the corner of the street, of which the gin-palace is at the other corner, though not venturing to imitate its neighbour with a leviathan clothes-lottery, avails itself of the season to present the public with a liberal supply of almanacs, containing two pages of a useful calendar, and twenty-four pages devoted to the praises of the Great

Clothing Establishment. The baker makes a loaf, which no family, however large, could be expected to get through before it became mouldy, and exhibits it in his window, decorated with blue ribbons. It has entered the cheesemonger's head to give fantastic shapes to his butter, besides converting it into models of the Chrystal Palace. Holly sprouts out of skins of lard, and sides of bacon, and butter-firkins, and hams; while its scarlet berries are sunk into the sides of cheeses, in devices and letters, wishing a merry Christmas to all purchasers.

Christmas and good eating are joined together (indissolubly, save by Twelfth Day) in Leadenhall Market, where the bold-faced gas throws groves of ducks and geese and capons, into Rembrandt-like *chiaro-scuro*; where it flares impudently upon corpulent turkeys which have been sent to all sorts of Coventries in the ribbon line, but which seem not the least abashed, but, rather, a trifle the bolder, for the parti-coloured humiliation. Cochin China fowls with shrill voices, and bargain-making housewives swell a chorus, of which I cannot exactly catch the words, but which signifies, I am sure, that Christmas and good cheer are conjoined. The very lop-eared rabbits anatomising cabbage-leaves in their little dens, twinkle their bead-like eyes in a merry manner, as though they would say that, in consideration of the season, they would not object to be smothered in onions at a moment's notice. As to the sucking-pigs lying innocently dead in snowy cerements with their rosy little trotters turned up, they smile as only sucking-pigs can smile. "Bless you all," they seem to say; "this is Christmas. If you prefer pig to beef or turkey, eat us by all means. Put lemons in our mouths, and scorch our innocuous cuticle into crackling. Beat up those guileless brains of ours into sauce; scrunch our bones; simper over our delicate layers of fat; only be thankful when you have eaten us, for this is Christmas."

Christmas and good cheer have cemented an union, (never to be repeated, save in the Opera season, when the guinea bouquets and half-a-crown Camellia Japonicas oust the fruit from their stalls,) in the central avenue of Covent Garden Market. Ruddy oranges that have sunned themselves, I warrant, in their time in Spanish maidens' eyes in sultry southern islands, and in those hot landscapes of Spain, where you can see nought for miles but hot blue sky and hot red earth, and hot white houses, and hot dusky mountain sierras in the distance; sly smooth-faced Barcelona nuts, which seem by their looks not worth a farthing the gross, but which are, notwithstanding, marvellous good eating — like rich men who wear ragged coats; luscious black grapes; fat fellows of chestnuts, troubling themselves very little at the thought of going to torment in a fire-shovel; sulky,

reserved, Brazil nuts, who won't come out of their corrugated shells for all the parlour-doors you may scrunch them in, or all the case-knives you may hack them with; — all these, with the juicy Marie Louise and *mouille-bouche* pears, the blushing apples of Kent, and more hardened, impudent, dusky Ribstone pippins, seem to my mind to cry out with rich fruity voices, that Christmas is come, that they are anxious to meet with their deserts. Oranges long for the parlour magician, who is to turn them into sucking-pigs, and cups, and false sets of teeth; cobs, Barcelonas, and filberts, sigh for the nut-crackers; even the surly Brazil nuts growl forth (to my ear), "Crack us and eat us if you like (or can); if not, be jovial, and burn the oil out of us in the flame of the candle." As to the apples — they are pining for the knife that is to peel them. Happy apples! for their peel (entire and cut without fracture or abrasion), cast over a lady's shoulder will twine and twine till it forms the initials of that lady's sweet-heart.

Streets and squares, markets and hucksters' stalls, market baskets, costermongers' carts, pastrycooks' boxes; the grocer's window running over with pudding gear, almonds and raisins, and candied citron; the butcher's shop, where the ruddy man in blue seems to have slaughtered mammoths and mastodons this Christmas instead of ordinary

on his block, eyeing triumphantly a megatherium of an ox he has hung up outside — a bovine Daniel Lambert, with yellow fat on him like the layer of clarified butter in a pot of anchovy paste — an alderman ox with ribbons in his ribs, and a nosegay stuck on his huge brisket, giving occasionally (the butcher, not the ox) a sly Christmas wink to his pretty wife, who sits smiling over her cash-book at the other end of the shop in a gaslit bower of beef; not in only these shops, but in out-of-the-way little sweetstuff warehouses, where a double stock of alecampane and "Bonaparte's ribs" is fighting for the shop-board with small, weazen sticks of parti-coloured tallow, popularly believed to be capable of burning in toy tin sconces of rude design, and known as Christmas candles; in slap-bang shops of an inferior kind — a very inferior kind — where the proprietor has been cutting roast beef since early dawn, and the proprietor's wife has been slicing up formidable looking rolls and globes of large plum puddings, whose number is uncountable, whose perfume riding on the gale as in Araby the blest, is positively maddening to the three barefooted boys who have been consuming a Barmecide feast of roast and boiled meats through the windows for hours; in almost every dwelling in every street, in every quarter of this gigantic city, Christmas is heralded in with a clatter of knives and forks, a flourishing of spoons, and a jin-

gling of glasses. In courtly chapels Royal, where doles of bread are given to the poor; in miserable garrets, where the addition of another red herring is made to the always scanty meal, on the ground that it is Christmas there, low down, as well as elsewhere, higher up; Christmas is brought in with a jovial, genial sort of — let us not call it by a harsh name — gormandising.

As we trudge through the streets everybody seems to be eating and drinking, or preparing to eat and drink. The crossing sweeper munches a huge parallelopipedon of bread and treacle, bestowed on him, no doubt, by some kindly spinster in the neighbourhood; the policeman leans somewhat lazily against a railing, notwithstanding the cold. He looks plethoric, dyspeptic. Goodness! what number of supports has that municipal officer consumed with what number of cooks? How many puddings, in their raw state, has he tasted? How many sly little nuggets off noble joints have been broiled for him? How many sausages — links in that chain which binds the turkey to our heart — will be missing to-morrow, owing to his Christmas Eve rapacity. Will X 99 dine? Of course he will; and Mrs. Policeman X 99 is at this moment concluding the purchase of a mighty piece of pork and a colossal amalgamation of cabbages, known in the precincts of the Brill, Somers Town, where the transaction takes place, as a “green:” which pork and green

will cheer the heart of honest X 99 when he comes off duty.

As it grows later on Christmas Eve, hot elder wine comes out at corners of streets. A polished, brazen urn sends up a fragrant steam in the midst of lamps, and glasses, and heaps of rusks; while its proprietor, boasting of its power to make the coldest individual as warm as a toast in one moment, swings his arms across his chest, and runs to and fro, in front of his establishment, with a blueness of nose that rather exposes the weakness of his case to thoughtful minds. I have time to turn down one of the alleys in this neighbourhood. I have known this part from childhood. It is not much changed since I thought it a lawless place, inhabited chiefly by boys with whom my white collar and general cleanliness were the unfortunate causes of much irritation. Some weavers live in it; as frequent announcements of “Rooms to let, with standing for loom and quilling, at three shillings per week,” will confirm. But the majority are cabinet-makers — sallow men, whose hair and clothes are full of mahogany dust. Some of them buy bits of wood cheap, and make up complete articles to be sold as soon as made, for anything they will fetch. Others make only some portion of an article, of which they scarcely know the use, and by long habit grow swift-fingered, to keep up with falling prices. Out of their branch of labour, they are for the most part stupid. Mangling seems to

be done everywhere. Children are taken in to mind at twopence per day. There is a court, with the announcement, "Small houses to let up this passage, at three shillings and sixpence per week." But the houses in this poor neighbourhood are mostly high. Some have once been a kind of mansion, when perhaps there were few houses near. They stood at that time, very likely, in gardens, and in the midst of fields; for of the once rural character of the neighbourhood the names of streets and places still tell. One of these is now inhabited by some twenty poor families, and has strangely fallen from its old gentility. Another is shut up; perhaps too ruinous for habitation. Every window in the front is broken, in consequence of a ghost which has been seen there at various times — off and on — for some years past. There seems a general love of animals in these parts. Dog-fanciers are in every street, and sufferers of birds, beasts, and fishes. One of them exhibits a cat with two heads in a glass-case, as well as a canine coincidence with the Siamese twins. The canine twins I suspect to have been strangers to each other previously to their decease.

Next to the chandlers' shops, the rag-shops are the most numerous in the poor neighbourhood. The rag-shop keeper has been betrayed into poetry by the advent of Christmas. He gives the highest price for anything, from kitchen stuff to a highly-coloured and tinselled portrait of Kean as Richard the Third. His shop is covered with bills, having pictures of the once popular Jim Crow and his wife, and profane portraits of the Parish Beadle, and an enormous representation of a Christmas pudding. The shaving shops are also numerous. One Trinnick, Easy Shaver, long established in this part, with a fine head of hair, takes the opportunity of the season positively and with pleasure to assert, that having given the whole of his time, up to the present period of his life (age not stated; though he appears to the writer, allowing for the effects of art, to be about forty) to the study of the human frame, he is capable of making an improvement that will astonish every person giving him a trial. Jireh Meeting proposes to improve Christmas Day with Discourses upon Death and Flames. Its appeals to the profane are disguised under such titles as "The Christmas Fire," and "Emigration;" the former, terminating in a graceful allusion to the general conflagration of the world, and the latter referring to a land of promise, the precise locality whereof, as well as the only direct road to which, will be communicated to any sinner who will enter by the little back door of Jireh Meeting, and consult an oracle certainly not inspired with grammar. The Ragged School is not wanting in the poor neighbourhood. There, too, there is to be a feast to-morrow.

Dusk puts an end to these observations. I can tell the direction of the busy street by a long red flare in the sky, as if there were a great fire that way. A full stop, and a new paragraph will take us back there again.

The street, from end to end, is in a blaze of gas. Pavement and roadway are filled with people, so that I can hardly get along. No cab or coach that values time would think of driving down this way to-night. The street has become one great fair, with such a hubbub of cries, that I am stunned. The greengrocer's house is covered with vegetables from basement to pavement, and looks like an enormous Jack in the Green. Legs of mutton and ribs of beef have run up the butcher's house to the third floor window. The poulterer's abode has put on a warm fur garment. The grocer's is besieged. The six supernumerary young men, behind his counter (in spite of all their dexterity in making up a packet, and snapping the twine with a jerk of their finger) cannot serve fast enough.

The busy street is at its busiest. The row of hucksters along the pavement, who sell onions and cabbage-nets, penny meat-jacks, carpet-stools, and toasting-forks, and all kinds of tin-ware, shout loudly against each other.

At last, the busy stream of purchasers and gazers, chafing against sellers of all kinds, begins to slacken, slackens more and more, and gradually leaves its channel almost dry. Midnight,

and the bakers' shelves are empty; nothing remaining but the great loaf, which must be getting rather stale by this time. Most of the other shops are bare, as to the exterior, at least. Only the cheesemonger's streams of gas continue to smoke pieces of bacon, and to turn the edge of half a double Gloucester (I don't mean a single Gloucester) into Welsh rabbit. All the tumult is hushed, and so we come into Christmas Day.

It is good to take a walk almost anywhere, after church on Christmas Day; for it shall go hard but some wholesome thoughts are to be got from it. There are worse places to walk in hopefully (among others) than cemeteries, on Christmas morning; for it is the happiest morning in the year on which to remember those whom we have laid there. Then, in the streets of towns, the humbler people going out, and the dinners coming home from the bakers' shops, and the children, and the old people, and the universal recognition of one great holiday, are all delightful to consider — none the less so, for being all steeped in a prevailing fragrance of pudding! So, in up and down-hill little villages, and on bleak bare highway roads where there are solitary wayside houses, you shall still find expressive sings of Christmas Day; and even at the lonely turnpike you shall see the Christmas fire gleam bright and cheerful, and find the very toll-man sticking up, in unusual acknowledgment of his kindred with humanity, a red little sprig

of holly, in the little window from which he looks athwart the looming flat of mud and mire, prepared to pounce out on the mounted traveller like a spider on a fly.

Still trudging on, it gets later; and, as we peep down the areas into the kitchens, people begin to pass us, all with Christmas and dinner written in their faces as legibly as may be. There are smooth smug gentlemen, with new-mown chins, unwrinkled neckcloths, and polished boots, who walk with a confident strut and a satisfied smirk, and who twirl their canes or pull on their gloves. These men are invited out to dinner. They are happy bachelors, contented widowers. Their hats are on — their houses are covered. They are sure of a skinful of the best. They have their latch-keys in their pockets, and sufficient loose silver to pay a home-returning cab, should Bacchus wrestle with them somewhat too roughly this Christmas night, and essay to trip them up. Bless the men! how they smile and giggle, and act little off-hand bits of wriggling pantomime to themselves. They are conning, no doubt, the smart things they will say about the weather, looking up their most dine-out-able old jokes, rehearsing soft nothings for the young ladies, politic feelers for papas, mollifying and soothing anecdotes for testy grandmamas who have a balance at the banker's. Other men pass — worthies of portly mien and jovial presence, who rattle seals and loose

coins in their pockets, sway their heads with a humorous gravity, and ever and anon execute a quiet pirouette on their boot-heels. These are fathers of families who are going to give dinners. They are happy but thoughtful: happy — for there is as great, if not greater pleasure, in giving as in receiving; thoughtful — for a dinner on Christmas Day is not a thing to be trifled with; and should the yellow seal not come up to the mark, should the turbot fail, the pudding crumble — horri-fying thought! Forbid it, Yule; for Thomas Thompson of Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, is bidden to the feast, and Thomas is a hundred thousand pound man, and hath looked lately with no eyes of disfavour on that fair-haired daughter of ours, who *will* wear the black velvet collar round her neck, like the *dame au collier de velours* in Hoffman's horrible story.

I look down into all the kitchens I pass to-day with insatiable curiosity, and am dreadfully disappointed when I see a kitchen with a little black fire in it, until I console myself with the reflection that the people of that house have all gone out to some other house, where the kitchen fire is bright and high. I have seen the kitchen fire of Royalty at Christmas time. My recollection of it is very dim, and is in some manner connected with an organ, a large chandelier, and a Lancer in full uniform; but I am certain that once, as a very small child, I did pass through

the kitchen of the Pavilion at Brighton, towards the end of December. I believe, being a wall-eyed boy, I had been to see the King's oculist, who dwelt in a little turret like a pencil-case; and that, coming down, I was shown as a great sight and wonder, the royal kitchen. There were a great many cooks all of a row, in white jackets and aprons, and there were a great many joints roasting at once. The tables, too, were very white, and the saucepans and stewpans very numerous; but I was not struck with awe or astonishment or delight. I think I was disappointed; I had expected that a King's kitchen would be like the one in *Peau d'Ane*, into which the King himself was not ashamed to enter, to demand who had put the golden ring into his soup. I had imagined a *cuisine* similar to that in which the Queen sat eating bread and honey, while her royal spouse was in the parlour making out his accounts. A Royal Kitchen, to my mind, should have been like that dear, and famous, and ever-memorable kitchen in Riquet with the Tuft—the kitchen in the bowels of the earth, with the elfin cooks in white, hurry-skurring about like ants.

They have changed the venue of the royal kitchen, now, to Windsor, where barons of beef are cut up in great style (I am told) by yeomen carvers. The last time I saw the kitchen at the Pavilion they were hesitating as to what use they should turn it — whether to make it a lumber-room

for old concert-boards and rout seats, or a show-room for the Brighton artists to exhibit their paintings in. But I have no more leisure for kitchen thought; my hour of kitchen-action has arrived, and I am ready!

WHEN THE MILL GOES—

I HAPPENED, many years ago, to be making an ornithological trip in East-Anglia. I was anxious to complete a set of papers on the birds of the English coast and marshes, and was succeeding beyond expectation in getting the information I wanted; — though I found it unsaleable afterwards. Once or twice, I unexpectedly stumbled upon localities that were rich in materials beyond anything that this generation knows of, at least at home. Thus, on one occasion, I remember tracking the road along the line of coast on a bright June morning; on turning a corner in the parish of Salney, there lay spread before me an expanse of water of many hundred acres, smooth as a mirror, blue as the sky itself, and covered with hundreds and thousands, and, probably, tens of thousands of birds, all sporting and enjoying themselves, as if there were no such things as guns, no such beings as men, on the face of the earth. The dovelike gulls were lightly floating on the water; little troops of shore-larks wheeled to and fro, in utter restlessness; the curlew and the peewit each

uttered their own peculiar and plaintive cry; and the only thing to call human society to mind, was the intrusion of a few half-tame ducks, and their broods, belonging to the villagers, by whom they had been turned off to shift for themselves during the summer, and to contract a pert sort of bowing acquaintance with the really strange visitors of that out-of-the-way watering place. A narrow strip, partly of velvet turf, partly of coarse pebbly shingle, barely divided this swarming lagoon from the tumbling waves of the German Ocean; and on this isthmus, sheldrakes, ruffs, and reeves, and a longer list than you care to hear specified, were to be met with on careful and timely search. Fancy my delight! Bruce, arrived at the sources of the Nile, was not more ready to jump for joy, than I was then.

But it is all done for now. The squires and the squirelings found the Salney marshmen and eel-catchers too independent to their liking, so they determined to drain this rendezvous for wild fowl, though they knew it would cost them almost as much as the fee-simple of the land. And the task is finished. The muscular powers of some hundred navvies have converted that shining sheet of water into a dingy, desert swamp of mud. By-and-bye, I grant, it will be a verdant meadow, fattening bullocks and sheep instead of widgeon and teal; but, when the birds come to pay us their Christmas visit, they will

find clay-treading and brick-burning going on, upon the very spot over which they used to float in the enjoyment of a hospitable and secure retreat.

Well; although this is not my story, it leads to it. The discovery of one paradise of marsh-birds made me long to find another. I had heard of Shroudham "broad" as a remarkable piece of water in a little-known district, and to Shroudham I went. If neither that nor Salney are in your map, you must search out the localities for yourselves, as I did.

At Shroudham, my first business was to fix myself in a temporary home, as a centre of operations, which I found at the sign of the Blue Boar, kept by a respectable young man named Robert Rudd, of about thirty years of age. He evidently was looked up to by his neighbours, and knew everybody within a circle of considerable diameter, and though his young wife had a nice little girl of two years old upon her hands, and shortly promised to present her husband with another olive-branch, the cooking, which she did herself, was excellent in its own provincial style; and my humble quarters were as neat and comfortable as it was possible for daily tidiness, with the occasional help of old Nurse Andrews, to make of such an odd-looking couple of rooms.

The next important step was to find up an aid-de-camp with proper qualifications. I well knew, that

without either a guide, or the power of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the country every hundred yards of my way, I should soon get mazed in a labyrinth of cuts and creeks, and "deeks," and rivers; and that, without a boat, I should often be unable to pass over places which an unthinking visitor might take to be dry land.

Rudd helped me over that difficulty too. He was then going to the other end of the broad, in his own flat-bottomed little craft, to speak to the steadiest and "cleverest" marshman for miles round, who was cousin to the man that had hired the "coy;" and I should be favoured with an introduction. The boat would be left at the marshman's staith, to bring back a load of sedge for litter next day, and we could walk home by the marsh-wall — the dyke raised to prevent the waters of the broad from inundating the neighbouring lands, many of which are beneath the level of its surface, and even of its bed.

Preliminaries were soon arranged to our entire mutual satisfaction. While returning by the path running along the top of this artificial mound, which was based with large rough flints against which the wavelets from the vast sheet of water were breaking with a sort of affectation of playing the part of real waves of the sea, I had an admirable view of the country, and a capital opportunity of getting acquainted with its physical geography. Reed-beds, marshes — covered some with

rank coarse vegetation, some with fine rich pasture — and the interminable expanse of the broad, stretched away for miles and miles. At one part of the panoramic circle were uplands, with the village, the scattered houses, the occasional larger mansions grey with age; and at one extremity the church, as if it were running away from its congregation, at the other a windmill of unusual altitude.

"That's a fine mill," said I to my conductor Rudd; "we don't see many so lofty as that."

"It is a good height, Sir," he replied, drily; — "especially when you're on the top of one of the sails. But what would be a greater novelty to you are the little low marsh-mills, like that we are now coming to, which drain the country, by pumping up the water out of the ditches into the broad."

It was blowing a fresh breeze, and the marsh-mills were whirling their sails round, as if trying which could spin the quickest. Before we reached the one indicated, a squall came on with a heavy shower. We approached the mill, and it certainly was "delivering" the drainage-waters at a most efficient rate. The sails were revolving with a rapidity which affected the eye in the same way as carriage-wheels going at full speed; and they were so low, they worked so near to the ground, that any animal, a donkey or a pig, straying within their reach, would have been dashed in pieces,

or whirled up into the air by their force. Still there was plenty of room, between the plane of their motion and the mill itself, to enter it with perfect safety, due caution being exercised; and as the door stood invitingly open, I was about to take shelter there till the squall was over, and have a gossip with the water-grinder within.

Rudd perceived my intention, and arrested me by the arm. "Not there, Sir, if you please," said he.

"I shall take good care to avoid the sails," I replied. "We may as well avoid this shower; it will be over in three minutes."

"Not there, Sir, if you please," he persisted. "I have my reasons. You had better get wet through and through, than make any acquaintance with the Bammants."

Of course I acquiesced, as he spoke so decidedly; he knew the neighbourhood better than I did. Just as we were proceeding on our walk, a pretty little girl, six or seven years old, well cloaked and bonnetted, stepped out of the mill, tripped fearlessly behind the rushing mill-sails, and was making for our path on the bank, when a man looked out from the mill-door, and shouted to her not to stop at the village, but to get back again without losing a minute. He perceived us; a black look came over his face at the sight of Rudd, and I thought that he had to try hard before he could fix a steady stare upon us. He succeeded for a few moments, and then withdrew to the inside of the mill. That was all I ever saw of

him, or heard of his voice; but the effect was most unprepossessing. You do sometimes take an instantaneous dislike to people whom you meet; and you are often right in doing so. There certainly exists a sort of mesmeric repulsion, as well as an attraction, between individuals. This man's countenance, not naturally bad-looking, exhibited that peculiar blasted and lightning-struck expression, that we should imagine belonged to fiends, who have known good and rejected it, who have preferred evil and gloated in it.

The little girl ran on before us, to do her errand in the village; that was the last I ever saw of her, but I well remember her bright blue eyes, and her rosy cheeks, and a thoughtful, puzzled look that overshadowed her face. We soon reached the Blue Boar, and in a few minutes a good fire, and a hearty meal of fish, wild-fowl, bacon and eggs, put all other earthly considerations to flight.

Rudd's house was built on the simplest of architectural plans, numerous examples of which are still to be found in the district. It was merely a parallelogram two stories high, divided into a series of rooms by partition-walls running across it. There was not a passage in the whole building. The apartments communicated by doors leading from one to another, which could be hooked and bolted on either side. Almost every room on the ground floor had a door leading into the open

air, and a staircase up to the room above it; so that it was easy to divide the house into several distinct and separate habitations, all under one roof, but having exactly as much or as little connexion with each other, as the respective inhabitants of the compartments chose to maintain.

One end contained the parlour and the best bed-room; at the other extremity were the dairy, scullery, and "bac'us," which etymologists are yet undetermined whether to interpret "bake-house," or "back-house." In the middle was the room which served as kitchen, bar, club-room, and living-room for the family.

Of course I was installed in the parlour end — a room below and a room above. The people of Shroudham could no more conceive why any guest, however great, could require more than one day-room, than most Frenchmen can understand what a single man can want with more than one room at all. A staircase at one corner led up to my dormitory. It had a neat little table, four elm chairs, and two arm ditto, all shining from the effects of what is there called elbow-grease; and, by way of company, a tall, round-faced, eight-day clock, stood up in the corner opposite to the stair-case, and evidenced the principle of life within it, by uttering its monotonous unceasing tick. The remarkable feature of this clock, however, was its being six inches too tall for the room it stood in,

— a difficulty which, though puzzling, had still been overcome. The Patagonian clock remained untouched, neither spoiled of its crown of carving and gilding, nor dismounted from its broad and solid pedestal; but a square hole had been dug in the floor, paved with bricks and lined with a skirting board, and into that convenient hollow the too tall clock had modestly stepped. Opposite to the clock was the door into the front yard; in the other wall forming the angle was the door into the central kitchen.

My supper, or, as we should now say, my dinner, was over. I stirred my fire, sipped my glass of grog, and took out the county map to make sure of the ground of to-morrow's campaign, when the "customers" began to assemble in the next room. At first there were only a small farmer or two, a marshman or two, and a travelling draper, who periodically supplied Shroudham and other neighbouring "towns." Others arrived afterwards. To enliven the party, Joe the ostler was invited in, not in his professional character of ostler, but to make his celebrated display of ventriloquism, for which he was usually rewarded by draughts of beer and sips of brandy and water; and, at rare and blessed intervals, by a sixpence or two. So we had conversations with the boy up the chimney, and the man going down the lane, witty enough, as they gave entire satisfaction to the public of Shroudham. All this I

could hear, without playing the eaves-dropper. Presently, Joe approached my parlour door, and in a delicate way improvised an imaginary dialogue with some one on my side of it, by which I was given to understand, that it would not be taken amiss if I joined the select circle on theirs, for half-an-hour. On this hint I rose, opened the unsocial barrier, and entered the assembly, where I was ushered to the seat of comfort, and therefore, in village inns, of honour. Mrs. Rudd and Nurse Andrews were also in the room giving the baby a final dandle, and haranguing her in mother's nonsense, before putting her to bed.

The party had scarcely had time to settle in their own minds what sort of a looking fellow, I, the stranger, was — and I, the gentleman with the wonderful “fancy” for birds, had not yet decided which of the marshmen I should make friends with and give a glass of grog to, in the hope of gleaning a little lore in return — when the outer door of the apartment opened, and a tall, strong-built man entered, with the air of feeling himself quite at home. His dress at once announced that he was a miller by trade. He might be fifty years of age, but his countenance still retained a hale and ruddy complexion, and was of that open and frank-looking character, that you would at once say to yourself, “this man, at least, must be honest.” The whole expression of his face was that of habitual

cheerfulness, though just at the present moment his mind seemed to be occupied by some unusual cause of thoughtfulness.

The new-comer nodded familiarly to the customers, one by one, in a friendly way, but without a smile, — a gravity of salutation which seemed to astonish them greatly.

“Raven is very solid to-night,” said my intended confidant to his neighbouring smoker. “I wonder what can be the matter. That’s John Raven, Rudd’s father-in-law,” he added to me. “We never have such pleasant evenings as when he is here.”

Raven stepped, with a peculiar gait, across the room to the spot where I was sitting by the side of our host. He drew a chair behind us, gave me a sort of half-bow, half-nod, and sat down. I then perceived the cause of his halting motion. He had lost a leg, which was replaced by a wooden one; and since the accident he had evidently grown heavier and stouter, without losing his activity.

Rudd looked at him, as if to ask the cause of his seriousness. He leaned forward, and said in a low voice — not as if he were uttering any secret, but rather to prevent his words from being heard in the further part of the room where the women were — “There’s something happened at Bammant’s marsh-mill late this afternoon. Has Jane heard of it yet?”

“No, nor I either, nor I think

has any one else. We hear the news here, you know, as soon as anywhere. What can have happened at Bammant's mill?" asked Rudd, anxiously, and looking exceedingly thoughtful in turn.

"A very shocking accident. It seems as if ill luck and mills were to go together, as far as that rascal is concerned."

"Good God!" said Rudd, still more excited. "He has not been playing his old tricks again? He hasn't been driven to murder?"

"No, no, not this time," said Raven. "It is an accident, and nothing worse, though that's bad enough. He doesn't know of it yet himself; I met him going out of the town, as I was coming up from the mill, where I heard of it. When he caught sight of me, he began whistling, by way of bravado; but he little guesses what they'll have to show him, as soon as he enters his own door again."

Rudd listened with painful curiosity: his father-in-law proceeded:

"You know Bammant's girl Mary. Well, poor thing, she's killed; killed by the mill-sail. She was in too much of a hurry to pass, and it dashed her brains out."

I was then too young to have had much to grieve or shock me, — and I was oppressively grieved and shocked at hearing this dreadful piece of news.

"What!" said I, "that pretty little child we saw this very afternoon, coming out of the marsh-

mill where you would not let me take shelter?"

My host slowly nodded his head in the affirmative. I felt the room spin round; the heat and the tobacco-smoke, before unheeded, were now suffocating and unbearable. I was rising to leave, when Raven perceiving it, said,

"Excuse me, Sir, but you will perhaps do us a service by remaining quietly a few minutes longer. You know, Robert, Jane must hear of this, sooner or later; and after what happened before, I thought it best to come up at once, and let you tell her the news yourself. As she is at present, it might be of consequence to be told of it too suddenly."

A slight gesture and a look of intelligence expressed Rudd's thankfulness, as well as his perfect acquiescence. He rose at once, and walked to the nook where his wife and Nurse Andrews were having their very last game with the baby. He took the child in his arms, kissed it, and began a conversation inaudible to us, but to which the women listened breathlessly. In a few minutes the tears were running fast down Jane's fair cheeks; she took the infant which her husband held to her, and kissed it as if she had never before been aware how very, very dear it was to her.

"She'll do now," Raven quietly observed to me.

"That's the first judgment upon him," said Nurse with impressive bitterness, "and there's more in store to follow it."

“Poor dear child!” said Jane, with a strange kind of interest which I could not then understand. “Her death will be a great blow to him; perhaps it may bring him to a proper state of mind. I am told she was the only child that he ever cared for, or that ever cared for him, or that seemed at all glad to see him when he went home to his meals.”

“She’s the only one that’s at all like him in the face,” remarked Nurse indignantly; “and if she had lived, he’d have made her just such another as her mother and the rest of them. He’d have sold her, and driven her to it, and then have been the first to publish her shame. I say she can’t go better. And as to the man, he must know that ’t is a judgment upon him, though he do swear that he don’t believe in either God or Devil; but that, perhaps, is only brag.”

“Did she suffer much?” asked Jane, addressing her father.

“It was done in an instant — momentarily!”

“Thank God for that!” she replied, wiping her eyes. “Nurse, we’ll now put baby to bed.”

“Good night, Sir,” said Raven, offering me his hand. “It has gone off better than I expected; perhaps all the more so that there were visitors in the room.”

He left, and the party broke up earlier than usual. Some of the guests went to learn further particulars in the village; others to relate the particulars they had just

learned: but all seemed to look upon the terrible end of the poor child, as something strange, and yet not to be wondered at — under the (to them) well-known circumstances — in short, as a judgment. During many subsequent visits to the waters and marshes of Shroudham, I never heard that fatal accident afterwards alluded to, directly or indirectly, in Rudd’s house; but I contrived to obtain, from other sources, some little bits of information which helped me to understand both the scene I had witnessed, and Raven’s allusion to “what had happened before.”

You are aware that Shroudham, although surrounded with water-courses and “broads,” or small lakes, has no water-power, in consequence of the peculiarity of its levels, but rather the reverse; it is obliged to make use of wind-power to raise the water that falls from the clouds to the level which will enable it to flow into the sea. Consequently there are no water-mills; steam was not then employed on any and every occasion, as it now is; the population wanted their corn ground into flour; and the result was, that Shroudham possessed the very handsome, tall, brick-tower windmill which I have mentioned — of I don’t know how many stories, eight or nine. It commanded, and was seen from, a very considerable tract of country, and had business connexions over even a wider area. It was, in short, a large and important concern.

At this mill, John Raven had for some years been, and still continued, foreman; Rudd was employed there in an inferior capacity; and an additional hand being subsequently required, Bammant was taken in, after some hesitation, which his previous character inspired. Rudd was a single man, but Raven had a daughter Jane; everybody about the mill saw that what they called an "acquaintance" was fast coming on between her and Rudd, and Raven showed no objection to its progress.

Bammant was married; and the disinclination to take him arose as much on that account, as from the distrust with which he himself was regarded. For his wife's relations were a set of people alike remarkable for their good looks (in a certain animal class of beauty) and their indifferent characters. With both men and women, any strict observance of the marriage vow, either by themselves or their partners, would have been looked upon as the height of greenness and superstitious prejudice. Whenever they did go to church, it was not for the sake of what other folks are supposed to go there for. To use the expression of the neighbourhood, "They did not care how the pot boiled, so long as it boiled fat." A successful piece of swindling horse-dealing, or cheating at cards by the males, a new wealthy acquaintance, and a finer dress than became her station, by the females, was, among their own

set, matter for boasting and vanity, rather than for shame. In higher life, they would have made the stuff to rival the infamies of the most disgraceful epochs of history, English or Continental. With more courage, they would have been the agents to commit great and frightful crimes. Luckily, they wanted that; or rather unluckily, for society in general; because their caution enabled them to continue their career without coming to a check or a catastrophe. The idea of the hangman always timely interposed between themselves and any temptation to clutch at the good things of life too violently. Utterly abolish the punishment of death, and they would instantly have been converted into a gang of Thuggish murderers. But they had cast aside all honour, shame, and honesty; to lie, and to stick to it, was the family maxim; and all that gave them considerable power.

When Bammant married, no one who really knew him considered that he had made a misalliance. The match was a very proper one, they said; like was yoked to like; better one bad house in a lane than two. Of his tastes and principles I, therefore, need say little more.

For some little time, after Bammant worked at the mill, everything went on as usual. He was handy, obliging, quick, intelligent; he never did anything likely to run counter to the notions or habits of his betters; he was

so full of tact, as to incur the contempt of one or two blunt, straight-forward workmen; he was not nice about over-hours, but, apparently, rather glad to give an additional hand's-turn late at night, or early in the morning.

But afterwards, sundry little unpleasantnesses arose; and no one could trace their origin. The former cordiality amongst the men themselves, the old confidence between them and their master, seemed to be at an end. The miller now and then put strange questions to them, in an unaccustomed tone of voice, which made them stare, and return short and sulky answers. The short and sulky answer confirmed the master's suspicion that there was something wrong about that particular man who had given it.

Petty thefts were constantly occurring, or rather were suspected to occur; which, if actually perpetrated, made up by their sum total for their apparently trifling amount in detail. The fruit and vegetables in the garden, the coals in the shed, the wood in the stack-yard, the eggs in the fowl-house, were all seemingly under the spell of some evil eye; they became less and less, wasting beneath an invisible agency.

Gates were, therefore, fastened, that had never been fastened before; doors were locked, that had not known the touch of a key for years. Everybody's eye inquired of everybody's countenance, "Is yours the face of a thief?" Every-

body's unspoken reply to everybody's unuttered question was, "I'm no more of a thief than you are; perhaps not so much." Bam-mant alone took things easily; the only difference that could be observed in him was, a more glassy twinkle of his greengrey eye, and, frequently, a suppressed smile as he turned away his head.

I may as well tell you that he was the thief; that he was the person who, by artful words, and looks, and signs, which he confidentially let escape him now and then, had contrived to get suspicion cast on everybody about the premises, except himself.

Early one morning, as he was stealing off, a few minutes later than was quite prudent, with a pailful of coals secreted overnight, having half-a-dozen eggs lying on the top of them, he fancied that Rudd, who was coming to work, had perceived both himself and the contrasted hues of the strange contents of the pail. Rudd, however, was quite innocent of either discovery. Late one evening, as he was leaving the garden with some booty, by climbing over the wall by the aid of a fruit-tree, he saw Rudd crossing the meadow homewards. He was obliged to drop to the ground on the outside of the wall, for he heard footsteps approaching within. On alighting, he listened breathlessly, fancying that Rudd had perceived him a second time, and was coming to charge him with the trespass he had witnessed. He was mistaken. Rudd had merely stopped a mo-

ment to look around him, and then proceeded straight on his way. However, to Bammant's conscious mind, Rudd had him in his power, and was, therefore, to be undermined and destroyed; he must try and strike the first blow. That Rudd's behaviour to him was the same as it had always been, was, in his eyes, merely a proof of Rudd's enviable powers of dissimulation.

A dissipated farmer of the neighbourhood, — an acquaintance, or patron, of one of Bammant's sisters-in-law — had said in his hearing that, after all, he thought that, present company always excepted, Jane Raven was the prettiest girl in the parish; that he would not mind paying a guinea for the first kiss she would give him, and five guineas for the second; that, perhaps, she only pretended to be more nice than other people, who were just as good-looking as herself; and other remarks in a similar strain, which were received with applause by the women present, and by Bammant with merely a knowing wink of the eye.

Within a fortnight, Jane by some means was persuaded that Rudd was the vilest and the most debauched of men, who had hitherto only escaped discovery, by being the most artful. Rudd, in turn, was fully persuaded that Jane, with all her pretended innocence, was a faithless, double-dealing girl, looking out for nothing but the main chance; her

character had not been attempted to be injured in his opinion, but he was convinced that she liked to have two, if not three, strings to her bow — and that did not suit him. The parish soon knew that the "acquaintance" had grown cold, though no one was able exactly to state the reason why. Neither can I explain precisely the means by which the breach was effected; I believe, however, that anonymous letters, personations, the mixing up of a particle of truth with a mountain of falsehood, and the assistance of confederates, were means of intrigue in which Bammant was a practised proficient.

He was now going on so smoothly, that he hoped for further successes. One morning, it was found that the counting-room belonging to the mill (where all the books, papers, and cash were kept) had been attempted to be broken into during the night. A bar had been removed; some of the things lying within reach were disturbed, but nothing taken away. Other parts of the premises also bore traces of burglarious attempts. The men were more uneasy than ever. Who could have done this? Such a thing had never been heard of in Shroudham. Bammant gave it as his opinion, as the miller was passing by, that the place was not safe, unless some confidential person slept in the counting-room; and the expression of his face seemed to signify to the miller, that he, Bammant, had no objection to be

selected as the trusty guardian of the treasures of the mill.

The miller, however, had his eyes open. He sent for an officer of experience. They inspected the premises together, marked well the spots at which the burglary had been attempted, and after an hour's private consultation, the officer left. Half-an-hour afterwards Bammant had been paid off, and was walking slowly homewards, with a variety of strange thoughts crowding into his brain. To his urgent inquiries why he had been so dismissed — was *he* suspected of attempting a robbery? — to his remonstrance, what a cruel thing it was to him, with a wife and family, what an injury to his character, to send him away so suddenly at such a time — the only answer the miller would give him, besides contemptuous and indignant looks, was a command to take himself off instantly, and to trouble the place with his presence as little as possible in future.

He remained some weeks out of work, idling about the country, relating his grievances to whoever would listen to him, and calumniating his late employer and his fellow-workmen in the ears of every one who did not turn away from his slanderous tongue. Subsequently, by some influence of his wife's family, he got the cottage and the charge of the mill where I saw him. But the sources of the income by which his weekly expenditure (extravagantly large for his station) was

defrayed, were a matter of mystery to some of his neighbours, and of dark surmises and hints to others.

Rudd could not settle comfortably to work, even after Bammant had left. There seemed no probability of any explanation and reconciliation between himself and Jane. They neither of them had a sufficient clue to the real nature of the "honest Iago," who had contrived their mutual estrangement to guide them to a mutual understanding. Of course there had come on a coldness between himself and Raven. It is hard to have the wreck of one's hopes constantly in sight; so one day he informed the miller that he thought of leaving and getting employment elsewhere, as soon as his master could suit himself with a man to take his place.

Rudd shortly left the mill, with expressions of regret and respect on the part of his master, and with offers of ready and willing occasional service on his own; sincere on both sides. He did not, however, continue his old trade of a miller, but, a good opportunity offering, he started a public conveyance for passengers and parcels between Shroudham and the county town, every market-day.

People have sometimes found, in the course of their lives, that the enemy, who has failed to crush and ruin them entirely, has, instead of that, just placed their foot on the first stave of the ladder by which they are to mount to

success and good fortune. So it was with Rudd. Though grieved at heart, he was not dispirited; he was active, enterprising, and punctual in his dealings; people trusted him more and more, in spite of slanders and attempted opposition by the Bammant gang. An inn fell vacant; he took it, with the aid of his mother, a widow, but still an active woman, who acted as his housekeeper. Custom came; the concern thrived; his connexion with the East-Anglian capital gave him an opportunity of dealing, profitably to himself and with advantage to all parties, in many of the peculiar products of that isolated district. Knowing heads believed that though there was but little show under the roof of the Blue Boar, wealth was fast accumulating there.

The friendly connexion with the miller continued. On the occasion of his visits there, Raven received him coldly, but sometimes half-sorrowfully, as if he longed for old times to come over again. After a violent storm one night, which upset many an old pollard willow, and covered the marsh wall, on the lee side of the broad, with foam from the waves that dashed against it, there came next morning a request from the miller to Rudd, that he would have the kindness to inspect (as he had been accustomed to do in former days) the damage that he feared the sails had sustained. Rudd sent word that he would be there at noon. One of Bammant's intimates was present when this

message was delivered and answered.

The day after the storm the wind was lulled, there was hardly a breath stirring, the weather was calm and fine. At mid-day, all work had come to a momentary cessation, and everything was almost as still as at midnight. The mill had been stopped in the usual position, namely that called "top-sail," with one pair of sails standing perpendicularly, the others stretching horizontally. The pair that were upright were those that required his attention.

He first employed himself about the lower sail, which he reached from the gallery that ran round the outside of the mill about half way up. It looked a bold and hazardous performance, but was not really more, if so much so, than the feats of climbing which sailors daily practise among the rigging of a ship. Having done what was required there, he climbed up that sail, to inspect what was wrong in the upper and fellow one. As he was mounting, he felt a light breeze play upon his cheek, and slightly move his hair. "The wind is rising," thought he to himself; "if I can put this to rights as easily as the other, they may go to work again in the afternoon."

Although intent upon his task, he still was conscious that the noontide calm was soon to be followed by a steady breeze from the sea, which he could perceive looking more and more darkly blue in the distance. As he was

giving his last touch to the apparatus, he heard some light and rather stealthy-sounding footsteps approach from behind the mill and enter the building, and then a noise, as if half-a-dozen stout sticks had been thrown together upon the floor.

"Halloo!" shouted Robert. "Who's that? There's nobody in the mill, if you want anything there. But I've just done: wait a minute, and I'll be down to you directly."

The sail was all right, and he was commencing his descent, when he felt a slight tremor run through the whole frame-work of the machinery, and communicate itself to the sail to which he was clinging. "The wind is rising," said he; "and I'm glad of it, for the work is behind-hand." In one instant another thought flashed before him. "Am I giddy? or — good God! the mill is off and I shall be dashed to pieces!"

The mill *was* off; the sail up which he had climbed was descending slowly; it would rise again with increased velocity, to descend once more ever faster and faster. He felt all this, and foresaw the necessary consequence: his fate on earth was sealed, unless he could make the stranger within the mill know what danger he was in, and stop the machinery — if, indeed, he happened to know how!

"Help, man! Help! — Stop the mill! — Hoy! man; I'm on the sail — hoy!" he shouted, with a voice of resolute and unfaltering

energy. "Hoy! — For God's sake stop the mill!"

But no answer was returned by word or deed; the motion of the sail increased, not rapidly, but so steadily, that Robert could hope only for a few minutes' respite.

"Hoy! man — stop the mill!" he again shouted, with an effort which he felt must be final.

This time he was heard; but not by the party that he expected. A well-known head and shoulders peered above the garden-hedge of the mill-house; it was John Raven, who instantly saw the perilous situation of his former friend.

"Hold on, Bob," he almost screamed, "hand over hand, and I'll stop the mill. Hand over hand," he repeated, halting for one instant, to describe by signs, if the words should not reach Rudd's ear, the action of a sailor in climbing sideways, by taking a handhold constantly to the left, or to the right, of the former one, according as the direction of his intended passage may require. Robert both heard, and saw, and understood; and his ready comprehension saved his life. As he was standing when the mill set off, he was upright, in the usual position, like a man upon a ladder; but, when the sail brought him with his head downwards, his standing-place would be so no longer; clinging with his feet, instead of standing on them, could alone prevent his falling from the sail, even if he were not thrown off by the increasing centrifugal

force. But, by performing the "hand over hand" evolution, in a direction the reverse of that in which the sails were turning, he managed still to keep his head uppermost and his feet downwards, and to retain his place longer than he otherwise could.

"Hold on, Bob, hand over hand," still gasped Raven, as he hastened with a rapidity that seemed almost supernatural in a wooden-legged man, to stop the machinery. Other people—women as well as men—belonging to the mill, were now aware of Rudd's fearful flight in mid-air. Jane was amongst them. They all saw that Raven had run to the rescue; and they stood still, staring with that fixedness which is so often the first emotion at any shocking catastrophe, — and sometimes the only one, till any further effort is too late.

Raven was inside the mill; his hand was almost upon "the gripe," when he was thrown to the ground with a heavy fall. A large bundle of rakes, such as haymakers use, lay exactly across the path from the mill-door to the gripe.

He felt a crash, and he heard a short snap, as of something breaking, but he suffered no pain, except a bruise or two. He looked — his wooden leg was broken by the fall. "Thank God," said he, "the other one is whole; I shall save him yet!" And then, whether by hopping or crawling, or by walking on *all-threes* for want of *all-fours*, he never could afterwards tell, he reached the

gripe, and seized it with the grasp of victory.

In spite of his terrors, his excited hopes, and his stunning accident, he yet had presence of mind enough not to check the motion of the machinery too suddenly, lest the friendly aid should prove, by its jerk, as fatal as the uncontrolled whirling by the winds. He also afterwards related, that in the midst of that intense stretch of his mental faculties, when he felt to his inmost nerve, that the least moment then was of more consequence than a month at other times, he could not help indulging in a passing laugh, for the minutest fraction of a second, at the sight of his broken wooden leg, and his self-congratulation that it was not the other limb. Thought may be quick; emotion is sometimes even more rapid in its transitions.

The dash had been successful. The mill-people were officiously offering all sorts of unnecessary assistance to aid Rudd in getting safely down from "that bad eminence." Raven breathed, deeply, regularly, like a man in a tranquil sleep; for he felt sure that Robert's life was saved. He stood upright, leaning against some wood-work, and looked around him, not that he expected to see anything unusual, but rather to assure himself that he was not actually in a dream. Some way off he saw, first the cold glimmer from a pair of eyes, and then the slight figure of a man, not absolutely hiding himself, but retired

to the spot of deepest shade, and shrinking into nothing — if such a process were possible for material bodies.

“Who the devil are you?” said Raven; “come here and show yourself.”

“Your servant, Sir,” said Bammant (for it was he), touching his hat, and advancing with a plausible and half-confident air. “I met with a bargain of rakes last market-day; and as they come gain, I thought you might like to have them for next haysill.”

“You need not have laid them just in the way,” growled Raven, with forced calmness, “to hinder any one from stopping the mill.” But as the other approached within reach, “You villanous scamp!” he exclaimed, losing all self-control, and seizing him by the collar with a grasp from which there was no escape. “I’ve thought for some time you deserved hanging, and now I know it.”

“What can you prove?” said Bammant, turning deadly pale, but with perfect self-possession; “I didn’t set the mill a-going. Where’s your witness?”

Rudd entered at that moment, and Jane with him. One of his arms was round her waist, and their hands were clasped. Raven, seeing them, shifted his hold on Bammant to his left hand, without setting him at liberty, and offered his right to Robert, who shook it long and heartily, without uttering one word.

“Let him go,” he said at last; “it is not worth soiling your

fingers by touching such a wretch. Hell will be sure to have its own, without our taking the trouble to punish him.”

“Let him go, indeed!” muttered Bammant, with malicious spite; “it’s all very well to say let him go. But are people to be assaulted in this way for nothing, and have their characters taken away, I should like to know? I’ll take good care you shall pay for this, Master Raven.”

“Be off!” thundered Raven, in reply, “without another syllable, unless you have a mind to be put into the broad. I know the men’s fingers are itching to do it, and if you’re here a minute hence, they shall!”

The hint was taken; the baffled murderer stole away looking like a fiend; and you can guess all the rest of my story, as well as if I were to spin it out for another hour.

THE BUSH WITH THE BLEEDING BREAST.

[In Cornwall, as in the East, the names “Uncle” and “Aunt” are not only titles of kindred, but words of endearment and respect. So it was with an impulse of love and honour, that the ancient Cornish were wont to call the Virgin Mother, “Aunt Mary.”]

Now, of all the trees by the King’s highway,

Which do you love the best?

O! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,

The bush with the bleeding breast!

The holly, with her droops of blood for me,

For that is our dear Aunt Mary’s Tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's
name,

'T is a plant that loves the poor;
Summer and Winter it shines the same,
Beside the cottage door.

O! the holly, with her drops of blood for
me,

For that is our kind Aunt Mary's Tree.

'T is a bush that the birds are loth to
leave,

They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,
Is to hear the robin's song.

'T is the merriest sound upon earth and
sea,

For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's
Tree.

So, of all the growth by the King's high-
way

I love that plant the best;

'T is a bower for the birds upon Christ-
mas Day,

That bush with the bleeding breast;
O! the holly with her drops of blood for
me,

For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's Tree.

SOUTH AMERICAN CHRIST- MAS.

FOR many years I have been accustomed to eat my Christmas dinner in a white jacket and a loose shirt collar, the doors and windows thrown wide open, admitting with the warm and sluggish breeze the scent of summer flowers and newly made hay. A much prized lump of ice cooling my tepid lemonade, has long been to me the only sign of frost — the sole memento of old-country Christmas weather. In Tasmania, a dessert of juicy English cherries, ripe jolly-looking gooseberries, ruddy bunches of newly-gathered currants, and delicious strawberries, formed a repast far more

in keeping with the weather, than the dinner of roast beef and hot plum-pudding which, in obedience to the good old custom, we vainly strove to swallow. But still, in Australia, as in every English colony whatever be its latitude, Christmas retains its old associations, and loved usages; and the Yule log, and midnight waits, the rich spice cake and mellow cheese, recall to the long absent settler many a happy Christmas of his boyhood. In the bunch of mistletoe that hangs above his head (for Australia has her mistletoe), the newly landed emigrant sees the bright eyes and sunny smiles of that fair cousin who was his partner all last Christmas eve; and in whose company he was continually losing himself among the dancers, and as often turning up beneath the glistening bough that hung in the ball-room kitchen of the old house at home.

But, although thus inured to hot Decembers and no longer wondering to meet old Christmas dressed in flowers instead of holly, and adding to his English winter cheer the fruits of summer; yet, in some southern countries, I have seen him so disguised as scarcely to admit of recognition: and in none, perhaps, does he wear a stranger garb, than in the half Indian and half Spanish cities of the South American republics. Of these cities not one presents so singular and so interesting an aspect as Lima, the capital of Peru. Its Moorish architecture, its magnificent religious festivals;

its many-coloured population; its picturesque costumes; and its strange mixture of the customs of old Spain with those of the ancient empire of the Incas; combine to form a picture that offers to the traveller many rare attractions.

On Christmas Eve — *noche buena*, the good night, as the Spaniards call it — the whole city is alive with preparations for the approaching festivity. Drove of asses crowd the streets, laden with fruit, liquors, and merchandise; ugly calezas, ornamented with gaudy paper instead of paint, rattle over the rough pavement; and Indians with ice pails on their heads, elbow through the crowd, crying in musical tones *helado! helado!*

Suddenly the great bell of the cathedral, with three slow and heavy strokes, calls to *oraciones* or evening prayers. The effect is magical. The life of the city is instantly suspended. Every foot is arrested; every tongue is silent, and the whole population kneel or bow in whispered prayer. With the last stroke of the bell the silence is broken; each individual turning to his neighbour wishes him "good night," and the busy stream flows on all the more rapidly for the transient interruption. This scene is enacted in the streets of Lima every evening in the year; but on Christmas Eve it is more especially the signal for the cessation of toil, and the commencement of the merry festival.

The Alemadas or public walks outside the walls are, on Christ-

mas Eve, crowded with pleasure seekers; and the great square is filled by a motley throng, whose faces present every shade of human colour, from the aristocratic white and slender figure of the pure Spanish creole through fifty crosses and gradations, to the jetty black and robust frame of the equally pure negro; each deepening of the tint marking a new and more degraded race, distinguished by a different name, and scornfully looked down on by the lighter-hued mulatto or mestizo, in whose veins a drop of pure white blood has mingled with the darker stream. Numerous ice stalls surrounded with chairs and benches, are scattered over the square, and drive a busy trade; for, to the Limeña ice is a necessary of life, and never is it more welcome than during the sultry Christmas tide. As the night darkens the crowd increases, and presently is heard above the hum of voices the wild chanting of the Peruvian waits: bands of negroes dressed in flowing robes of red; with thin, black faces, sometimes disguised by ugly and still blacker masks, and carrying in their hands small painted gourds or calabashes filled with pebbles. To the monotonous music of the guitar and clattering castanets, they sing strange guttural songs, and dance wild and uncouth measures, rattling the pebbles in their gourds to mark the time: and, seen by the flickering lamplight, they bear to us a greater likeness to a mosque of devils than to English waits.

After the negroes, come groups of Indian women, loosely dressed — their long black hair, unbound, falling round them — carrying long slender wands fluttering with ribbons. In the low soft tones peculiar to their race they sing sweet melodies, and move in circles performing the most graceful dances, waving their light wands in time to the music of a flute and harp.

As we wander through the streets we find the doors all open, and hear music in every house, catching sometimes a glimpse of the dark faces of the dancers as they move through the graceful evolutions of the zambacucca — the favourite dance of the coloured races. Lima is, perhaps, the most hospitable city in the world; although many of its old customs are falling into disuse. Even yet, as you traverse its streets after nightfall, you may see shining in many a gateway, the “welcome-lamp,” once universal; which tells to the passing friend or stranger that the family is “at home” and ready to receive him. At Christmas every house is open. Strangers enter without fear. To be a foreigner is to have a double claim and to be greeted with a double welcome. The ceremony and restraint which we associate with Spanish manners have no existence here, and no introduction is necessary. With the prettiest girl in the room for a partner (if she be disengaged, and the stranger can muster sufficient courage and Spanish to ask her)

he may join the waltzers, who are spinning round the saloon; or, he will find in the adjoining apartment, cigars, ices, liquors, sherbet, and pastry, to which he is expected to help himself without ceremony. A sudden intimacy springs up between him and sundry gorgeous little officers in small moustaches and large silver-hilted swords, or with beautiful women, who introduce themselves by some startling Christian name — the surname being seldom used in conversation. A child born on any festival or Saint’s day receiving the name of such Saint or festival, and it is amusing to hear names, which translated into English, would be Donna Nativity, or Donna Ascension; or not unfrequently Donna Holy Ghost (*Espiritu Santo*) or Jesuita. The visitor is at once invested with a title; and by the lips of a fair companion, the plain John, which his godfather gave him, is transformed into the more sonorous Don Juan.

Among the loungers in the saloon may be noticed several ladies wearing a dress peculiar to Peru; and which, on the perfect figures of the Limenas, has a very graceful appearance. From the waist descends the “saya,” a skirt of stiff-padded silk, gathered at the top in small plaits, and falling to the ankles in voluminous folds, which stand out like a hooped petticoat, displaying the small and pretty foot, — for which the Lima ladies are so deservedly celebrated, — enclosed in a white

satin slipper worked with gold and silver thread. From the head droops the manta, a thick veil of dark silk, enveloping the upper part of the person, and drawn round the face so as to leave one bright eye only uncovered. One little hand confines the folds of the manta, whilst the other holds a nosegay, or a highly-scented handkerchief. In this dress the lady becomes the "tapada" — the concealed — and, thus disguised, she indulges in the most satirical comments on her neighbours, without fear of discovery; for the sacred manta may not be profaned by the rude hand of even a husband or a brother. Stiff French fashions are now rapidly superseding this graceful costume; although the tapadas attend the religious processions in great numbers, and the piquant coquettish manta may frequently be met with in the city.

In many private houses a sort of theatrical representation of the Nativity is displayed on Christmas Eve; resembling, in some respects, the old English mysteries. It is often got up with considerable skill and at a great expense; the child being sometimes cradled in a silver manger.

Later, the bell of the cathedral tolls again, and every church in the city, with answering chime, summons to the midnight mass, — the most gorgeous of Rome's splendid pageants. The crowded plaza empties itself into the noble church; whose vast area, unbroken by pews or benches, is

covered with kneeling figures. Around the walls are numerous shrines, on which stand large waxen images of saints, coloured like life, clothed in rich robes, and hung around with costly offerings. Before them burn immense wax candles six or eight feet high. Above the altar many valuable paintings are displayed, the gifts of former kings of Spain. On either side stands a massive silver candlestick with many branches, weighing upwards of a hundred pounds; whilst round the shrine are ranged seven silver columns, twelve feet high; each column bearing as its capital a gilded crown. The shrine itself is pure gold, beautifully wrought, and glittering with a profusion of precious stones; and on the golden altar service, the lustrous diamond sparkles beside the pale-green emerald.

At the first notes of the organ pealing through the church, a procession — consisting of richly-dressed priests who appear from the vestries, and a long file of priests and monks, led by the stately archbishop — winds slowly round the church; the black and scarlet robes are seen for a moment as they pass the lighted shrines, and then are lost in the obscurity of the darker aisles; whilst, flung from a hundred silver censers, heavy clouds of incense fill the air with sickening perfume. It is then that they raise the gorgeous chalice to celebrate, in splendour and magnificence, the lowly birth of Him who knew

not where to lay his head, — who taught that gentle doctrine — “Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”

The Limeñas are early risers; and, by six o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day the market-place is crowded with customers, among whom appear many ladies attended by their slaves; for whilst the importation of negroes into Peru is prohibited, and the laws declare that the moment a slave brought from another country touches the soil of the republic, he is free; yet those already in bondage remain unliberated, and even their children up to a certain age, continue slaves; although their slavery is now almost nominal, for many privileges have been granted to them by the government, and before long this stain upon the country — once a very deep one — will be totally erased.

On one side of the market-place stands a gloomy building which gives its name to the square — the Plazuela de la Inquisición. But the Inquisition has long been banished from the land, and its deserted palace now looks sullenly over the busy market, once the scene of many a terrible martyrdom; for here were performed the fearful “acts of faith.” Now, the only faggots to be seen are those brought from the mountains to serve as fuel for cooking our Christmas dinner.

Upon the ground of the square are heaped great piles of fruit, — plump, juicy melons, yellow plantains, luscious grapes, and fra-

grant limes. Baskets of crimson chilis and red-hot love-apples shine conspicuously among the green heaps of vegetables. Scattered round are monster yams and feathery corn-cobs, oranges, ripe dates and cocoa-nuts. The butchers' stalls display their stores of beef and mutton; and rows of fowls and turkeys promise plenty of good Christmas cheer. In the great square the flower-market displays a richly scented bouquet, such as Lima only can produce. Upon a large green leaf rests a foundation of small, beautifully-coloured fruits; above them glows a posy of bright flowers tastefully arranged, giving forth a most delicious fragrance, and brightened by a sprinkling of some delicate perfume. The whole is crowned by a single fruit, on which the sun has lavished all those soft, yet brilliant hues unknown beyond the tropics. One of these much esteemed *pucheros de flores* is the most acceptable present to be offered to the Lima ladies; who are all passionately fond of perfumes. Pastiles are constantly burning in their houses, and showers of scented water frequently salute their visitors, who receive such marks of attention as high compliments.

By eight o'clock the markets are almost deserted, and at nine the bell gives notice of the elevation of the host during the celebration of high mass. The scene at evening prayers is reacted, and again the whole city is wrapped in momentary silence: not a whisper nor

a footfall sounds in the crowded streets. Every festival in Lima is marked by a religious procession, and the frequent repetition of these shows, does not appear to lessen in the slightest degree the intense gratification which they afford to the inhabitants. The festival of St. Rose, the patron saint of the city, and the twenty-eighth of October, the anniversary of the great earthquake of 1746, are especially noted for the magnificent ceremonies with which they are celebrated, and Christmas Day is always inaugurated by one of these splendid spectacles. In the church of San Domingo, which almost equals the cathedral in grandeur, is a beautiful marble statue of St. Rose, richly decorated with gold and precious stones.

By this time the bells of each of the fifty churches in the city are clanging most discordantly, and the people are flocking in thousands towards the cathedral. Outside in the square, is marshalled the army of the republic, consisting of some two thousand men, who always form a prominent feature in the processions. At length there issues forth a long train of monks chanting psalms, each bearing in his hand a taper, and dressed in the habit of his order. At intervals appear the statues of the Saints, decked in all their rich ornaments, resting on a small platform, covered with thick velvet hangings, and borne by eight or ten strong negroes. On each side marches a line of sol-

diers fully employed in keeping off the eager populace, who throng around the statues, shouting with delight. The roofs and balconies are covered with spectators, strewing flowers upon the passing cortège; and the disguised tapadas flit about the procession—throwing on the monks the most bewitching glances, tempting them to look aside, and lose their grave demeanour for a moment, and then instantly assailing them with showers of laughing, taunts, and biting jests, to which the good fathers must fain submit in quiet, or try to drown them with their psalmody.

In the middle of the train comes the figure of the Madonna, bearing the holy child; and behind it, the archbishop walks beneath a silken canopy, heavy with golden fringe. In a rich casket he carries the holy sacrament, and, as he passes, the noisy multitude is hushed in its sacred presence, and every head uncovers, and every knee is bent, in silent adoration. The president of the republic, with his ministers and generals, in their gorgeous uniforms, relieve the dark dresses of the monks; the military bands play in the procession, and a regiment of mounted lancers, with long streaming pennons, finishes the array.

So far our Christmas day has been well spent, but now there comes a blot upon it; though to the Limeña that blot is its greatest beauty and its chief attraction. It is a bull-fight, to which barbarous

amusement the latter part of the day is always devoted. During the season these exhibitions are of almost weekly occurrence, and Monday being usually set apart for them, that day becomes a general holiday. The excitement that prevails on these occasions is astonishing. The bull-fight is the sole topic of conversation; for the Peruvians are more enthusiastically attached to this sport than even the old Spaniards, and Lima surpasses her ancient mistress, Madrid, in the number and splendour of these national diversions. The Christmas bull-fight is commonly the best of the season, and eight or ten bulls are frequently killed on that day, besides several horses, and not unfrequently one or two of the riders. A large amphitheatre has been erected in the suburbs, capable of holding three thousand persons, and this is always crowded with eager spectators. In the centre of the arena is a stockade in the form of a cross, intended for a place of refuge, the spaces between the posts being wide enough to admit a man. The Spanish bull-fights have been so often described, and the theme itself is so uninviting, that we will not linger over it further than to notice one or two peculiarities of the Peruvian "toros." The proceedings are usually opened by a company of well-trained soldiers, who perform various military evolutions in the ring, and form themselves into many complex figures; but the real business of the day is commenced by a party of amateurs who display their activity and admirable horsemanship, in feigned attacks upon the bull, with long light lances; their practised horses eluding his fierce onset by nimbly swerving from his course. As fresh bulls are brought in, new modes of fighting are adopted, and with each daring feat or narrow escape, shouts of applause ring from the wide galleries, and showers of flowers and coins are thrown into the arena. The ladies are ever foremost with their bravos, and seem to take a more delighted interest in the savage sport than even the male spectators. A file of Indians, kneeling on the further side of the ring, receive one bull on their slight lances, which often break beneath his weight, and fearful accidents ensue. By another mode, a single Indian, dressed in red, kneels behind a short strong lance fixed on a swivel. The head of the lance is a long keen blade of steel; and, as the bull rushes forward, the Indian directs the weapon with such precision, that the blade enters the skull, and passing out behind the horns, the bull falls dead. In such a fight it is rare that more than a single course is run; for to the man, the slightest tremor, or the smallest flaw in wood or steel, is almost certain death. Some bulls are tortured by blazing fireworks; and others are killed as in Spain, by matadores, armed with short swords, and carrying flags or cloaks. But we will not dwell upon such brutal

sports, for they do not harmonise with our English ideas of Christmas merriment, nor with that Christmas message which brought "on earth peace and good-will towards men."

Willingly we turn from this bad feature of our Lima festival to see again the merry groups collected round the ice-stalls; to wander through the streets, listening once more to the sweet songs of the Indian women, or to the solemn chanting of the choristers. Or, as we pass the wide court-yards, up which the welcome-lamp is gleaming, we enter again the hospital saloon; and, watching the graceful dancers, think of by-gone days, and far-off friends with whom we have passed so many Christmas Days, and wonder if they think of us amidst their merriment, and if they drink our health as we do theirs, coupling their names with many a hearty wish.

A PACK OF CARDS.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY sent a pack of cards to every cottager-family on his estate, every Christmas. Cards are in season, and we propose to take a hand.

Bunhill Row has not now, a stranger going that way would think, any very striking attractions to boast of. Yet there is something remarkable in the spectacle of four hundred men, women, boys and girls, subjecting the simple material Paper to almost

every imaginable process — cutting it, stamping it, pressing it, pasting it, printing it, colouring it, folding it, bordering it, gilding it, silvering it, embossing it, sizing it, varnishing it, enamelling it, japanning it, sprinkling it, brushing it, polishing it. In the large pile of buildings, which has the name of De la Rue over the entrance, these, and perchance many more processes are conducted; how many we attempt not even to guess. All we shall do is to endeavour to pick our way among the machinery and the piles of paper, and to single out such substances and such processes as contribute towards the production of that singular medley — a pack of cards.

Fifty-two pieces of card-board have brought much pleasure and much ruin in their train; yet not the card-board, surely, but the spirit which pervades those who use it. The favourite theory concerning the origin of playing-cards is that a certain king, once upon a time, was melancholy and sick, and that a courtier invented cards to wile away the tedious hours. But this theory has been rudely broken in upon; and the real truth seems to be that we know neither when, nor where, cards were first used as instruments of play or amusement. European nations may spare themselves all conflict on this matter; for whenever we can prove the existence of any art or custom in China and India, there is a provoking probability that such art or custom was known

in those countries before Europe had arrived at years of discretion. Let it have originated where it may, however, the use of playing cards has undergone many and curious variations in the number of cards and the devices exhibited by them. But it may be well to make our card-board first, and to study its decorations afterwards.

Whatever may be the case in respect to some of the thicker pasteboard or millboard, it is a rule to make the pasteboard (we will call it carton) for playing-cards of several layers of paper pasted together. It is useful to bear in mind that the sheets so pasted are large enough each for forty ordinary cards. The sheets in English cards are four in number, two to form the foundation or inside, one for the face, and one for the back. The heaps of paper, then, are the first objects which meet the eye in a systematic notice of the manufacture; and here the skill of the cunning artificer is at once called for. The paper must not be smooth, and yet it must not be pluffy; it must take the paste well if it be for the inside; and it must take paste well, and paint well, and polish well, if it be for the face or the back: in short it must render the right service at the right time — like everything which fills a creditable place in the world. These sheets of paper, then, for the inside or foundation of the card are laid down in a compact pile on a bench, and the paster proceeds to wield his formidable circular

brush. Let it not be here supposed that a man trifles away his life by sticking sheets of paper together; easy as it may seem to dip the big brush into the tub of paste, and to beslaver the paper with the unctuous compound, yet is it an art which can be learned well only by long and steady practice. And oh! the paste: let us never again think paste to be a trifling commodity, when we find that between three and four hundred gallons are required per day for the various pastings which occur in Messrs. De la Rue's establishment. When the sheets are pasted, two and two together, they are solidified or consolidated by a careful series of processes, in which cool drying, warm drying, and heavy pressure by hydraulic presses, are brought in aid one of another; and thus is produced a thin but very firm and tough carton, fitted to bear the table-service which a pack of cards is destined to render.

And now we leave the inside carton to attend to the face and back. Each of these is formed of one piece or sheet of paper, differing in quality from that which has been used for the inside, but equal in size. The sheet is moderately white, and certainly not more than moderately smooth. The surface to be pasted is left to the tender mercies of the paste; but the other surface is subjected to an ordeal which we do not venture to pry into too closely, as it is a sort of manufacturers' secret: it is a process which prepares the

surface for the due reception of colour. If the pack is to consist of white cards (commonly so called), the surface of the carton must still be prepared with a kind of flinty coating, in order that the black and red for the pips, and the varied colours for the court cards may come out clear and sharp; but, if the cards are to have "coloured backs," the ground-tint is laid on by a regular colouring process, and the coloured surface is further prepared for the reception of a pattern or device. The colouring material here employed is such as is technically called "distemper" — an awkward English version of an Italian word which signifies a diluted or thin colour; it is mixed with size made of parchment cuttings, and is laid on with a brush. This is one of the very many employments at the establishment of Messrs. De la Rue which females are quite well able to fill — a good thing, when we bear in mind the heart-aching difficulties which women have too often to encounter in their search for a living. It is not so pretty an operation as many of the dainty processes to which paper is subjected; but this must be submitted to. The sheets of paper are laid flat on a bench; they are coated with colour by means of a large soft brush, and they are hung singly over sticks to dry.

Beautiful are the devices now impressed on the backs of the best playing cards, by a process which is, we believe, mainly, if not altogether, due to Messrs. De la

Rue. We have now spread out before us a graceful array, consisting of about forty of these coloured elegances, each differing from the others. Here is a delicate light green back, with a drooping flower of the fuschia kind; here is a light pink, with a sprig from a cherry tree; and here, and here, and here, are yellow, blue, lilac, fawn, salmon, orange, flesh, straw, and numerous other colours, all light in tint, to set off the devices to greater advantage. And these devices are such as to show how exquisitely natural objects may be pictured, if we will only give our taste fairplay. The blue-bell, the forget-me-not, the daisy, the carnation, the ear of wheat or of barley, all form pretty devices for the backs of cards, as the manufacturers have amply well shown. Unless for the highest class of cards, the whole device is in some one colour; but Messrs. De la Rue have lately produced cards in which the device at the back is fully coloured in various tints. One set especially, a right royal set of four packs, tells us how imagery has been brought in aid of playing cards. One of these packs has, on every card, the initials V.R. in fanciful letters in the centre of the back; another has P. A., another P. W., and the fourth has P. R. To whom these initials relate it is not difficult to guess; and the exquisite flowers and leaves which are made to intertwine among and around the letters are intended, by a little of the poetry of card-making, to

symbolise qualities in the august personages. The rose and the hawthorn surrounding one monogram; the holly, the ivy, and the oak, surrounding another; the fuschia and the daisy, a third; the primrose, the violet, and the lily, a fourth. We will leave those who are learned in the language of flowers to interpret all these symbols, and to apply them to the proper objects; suffice it here to say that Mr. Owen Jones has been employed in the production of these very graceful designs, and that each card back forms a dainty little picture, worthy of being regarded as such, irrespective of the main purpose of the card. Some of the cards, belonging to other sets, are printed in gold on coloured grounds; some have a kind of Arabesque or Moresque pattern, very rich, but very indescribable; some have squat, thick, stiff, hard, unmeaning patterns, to suit the taste of those (and their name is legion) who, in another class of productions, would prefer a willow-pattern plate, simply because they are accustomed to it. One of the most pleasing of all the varieties of coloured backs is that which consists of a minute interlaced pattern, something like the engine-turned surface of a watch-case: indeed, many players prefer these to the more pictorial patterns, as being less attractive or distracting.

How these backs are printed we shall better know when we come to speak of the faces of the court-

cards. It may be at once stated, however, that the printing plates are large enough for forty cards, and that the printing is done upon the sheets of prepared paper, not upon single cards or even upon cardboard.

The faces of the cards constitute a subject on which whole volumes have been written: not, of course, in relation to their technical manufacture, but to the devices represented on them. How many of such volumes there may be, we cannot venture to say; but it is, at any rate, true that Mr. Chatto has devoted more than three hundred octavo pages, and Mr. Singer nearly four hundred quarto pages to the history of playing cards. Let us, before watching the card-printers at work, say a few words concerning the size, the shape, the number, the pips, and the *têtes*, of playing cards; for the strange figures of fun on our cards cannot be understood without a little reference to past ages. The pips are, technically, the common or un-honoured cards; while *têtes* are the court-cards or honours. And we may say, *en passant*, that Mr. Chatto calls them coat cards instead of court cards; a term for which we may presume he has good reasons.

In respect to the number of cards in each pack, we should be puzzled in our whist-play if it were more or less than fifty-two; but it is quite evident that games have been played in past ages, which not only permitted but required a larger number of cards

in each pack. Of three Hindoo packs in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, one contains ninety-six cards, and the others a hundred and twenty cards each. There are packs of cards still in use in France, called *tarots*, supposed to have been derived from the Italians, in which there are seventy-eight cards to the pack.

Few players would have any conception of the variations which the "pips" have undergone. Our hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, have not come down to us without many masqueradings. The old German cards used to have Herzen, Grünen, Eichen, and Schellen (hearts, leaves, acorns, and bells). The old Italian cards had coppe, spade, bastoni, and danari (cups, swords, bâtons or clubs, and money); and such cards are yet to be met with. The French names, cœur, carreau, trèfle, and pique, refer to the same four suits as those we now use; cœur and carreau will do very well for our hearts and diamonds; pique has rather puzzled the commentators; but trèfle (trefoil) is certainly a better name than clubs for the pips so designated. In the Hindoo pack of ninety-six cards there are eight suits of twelve cards each; and the pips of these suits are represented by a pineapple, a coloured spot, a spot differently coloured, a sword, a head, a parasol, a square, and an oval. In the Hindoo pack of a hundred and twenty cards there are ten suits of twelve cards each; and these rise to the transcenden-

tal sublimities of Hindoo mythology; for the pips symbolise as many *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu, in the forms of a fish, a tortoise, a boat, a lion, an axe, a goat, a horse, an umbrella, and two heads. Where, as in such instances as these, the suits are more than four in number, some particular colour as well as device is usually appropriated to each. Thus in the Hindoo pack of ninety-six cards, the eight suits have a ground colour of fawn, black, brown, white, green, blue, red, and yellow; while the pack of ten suits has ten different colours. It was not always that packs of four suits had, as at present in most European countries, only two colours for the pips, black and red; and there are some among us who think that a slight change might advantageously be made in this respect. Sir Frankland Lewis has suggested that near-sighted persons might distinguish hearts from diamonds or clubs from spades more readily, if different colours were adopted; and Messrs. De la Rue, acting upon this suggestion, have produced cards with red hearts, black spades, green clubs, and blue diamonds.

The court-cards, or coat-cards, or picture-cards have had a yet more intricate history than the pips. It is all very well to have a King and a Queen; but why a Knave should gain entrance into such goodly company does not seem very clear. The old German cards had neither Queen nor Knave; instead of these they had

an *Ober* and an *Unter*, a superior officer and a subaltern. Some of the cards in Southern Europe were similarly without Queen or Knave. In the early French cards each King had a special name, besides that of the suit which belonged to him; thus, in the pack still existing, the four Kings are called Charlemagne, Cæsar, Alexander, and David; the four Queens are Judith, Rachel, Argine, and Pallas; while the four Knaves or Valets are La Hire, Hector, Lancelot, and Hogier. The French tarots have four court personages, King, Queen, Chevalier, and Valet. In cards, as in chess, the King is always present; but the Queen and the Knave in the one kind of play-materials, and the Queen, the Bishop, the Knight, and the Rook in the other, have undergone many curious changes.

We see, then, that the size, the shape, the number, the colour, the pips, and the devices of playing cards, have all undergone many modifications; and with this knowledge in hand we will return to the workshop and watch the labours of the card-printers. There seems reason to believe that stencilled cards were in use before those produced at the press; and, until within the last few years, stencilling was the general method in use. A stencil is simply a sheet of strong paper, which has been made thick and tough by repeated coatings of oil-paint on both sides and long-continued dryings. It is cut into holes having the exact size and form of the pips or de-

vices to be produced. The colouring matter, mixed with paste, is ready at hand; the stencil is laid flat on a sheet of prepared paper; and the colour, being brushed over with a large circular brush, enters the holes through the stencil, and imparts the design to the paper placed underneath. This may be done on the whole thickness of the carton as easily as on the sheet of paper which is to form only the face; whereas the printing of the pips cannot be efficiently managed except on a piece of limp paper. This stencil process is in principle just the same as that by which the commoner kinds of paper-hanging are produced; but it requires infinitely more care and skill to ensure the sharpness and clearness of the device. Most of the London makers still employ this method of producing — not only the pips — but the chief part of the design in the court-cards. For the latter purpose a pear-tree wood-cut is engraved with the outline of the device; an impression is taken from this and is filled up in colours by stencil. The impression from the wood-cut was, until within the last few years, taken by rubbing (as engravers sometimes take their proofs); but the press is now generally employed for this purpose.

One of the turning points in the manufacture, that which gave a new aspect to the whole affair, was an improvement patented about twenty years ago; viz, the employment of oil-colours instead of

water-colours or size colours or paste colours. No one can tell but those who have to master the difficulties, what it is which is here attempted; we have heard of the months of labour, and the sums of money, and the stores of patience, called for in realising this project, and we can believe it all. To make the pip equal-tinted, to make its outlines clear and sharp, to make the paint adhere well to the paper, to enable it to bear the after-polishing, to dissipate every fear of stickiness between one card and another — all this was to be attained. The plates for printing are engraved on copper or on brass, or they are made by electrotpe casting from model plates, or they are built up of little slips of copper arranged in definite forms, or they are formed of copper wire woven into a beautifully minute pattern; all these, and perhaps more methods, are adopted for producing a plate, according as the pips, the *têtes*, or the backs are to be printed, and according to the nature of the device adopted. The printing itself differs little from ordinary colour-printing. According to the plate employed, there may be printed a sheet of coloured backs, a sheet of hearts, a sheet of clubs, and so on. If it be a sheet of court-cards, there are required as many plates and as many separate printings as there are colours — generally six, one for the outline, and one each for the red, blue, yellow, black, and flesh colours. The plate is daubed with the co-

lours, and the sheet is printed therefrom.

If card-players will not be enlightened, why should card-makers fret themselves thereat? Messrs. De la Rue are said to have spent much capital, and much time and ingenuity, in producing more graceful figures than those now seen on our court-cards; they have employed talented artists, and have produced many novelties; but people will not give up the old deformities, and therefore deformities are still made to please the people. Let us look at this King of Hearts, for instance. His blue hair curls gracefully round his salmon-coloured face; his yellow crown with a red border is, in shape, a compromise between a carpenter's paper cap, and a charity boy's muffin-cap; his left arm holds a sword in a position well nigh impossible (but no matter for that), while his right, in a sort of bishop's sleeve, is laid upon his royal breast; his ermined robe, with something of the grace of a sou'-wester coat, partially reveals his indescribable tunic within; his shoe must have been borrowed from Sir Roger de Coverley; his left leg is gone we know not whither; but his right leg — like the coachman immortalised by Thomas Hood — is

“Too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind”

Sometimes, in order that keen whist-players may not detect each other's court-cards, the figures are made double-headed; our

double King of Hearts is, by this manœuvre, deprived of legs altogether; he has another head where his heels should be; and his waist is an amalgamation of two kings in one. The attempt to induce card-players to accept kings, and queens, and knaves of more rational form, failed signally. Other countries have made similar attempts. Thus, during the revolutionary period of 1793—4, there were packs of cards made with Molière, Lafontaine, Voltaire, and Rousseau for the four kings; and Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, for the four queens. Another pack had the "Genii" of War, Arts, Peace, and Commerce, for the kings; the "Liberties" of the Press, Religion, Marriage, and Professions, for the queens; and the "Equalities" of Duties, Ranks, Rights, and Races, for the knaves and valets. Houbigant, in 1818, produced cards with the Court costumes of France at four widely distinct periods. Cotta, the bookseller of Tübingen, has had cards made with twelve characters from Schiller's Joan of Arc; of which the four kings were represented by Charles the Seventh, Philip of Burgundy, René of Anjou, and Talbot; and the four queens by Joan of Arc, Louise of Arc, Isabella of Bavaria, and Agnes Sorel. There were cards produced at Frankfort in 1815, with Wellington as the knave of diamonds, and Blücher as the knave of clubs: a compliment which might appear questionable, did we not bear in mind that the knave is not so designated on the continent. The Americans have lately produced cards having Washington, Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette for the four kings; Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva, for the four queens; and four Indian Chiefs for the four knaves—as curious a family party as one may meet in a long summer's day.

The inside of the carton being formed by two pasted thicknesses of cartridge paper, and the face and the back being printed with the required devices, the paste-brush is again put into requisition. The four thicknesses or layers are finally united; and then ensue such hot-air dryings and such hydraulic pressings as bring the carton into a very dense and compact state. Then we come to the polishing—a process which has taxed the ingenuity of manufacturers as much, perhaps, as any other. All the little hillocks in the paper are to be rubbed down; both surfaces are to be made beautifully smooth, and yet one is to be more highly glossed than the other; for two equally polished surfaces have a tendency to adhere in a manner that would interfere with the shuffling and dealing of cards. The sheets of carton are passed over a brush-wheel, and are pressed between heated plates, and are rolled between heated rollers; they are also pressed in contact with a roller made of ten thousand discs of paper compressed with enor-

mous force, and turned in a lathe to produce a surface of a very remarkable kind.

But we had almost forgotten the Ace of Spades: a forgetfulness which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not pardon. Every pack of cards made in England for home use pays one shilling to Her Majesty; for which the ace of spades is the printed receipt. The manufacturer pays for the production and engraving of a steel plate containing twenty aces of spades; he also sends paper to Somerset House; and the authorities at the Stamp Office print him off thousands and tens of thousands of aces. These are sent to him in certain quantities, and under certain bonds and seals and restrictions. He proceeds to use them, by pasting the sheets of aces on carton, and making cards of them. The Excise Officer calls on him at intervals; and, for all the sheets of aces which he is not in a condition to produce, he has to pay one shilling each ace as duty; and a Government stamp is pasted round every pack to show that the duty has been paid. Another steel plate is engraved with the ace of spades for export cards, but no duty is paid on these. As there are men who will try to drive a coach and six through almost any Act of Parliament, so are there odd schemes whereby second-hand cards may be sold over again, without paying another shilling to the Government; the cut-corner cards are an illustration of this.

In cutting the sheets of prepared carton into cards, whether twenty or forty to a sheet, a machine is used similar to that with which bookbinders cut their mill-board. There is a long blade, hinged at one end, and worked by a handle at the other; the carton is laid on a flat surface, with certain raised edges for guidance, and a cut is made with remarkable cleanness and quickness. The carton is first cut into strips or traverses, and then the strips into separate cuts; and so great is the dexterity acquired by practice that one of the card-hands at this establishment can cut up something like twenty thousand cards in a day.

Whether men have such quick eyes and such nimble fingers as women, is a question which we will not venture to determine; but it would seem impossible to excel the speed with which the very pretty processes of sorting and examining are conducted. We forget the technical terms employed; but the reader must picture to himself a woman sitting at a table, with heaps of finished cards before her. She has just taken a large number, with delicate pink backs; she spreads them out with a rapidity which the eye can scarcely follow, and she detects instantly the slightest difference in tint — a hundredth part of a shade, for aught we know. She thus makes up packs in which all the fifty-two cards have exactly the same tint. She then examines every part of both surfaces of

every card; if there be no speck or blemish, the card is laid aside as a Mogul — a peerless prince; if there be a slight blemish on one surface, the card is a Harry; if a little spot on both surfaces, it is a Highlander; if there be more than two or three little spots, it is rejected altogether, and becomes a waste card. Why it is that all doubly spotted cards should be Highlanders, is a question of nationality utterly beyond our power to solve; all we know is, that the wrappers for the packs have a Mogul, a Harry the Eighth, and a Highlander, printed on them, for the reception of the first, the second, and the third class of cards, respectively; and that there is a difference in value of about sixpence per pack between each class and that next to it. The oddity of the matter is, that however the card-makers differ in other particulars, they all adopt these designations, and all are so disrespectful to the Highlander as to make him the humblest member of the triad. But our workwoman has not yet finished her labours. The examination of tints leads to one classification; the examination of maculæ, or little specks, leads to another; and there is the sorting of suits and of numbers, so as to ensure that each pack shall contain its proper fifty-two cards; and the tying up into neat packets. How the fingers and the eye can do so much is a matter for wonderment to a looker-on; but true it is that our dexterous workwoman can

thus scrutinise, and classify, and arrange two hundred packs — ten thousand cards — in a day.

The packs are made up, and papered, and tied, but they must not be sold until the exciseman has done his part. He comes at intervals, and superintends the pasting on of the stamp, or semi-wrapper, which permits the pack to go forth whither it will. The rejected cards — the cards which have more than the one or the two allowable (because almost invisible) specks — are not thrown away; there are men who will buy almost everything, and among them are men who buy these waste cards, not to metamorphose them into other things, but to make up passable packs out of heterogeneous odds and ends. What they do, and how they do it, are inscrutable mysteries, not known, we believe, even to the manufacturers who sell waste cards; whether they boil them, or stew them, or scrape them, or paint them, or otherwise doctor them — no matter, the cards come forth as bran new cards.

It will be quite evident, from the details given in this publication, that a large amount of ingenuity is displayed in manufacturing the half million packs of cards which the Messrs. De la Rue, and the five or six other manufacturers who furnish our supply, produce annually.

RATIONAL SCHOOLS.

It is but a stone's throw from the High Court of Chancery — High, as we say also of venison or pheasant, when it gets into very bad odour — to the London Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings. After a ramble among lawyers in their wigs and gowns, and a good choke in the thick atmosphere of Chancery itself, we stepped in at once, one day not long ago, among a multitude of children in pinafores and jackets. There they were, one or two hundred strong, taking their time from a teacher, clapping their hands and singing, "Winter is coming," and a great many more songs. They suggested much better ideas of harmony than the argument of our learned brother, whom we had left speaking on the question, whether money bequeathed to be distributed in equal shares to John and Mary Wilson and James Brown — John and Mary being man and wife — was to be divided into two parts or into three.

The children, when we went among them, were just passing from one class into another, and met in the great lecture room to sing together while they were about it. Some filed in, and some filed out; some were on the floor, some in the gallery; all seemed to be happy enough, except one urchin at the extreme corner of a gallery. He displayed an open copy-book before him to the public gaze, by way

of penance for transgressions in the writing lesson, but he looked by no means hopelessly dejected.

There are three hundred and fifty children in attendance on this school, which is conducted by five teachers. It is one of the Birkbeck Schools, several of which are now established in and about London for the children of parents who can pay sixpence a week for schooling. The children here, we were informed, are classed in the first instance according to their ages in three divisions, the first taking in those under eight years old; the second, those between eight and eleven; the third, children older than eleven. These form, in fact, three ages of youth. It is found most convenient to teach children classed upon this principle, and to keep the elder and the younger boys from mutual action on each other; because it would be impossible to provide for such a school so many teachers as could exercise very minute supervision. In each of these three divisions, the children are subdivided for the purpose of instruction into two classes — the quick and the slow — which receive lessons suited to their respective capacities. It is obvious that, without punishment, five teachers could not preserve discipline among three hundred and fifty boys; and therefore, though it is but seldom used, a cane is kept on the establishment.

The children having clapped and sung together, sang their way

out of the great room, in file, while others began streaming in. We were invited to an Object Lesson, and marched off, (not venturing to sing our way into a class room,) where we took our seat among the pupils, whose age varied between eight years and eleven. The teacher was before us. We were all attention. "Hands down." We did it. "Hands on knees." Beautifully simultaneous. Very good. The lesson began.

"I have something in my pocket," said our teacher, "which I am always glad to have there." We were old enough and worldly enough to know what he meant; but boys aspire to fill their pockets with so many things that, according to their minds, the something in the teacher's pocket might be string, apple, knife, brass button, top, hardbake, stick of firewood for boat, crumbs, squirt, gun-powder, marbles, slate pencil, pea-shooter, brad-awl, or perhaps small cannon. They attempted no rash guess therefore at that stage of the problem. "Boys, also," our teacher continued, "like to have it, though when it gets into a boy's pocket, I believe that it is often said to burn a hole there." Instantly twenty outstretched hands indicated an idea demanding utterance in twenty heads. "If you please, Sir, I know what it is." "What is it?" "A piece of coal."

You draw your reasoning, my boy, from a part only of the information given to you, founding your view of things on the last

words that sounded in your ears. We laughed at you, cheerfully; but when we see the same thing done in the world daily by your elders, we do not always find it laughing matter.

"This little thing in my pocket," the teacher continued, "has not much power by itself, but when many of the same kind come together, they can do great deeds. A number of them have assembled lately to build handsome monuments to a great man, whose name you all ought to know, who made the penny loaf bigger than it used to be — do you know what great man that was?" Hands were out, answers were ready, but they ran pretty exclusively in favour of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. "I am sure," says the teacher, "you must have heard who made all the loaves larger without altering their price, think again — who was it?" A confident voice hazarded the suggestion that it was "Guy Fawkes," and half-a-dozen voices cried "Guy Fawkes." There are always some to follow the absurdest lead if it be taken confidently, in the great as in the little world.

"Guy Fawkes! nonsense, do you mean him to be carried about in your heads all through November and December." More inquiry at length elicited, after a little uncertain hovering about Louis Napoleon, the decisive opinion that the man who made bread cheap was Sir Robert Peel. "If you please, Sir," said an argumentative little fellow, "he did

not make the penny loaf bigger." "Why not?" — "He did not make the loaf: he made the baker make it." The difficulty thus started having been properly gone into, and further statement of the riddle having been given, it was at length fairly guessed, that the teacher's object upon which he meant to talk with us that day was a Penny.

We ascertained that it was round, that it was hard, that it was brown, that it was heavy — by which we meant, as some of us explained, that it was heavier than the same quantity of water — that it was stamped on both sides, and so forth; also that it was made of copper. Pence being next regarded purely in the light of coppers, the name of the metal, "Copper," was written at the top of a black board, and a line was drawn, along which we were to place a regiment of qualities. We began easily by asserting copper to be hard; and showed our penetration by discovering that, since a penny would not do for framing as a spy-glass, it must be opaque. Spell opaque? O dear, yes! twenty hands were out; but we were not all so wise as we imagined. No matter; there are folks of bigger size elsewhere who undertake what they are not able to do. O-p-a-k-e ought to be right; but, like not a few things of which we could argue that they must be right, it happened to be wrong, and so what was the use of talking. We heard a little boy in the corner whispering the truth,

afraid as yet to utter it too boldly. It was not the only truth that has appeared first in a whisper. Yet, as truth is great and shall prevail, it was but fit that we all finally determined upon o-p-a-q-u-e; and so we did; and we all uttered those letters from all corners of the room with the more perfect confidence as they grew, by each repetition, more familiar to our minds.

A young student in a pinafore, eight years old and short for his age, square and solid, who had been sitting on the front row, nearly opposite the teacher, was upon his legs. He had advanced one or two steps on the floor holding out his hand; he had thought of another quality, and waited to catch Mr. Speaker's eye. But our eyes wandered among the outstretched hands, and other lips cried, "It is Malleable;" so Malleable was written on the board. It was not the word that still lurked in the mind of Master Square, who in a solid mood kept his position in advance, ready to put forth his suggestion at the earliest opportunity. What Malleable meant, was the question over which we were now called upon to hammer, but we soon beat the answer out among ourselves; and then we spelt the word, and Malleability into the bargain. Master Square uplifted his hand the moment we had finished; but there rose other hands again, and the young philosopher, biding his time in sturdy silence, listened through the dis-

cussion raised as to whether or not copper might be called odorous. This debate over, Square was again ready — but an eager little fellow cried that copper is tenacious, upon which there was a new quality submitted to our notice, which we must discuss, explain, and of which the name had to be spelt. But Master Square's idea had not yet been forestalled, and he, like copper, ranked tenacity among his qualities. At length he caught Mr. Chairman's eye, and said with a small voice, "Please, Sir, I know a quality." "And what is that?" the teacher asked. Little Square replied, as he resumed his seat, "It's INORGANIC."

Here was a bombshell of a word thrown among us by this little fellow, but we did not flinch. Inorganic of course meant "got no organs," and we all knew what an organ was, and what a function was, and what were the grand marks of distinction between living and dead matter, and between animal and vegetable life. So we went on, with a little information about mining, and display of copper ore: a talk about pyrites, and such matters. Three quarters of an hour had slipped away. The lesson ended, and there was another re-arrangement of the classes.

There were copy-books to look at in the central lecture-room, to which we then returned; in some of which "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," and other trifles from the poets seemed to have been

copied from dictation. Around large maps, were little classes, each with a young monitor in the middle, demonstrating geography, and questioning with tongue and finger. We joined one group, but the small teacher faltered, and was uneasy in the presence of so tall a pupil; we passed to another group, and found another monitor who clearly liked to be observed, and put on the important tone of an instructor — not at all roughly, for he had no rough example in his eye — but with an amusing mimicry of ways and tones used by his elders.

While we had been watching the fingers of this young gentleman, as they pointed out on a map some of the ways of the world, the classes had been formed again, and we were presently invited to attend another lesson. We had, this time, another teacher, and joined pupils more advanced in years; the youngest were old fellows of eleven.

"If you buy a loaf, what do you give for it?" "Money." "What is money?" — From this point we were carried through a series of questions on the social relations that exist in civilised communities. The boys readily defined and explained such terms as wealth, capital, wages, labour; showed by a train of reasoning their perfect comprehension of the principle that governs our common divisions of labour, and the relative rewards of toil. They went over old ground, but it was quite evident that they had not

got their answer stereotyped, for half-a-dozen answers came to every question; all of them showing that the right idea was in the speaker's mind, though the boys differed in their methods of expression. With the exception of one boy, evidently oppressed by the languor of ill-health, there was not an inattentive pupil in this class. All went heartily at the business in hand, and there was no mistaking the real interest they felt in the discussion through which they were led. A little fellow with light flaxen hair, one of the youngest in the class, was quite a luminary upon all points that were mooted. He made for himself a cushion of his knuckles, and he sat so on the backs of his hands, with his small legs reaching only half way to the ground, his quick eyes bent on the teacher, and his face gladdened with a smile of intelligent pleasure in the train of reasoning that he had evidently mastered. Where others hesitated, he answered boldly and correctly; where others knew their ground, he answered with them in his own way, but in an under voice, for the mere pleasure of working out the subject. He sat, and swung his legs, and smiled, and spake with the most complete independence. There was not a question that he did not answer, and there was not one of his answers that was not clearly and correctly given. It was a touch of the very pleasantest comedy, when this imperturbable young philosopher got the class over a difficult case, by suggesting the line of conduct which a capitalist would probably pursue in given circumstances. A young man with his business head — he is eleven years old — and his knowledge of the laws that regulate prices and other matters in the country, ought to be in Parliament. There are men there (and perhaps in the Cabinet), very much behind him in point of knowledge and acuteness on such topics. If he were put upon the table of the House so that honourable members could see him — for his legs are very short — we are quite sure that his speeches would be shorter than his legs; but we are quite sure also that there are in the said House, fifty or sixty gentlemen who might be wiser for accepting the instruction he would give them.

What must be the practical effect of teaching the facts that concern social welfare to such children, let a scrap or two out of their present lesson testify. "What are wages?" Answers vary in form: "The reward of labour," "Capital employed to purchase labour," and so forth. "When you become men, and work, and receive wages, will you all receive the same amount of money for your labour?" — "No, very different." — "Why different?" — "The price paid for labour will depend among other things upon the value of it, and that differs in different people." — "How?" — "Some are more skilful than others." — "Why so?" — "Be-

cause they have spent more time and pains, and perhaps money, to become able to do something; and they must be paid more for the more that they have spent." — "Then the rate of wages that a man can earn in any business will depend upon his skill?" — "Yes, and on other things; men must be industrious. If two men are equally skilful, and one is more industrious than another, the one that is more industrious will give more valuable labour, and the price obtained by labour depends on the value of it." — "The rate of wages depends then on the skill and industry of the labourer. On anything else?" — "Yes, he must be sober. He may be very skilful and work hard, but he may get drunk and be unable to turn his skill and industry to full account. If he does that, he lessens his own value." — "The best wages then go to the man who is skilful, industrious, and sober; are any other qualities concerned in the contract between employer and employed?" A young sanitary reformer shouted that "He must be clean;" but it was then argued that there are trades in which no workman can be clean, and the necessity of cleanliness was therefore struck out of the list. "He must be honest," said the little statesman. "If he is skilful, industrious, and sober, without being trustworthy, his value to the employer is destroyed." Honesty was, therefore, added to the list. "He may be skilful, industrious, sober, and honest,

yet, if he be nothing more," said the teacher, "there is a workman who may beat him yet." — "Yes," half-a-dozen cried, "he must be punctual. If he is not punctual he is of less value than a man who is skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual as well." Having laid down these principles, the boys proceeded to reason that the man with two good qualities was better off in prospects than the man with one; and so on, up to the man with all five recommendations, whose prospect of wages would then be great, in proportion to the intensity of each.

The relation between capital and population, competition and the rise and fall of wages, were discussed in the same familiar way. Throughout the lesson, it was evident that the boys were becoming grounded in the truths that regulate the life before them, and that they knew it. They were learning how they must work, and why they must work. They were taught at what points human sympathy should step in, and does very commonly step in, to smooth the business intercourse existing between man and man; how, when a man droops in sickness, or a labourer becomes infirm, stronger hands commonly are prompt to do a neighbour's work: forbearing to deprive him of the hire on which his bread depends. They learnt in what cases forbearance should be expected, but they learnt also that even in such cases it is sometimes absent; that they must be prepared to do their duty of for-

bearance towards others, as the best foundation for a claim upon forbearance when they need it for themselves. Fluctuations of wages that depend on natural causes they were taught to understand and to accept as necessary facts, when they might hereafter occur within their own experience. And thus in fact these boys were learning what work means, were trained to help themselves, and rescued from the unhappy crowd that yet for many years to come will act to its own hurt under the guidance of pot-house orators and pot-house prints. The little flaxen-headed statesman who dropped from his form when the lesson was over, and fell into the file for marching out, standing in his shoes one or two heads shorter than the boy before him, will, with Heaven's leave, grow up to be a workman skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual. We pictured him to ourselves as he will be hereafter, with a square bald head, sitting beside the neatest of wives, and arguing with his eldest son the question, how he shall dispose of certain capital into which a portion of his wages shall have been by that time converted. It is too much to hope that he will ever be Prime Minister.

It had struck one o'clock, and when we came again into the central lecture-room, we found the children there assembled for the enjoyment of thirty minutes' rest to their minds, and preparing to get through a little labour with their teeth. Pocket-dinners were

produced and eaten. How dear is the savour of a stew on Saturday; how like a gale of Eden is the breath of osmazome from the hot joint of Sunday, to the child who has been digesting the cold lumpiness of pocket-dinners for every one of the first five days of the week. We took leave of the young faces, and at the door of the London Mechanics' Institution we found puddles under foot, and a smoke-coloured rain descending.

No weather could damp our curiosity to hear a little more of this kind of instruction. Snatches of it that we had heard, such as the following, amused and interested us, and at the same time still piqued our curiosity.

Teacher to Pupil — How many appetites a day have you? Pupil answers that he has four appetites; that he likes breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. How many does that make in a year? the teacher next inquires. Three hundred and sixty-five times four, which being worked out on a slab, is found to make a total for each person of one thousand four hundred and sixty appetites a-year. The teacher then wishes to know how many harvests there are in the year, and is of course told that there is "only one." Only one harvest for us all, when each of us has fourteen hundred and sixty appetites. How can we all be fed? The child begins to think, and answers that the corn is not all eaten at once, that it is saved,

and so the lesson travels into the wide fields of social economy.

Not very long after our visit to the Birkbeck School in Southampton Buildings, we paid an afternoon visit to another school, established on a plan somewhat similar, in Holborn. An evening lesson was to be given by a gentleman who has for some time devoted all the leisure of an active life to education of the kind we have described. It was the gentleman by whom, indeed, the Birkbeck schools were founded, and by whose suggestions social science was included in the list of subjects taught. We joined, on this latter occasion, a mixed class of boys and girls, enjoying the mental discipline provided by an enthusiastic and accomplished teacher. The children had all written on their slates, the subject of the lesson that "not the money wages, but the amount of commodities that money wages could procure, ought to engage the attention of the person by whom wages are received." After defining, in reply to questions, general terms, and thoroughly making up their minds that a shilling when it would buy four loaves and other food in like proportion, was really higher wages to the workman than eighteenpence would be if eighteenpence would only buy three loaves, a part of the lesson ran somewhat in the following way: —

If the value of gold should be lowered by the importations from Australia — "Then," said a brisk

girl in a green netted polka jacket, "there could not be so much food bought with a sovereign. Real wages would be lowered." A stout and tall boy, with a heavy well-formed head, and with a wide interval between the top of his half boots and the bottom of his trousers, was of opinion that in such a case "the workmen would want more wages." "Could they be had by wanting?" "Well, they would be wanted. But the change must be gradual. The proportion between capital and wages never alters suddenly." "But when the workmen wanted wages, would it be enough to want? Who wants wages most?" "The man who can't get them," cried a small voice. "A drunken man, does he want wages as much as a good workman?" A shrewd little girl suggested that "he wanted more." "Then wanting wages does not constitute a right?" "Yes, but —" said the stout boy true to his point which was no stupid one — "if the value of gold falls, the workman has a right to higher money wages." "But if the proportion between capital and labour should not allow a rise; if there should be a hundred labourers and only a hundred pounds to pay among them, could more be paid than a pound to each; or would the average wages be higher if four pounds a piece were paid to five and twenty?" "No, Sir," replied green polka, "the average would be the same." "Then," suggested the stout boy, arguing in a

fair train, "the amount of labour should be lessened. Some of the workmen ought to emigrate, and make more room." "Room do you want, is that all? Let us see." A pale-faced little fellow looking with big eyes into the argument before him, who had already taken a large part in the lesson, with a nervous energy of interest, and nervous irritability of manner, when he found that he was tumbling upon false conclusions, here said, "You must apply skill and industry in labour to increase wealth in a country and produce more capital." "Well," said the teacher, "not long ago three-fifths of the people of this country could not sign their names. Suppose the remaining two-fifths had prudently resolved to better themselves and the country by emigration. Suppose they had gone away. There would have been more room, wouldn't there?" "Yes," said green polka, "but we should have been a great deal poorer." "Why so, with so much more room?" "Because those who remained at home would be the ignorant and idle." "They would get drunk," cried one voice — "until they had no money to get drunk with," added another. "Then," said the nervous boy, holding also to his point, "they would go and work for wages, but they would work badly —" "Then it is not altogether room that we want if we would prosper? There's room in the great desert, but you wouldn't like to go and live there, eh?" —

"No," said the nervous boy, "there must be knowledge, skill, and industry, and prudence to increase wealth." "There must be skill, and industry, and prudence; and how are all those qualities acquired? In a minute?" — "No, Sir." "How then?" — "By training, by education." "And when must education begin?" — "From the first." "You are being educated?" — "Yes." "And when everybody is educated into knowledge, industry, and prudence, and bred up to work wisely — what shall we all do!" — "Increase the wealth of the country, and so increase also the amount that is to be divided among workmen." "That," said the pale boy, with large eyes, "is civilisation." "Do you think we can be too civilised?" — "No," replied a chorus. "If there were a ship's crew at sea with a short allowance of rations, could they do anything to make every man's dinner larger." — "No, Sir." "But they would not like it, but they would want more." — "Yes, but they would have to make the best of it and be good tempered." "If a number of them would not be good tempered, but cried out for larger rations, what then?" — "Others would think them very ignorant."

"And what would the others do in such a case." — "Try to teach them better," said green polka, quickly. "If wages fell on shore because there was not so much capital as usual to divide among the labourers, and if the labourers

understood that, what would they do?" — "Put up with it," said green polka. — "And work well," added the pale face, "in order to make better times." "If there were twelve workmen, ten doing their best for themselves and their country, and two getting drunk, talking nonsense, and doing nothing, what ought the ten good men to do in such a case?" The stout youth appeared ready to suggest "Punch their heads," but green polka forestalled his speech with the idea that they would "help to teach them better." — "Then you think teaching necessary?" — "Yes, but it is better young." — "And from whom can the young learn most?" — "From their parents." — "Can any of you answer this hard question? If we were all educated, all civilised and working hard, pulling together to increase the wealth of us all — what effect would that have, or would it have any effect, do you think, in increasing or lessening the number of mouths we have to feed?" There was a serious pondering over this question, which was evidently new to all the children; but at last the youth with the half-boots propounded his opinion that there would not be quite so many of us: because "if men were intelligent and prudent they would not often marry till they knew beforehand how they were to feed and educate their children."

We need not illustrate these lessons in greater detail. It is of course impossible in a few para-

graphs to give anything like an exact transcript of the lights and shades of expression and opinion, or of the precise words elicited from many children in any part of a diffuse lesson carried on by constant dialogue. In its diffuseness, however, it is least dull. The quaint suggestions of fresh minds at every turn enliven the whole subject, the ponderings expressed on childish faces, the triumphs of discovery, the pleasant laughter at the odd conceits occasionally struck out, and the bold jokes hazarded at times by some young wild-goose of the party — all this mingled with a fair sense of the good work that is being done, makes any lesson of the kind, if it be conducted by an able teacher, a very agreeable entertainment.

The imaginative faculty in all these children, and also (last but not least) their religious principles, we assume to be cultivated elsewhere. Such cultivation, we are well convinced, is no less important to their own happiness and that of society than their knowledge of things and reasons; and it should be steadily borne in mind that no amount of political economy, and no working of figures, will or can ever do without them. Still, that in its influence upon the well-being of the children and upon the future of the country to which they belong, this is an important and useful labour, we are quite sure we need not insist. Very distinct illustrations of that fact will occur at once to all of us.

BUTTER.

BEFORE our great chemists had told us that an infusion of oil into the human frame was necessary to life, and why, there must have been something puzzling to thinkers, as well as amusing to travellers, in the inclination of all nations for some kind of butter, which must be had, it seems, through all obstacles of climate and productions. We should say, at the first glance, that nobody can get butter of any sort in the Polar regions, nor keep butter for five minutes at the Equator; and there are many regions of the earth besides, which are either burning or frozen, parched or wet, to a degree which excludes the English idea of a dairy altogether. What can the Greenlander do, for instance — living in a country where July is the only month without snow (and not always that); where turnips reach the size of pigeons' eggs, for a great wonder; and where, in the cold months, the rocks split with the sound of a cannon-shot, and the sea reeks as if it was boiling? What does the Greenlander do? Why, he finds oil, thickened by the frost, a delicious butter. He lives in a room where even spirit freezes; and he would freeze too, but for his beloved whale oil, which feeds in him the interior combustion that is always going on in all of us, and that keeps the temperature of the human frame nearly equable in all climates and positions. Then there is the Afri-

can under the line: what does he do for butter? If we gave him cattle, they would presently hang out their tongues, and conduct themselves very like mad dogs, till, stung into fury by hosts of insects, and panting for breath in an atmosphere like a furnace, they would rave, lie down bellowing, and die. We can hardly suppose that he can milk the lioness or the tigress, which are almost his only animal neighbours. He milks something rather less dreadful — his herd of trees! The next wood is his dairy, and the shea tree is his cow. When he was clearing a space for his hut, he left the shea tree standing. Its spreading shade is welcome for itself; but the fruit, (the African olive) is the most precious merchandise, and the most delicious food to be found in those interior provinces. The white kernel is boiled, beaten, and pressed; and the oil oozes out and flakes into a firm white butter, which Mungo Park liked better than our finest dairy butter. The making, and eating, and selling this substance fills up a great part of the life of the Bambarra peasant, who thus is in strong sympathy, if he did but know it, with our clever neighbour — Paddy on the Kerry Hills.

There is no drier country than the Arabian desert; and no shea tree grows there, nor any other fruit-bearing tree; nor are there oily fish, nor cattle. How then do the Bedouens get on for butter? Why, there is the goat; and the goat's milk is uncommonly

rich and creamy; and the Bedouens steal along all day — in the shade of rocks, where possible — following their goats, which spring from rock to rock, and clamber into all sorts of inaccessible places, to get at every aromatic shoot and every tender spray and green blade that grows in virtue of the night-dews. The owner is busy with goats'-hair all the while, not making wigs, which is the use we put that hair to, but twisting it into threads and cords or preparing it for weaving into tent-covers. When the shadows lengthen, telling him the hour, he collects the flock, and the kids come bounding to him, and the dams follow more slowly and munch sprouts from his hand while wife or daughter milks them. Some of the milk is drunk fresh; but more is kept. It becomes sour at once, of course; and then there is the oily part to be eaten with lentils, and the curd for a sort of cheese, and the whey for a very favourite drink. Very different are the measures taken in the wettest country — Holland — and none in the world are so successful. Holland supplies more butter to the rest of the world than any country whatever; while, certainly, the Dutch keep up their interior combustion, in the midst of external damp, admirably, by the quantity of butter they swallow. We make the best butter in the world — at least we are pleased to say so — we modest English. We eat all we make, and then look round for more — for

the best we can get; and out of every one hundred and thirty-four thousand cwts. that we import, one hundred and seven thousand cwts. are Dutch.

Certainly, if one condition of good butter is that the dairies should be moist and cool, the Dutch have the advantage of most nations. Their dairies, which a breach in the dykes would place at once at the bottom of the sea, are moist and cool as a sea cave. They have other advantages. Their water-meadows — level cavities between green dykes — are as soft as a Turkey carpet, with thick, juicy grass; and their milch cows show their fine feeding by being at once, unlike others, fat and good milkers. And then, they are not driven about to be milked, so that the cream at the top of their udders is not half-churned before it can be got at, as is the case in places where the cows are driven home to a farmyard; and milked immediately, and, moreover, in the midst of dung-heaps and puddles and bad smells. Far otherwise is it with the Dutch kine. As soon as they begin to wish for the relief of being milked, and raise their patient heads to see whether anybody is coming, they may be sure that somebody is on the way. There they come — the milk-maid and the boy. The boy is towing a little boat along the canal, and the maid, with her full blue petticoat and her pink jacket or bed-gown, walks beside him. Now they stop: she brings from the boat her copper milk-

pails, as bright as gold, and, with a cooing greeting to her dear cows, sets down her little stool on the grass, and begins to milk. The boy, having moored his boat, stands beside her with the special pail, which is to hold the last pint from each cow; the creamy pint which comes last because it has risen to the top in the udder. Not a drop is left to turn sour and fret the cow. The boy fetches and carries the pails, and moves as if he trod on eggs when conveying the full pails to the boat. When afloat, there is no shaking at all. Smoothly glides the cargo of pails up to the very entrance of the dairy, where the deep jars appropriate to this "meal" of milk are ready — cooled with cold water, if it is summer, and warmed with hot water if the weather requires it. When the time for churning comes the Dutch woman takes matters as quietly as hitherto. She softly tastes the milk in the jars till she finds therein the due degree of acidity; and then she leisurely pours the whole — cream and milk together — into a prodigiously stout and tall upright churn. She must exert herself, however, if she is to work that plunger. She work it! — not she! She would as soon think of working the mills on the dykes with her own plump hands. No — she has a servant under her to do it. She puts her dog into a wheel which is connected with the plunger; and, as the animal runs round, what a splashing, wolloping, and frizzing is heard from the closed churn! The quiet dairy-

maid knows by the changes of the sound how the formation of the butter proceeds: when she is quite sure that there are multitudes of flakes floating within, she stops the wheel, releases the dog, turns down the churn upon a large sieve, which is laid over a tub, and obtains a sieveful of butter, in the shape of yellow kernels, while the buttermilk runs off, for the benefit of the pigs, or of the household cookery.

In the precisely opposite country — Switzerland, which rises to the clouds, while Holland squats below the sea level — the dairy people go after the cows, like the Dutch, instead of bringing them home. They have much further to go, however. Most of us who have travelled in Switzerland have missed one characteristic beauty of the Alps by going too late. We are wont to say that the awful stillness and steadfastness of the Alps are broken by no motion but that of the torrents, leaping or lapsing from the steepes. In spring there is quite another kind of motion visible to those who have good sight — the passage of the wind, shown by the waving of the grass on the upland slopes. The mower may be invisible at such a height, unless he be attended by a wife or daughter in a red petticoat, making a speck of colour which may fix the eye: but the silvery stoop of the tall grass as the breeze passes over it is a beautiful thing to see, and a charming alternation with the leap of the waterfall. When these

patches of pasture are known, the cows are sent up for the summer to graze and live under the open sky: and the dairy people, who go up too and live in sheds and huts, follow the kine, morning and evening, and milk them wherever they may happen to be, whether in a grassy hollow, or on a fearful shelf of rock, or by some pool in a ravine. The cows would come if called; they always do when the Alp horn is blown to collect them; but the Alp horn is blown after they are milked, and not before, lest they should make more haste than good speed, and leap down rocky places, and prance homewards, shaking the milk in their udders. If there is the slightest conceivable curdling in the milk before the cream is separated, the butter is spoiled, though the fresh cream may taste very well. The way in which the butter is brought down to the valleys, when the party return for the winter, is curious. All the butter of the season is melted over the fire in large pans, which are shifted the moment before their contents would boil up. They are kept simmering till the watery particles have all gone off in steam, and the curdy particles, which are mixed more or less with all butter, have fallen to the bottom. The butter is then poured out, like clear virgin honey, into earthen jars, which are filled to the brim and thoroughly closed as soon as the butter is cold. This is one way of preserving butter, and salting it, as the Dutch and

Irish do, is another. The choice is between too little flavour and too much salt; and most people who want the butter for culinary purposes, prefer the more insipid to the over salted.

In India, the people can no more do without butter than elsewhere; indeed they want more than most other people, from the evaporation of the liquids of the human frame by the heat. They are a thin race. The sun of India makes war against fat. How, then, can there be butter? There is no butter to eat; but there is plenty to drink, and the people drink it by the coffee-cup full at a time. Are you grimacing, reader? Are you saying, like the child who was reading to mamma about a land flowing with milk and honey — “La! how nasty!” Just hear what this butter is, which the natives call ghee, and then judge whether you could drink it. If not, there is an alternative which may save your manners; if anybody should offer you a cup full of ghee, you can anoint your body with it, and pour it over your hair, to preserve you from a *coup-de-soleil*, or prevent your being shrivelled up like an autumn leaf thrown with the log on one’s Christmas fire. The ghee is not purified from curd; quite the contrary. After the milk has been boiled it is artificially curdled. It is the curd that is churned, and the churning is done simply by turning a split bamboo in both hands, as if it were a chocolate mill. The cry is not for coolness, but for more heat. Hot

water is added, and on goes the milling till the butter comes. The hope is next that the butter will become rancid; a hope which is justified in a day or two. Then it is boiled again to get rid of the water, and a little more sour curd is shut up with it, and also a little salt, in jars which go all over India, spreading a horrid smell wherever they are opened, but commanding a constant sale, and a good one, from all who can indulge in the luxury of reclining in shed or verandah, quaffing ghee.

And how is it with the other great continent—America? Why, in South America there are those vast plains, the Llanas and Pampas, stretching from the base of the Andes to the sea, and from the Orinoco to the Straits of Magellan, on which uncountable millions of cattle are for ever grazing. There can be no want of butter there, surely? So thought people in England till thirty years ago, when it became known, on inquiry, that there was no butter in Buenos Ayres. In the season of universal mad speculation which followed, it was resolved to supply the destitution of the Spanish Americans. Science had not then taught us that if any people had not butter like ours, they must have some other sort of their own. So a company was formed, and a ship-load of Scotch dairymaids was sent out to manage those fine cows that grazed in that noble pasture. But the poor women were sadly puzzled

when they wanted to go to-work, as were their employers. Those fine cows were wild. They were caught by violence, and tied neck and legs, in which process the milk must have become considerably curdled. The perplexed damsels churned very diligently, but the butter disgraced them sadly, and would not keep; and if it had been as good as at home, it would not have sold, for alas! the natives like oil better. They take olive oil almost as profusely as the Hindoos take ghee. As for our brethren in the United States and the West India Islands, they have the true Anglo-Saxon liking for butter. But it has not yet suited their convenience to graze much, or to set up dairies to any extent, even where the climate is favourable. They import largely from Europe, especially from Holland and from Ireland. The West Indies rank third among the customers of Ireland for butter—Portugal being the first, and Brazil the second.

Here, then, are we brought round to so near home as the Kerry Hills and the pastures of Cork and Limerick. Let us take a run over those hills, and see what is doing.

We suppose we shall find the cows tenderly cared for, judging by the solicitude shown for yonder pig. His owner's dwelling is a mud cabin, dark except where the decayed thatch lets in the light, and all going to melt into a slough, apparently, with the first rain: whereas, the pig's house is

a truly comfortable affair. It is built against the cabin — in the very middle — for show. Its stone walls are whitewashed; its roof is slated; its entrance is arched. Piggie himself is allowed great liberty. He may roam where he will, with the one condition that he will wear a man's hat — not on his head, but over his face — the crown being out to allow him to feed. Thus veiled below the eyes, he may wander where he will, unable as he is to root up the potatoes or poke his snout in where he has no business. If such is the care taken of the pig, what may we not look for in regard to the cows? On we go to see. Who is this that wants us to stop? Why does he leave his flock of sheep, and hang upon our car, and rain a shower of brogue upon us passing travellers? — for he is no beggar. He entreats us, and will not take a refusal, to buy, then and there, on our car and on the instant, thirty-four lambs, which he declares we shall have cheap. We have refused, in our time, to purchase and carry away, in the High Street of a town, a barrel of red herrings; also, a mattrass. It seems to us even more inconvenient to carry away thirty-four sheep on an Irish car, especially as we want no sheep, and live across the Channel; but the farmer does not agree with us. He presses his bargain on us till compelled by want of breath to drop behind. As we advance, we see a cow here and there stepping into a cabin, as if taking refuge from the evening air in good time while the sun is yet declining. The family receive her affectionately, milk her tenderly by the fireside, and let her retire into the corner to sleep when she likes. How good must the butter be, from a cow so treated! Further on, however, we perceive that all cows — most cows — are not pampered in this way. Early in the mornings, we see them getting up from their beds on the hill-sides, the dry space where they have lain being darker and greener than the dewy grass around. They have certainly been out all night. And why not? our driver wonders: the Kerry breed is hardy; and where would they go, if there were not the hills for them to roam over? In which question we join, when we see how many there are.

Here we come to spruce roads, well fenced and arched over with trees; and we meet cars full of gay gentry; and we see the gleam of waters through the woods. Those waters are the lower lake of Killarney; and we are going to cross the lake, and take our time before visiting the dairy-farm on the opposite side. Landing to see O'Sullivan's Cascade, we find a man, scantily clothed, and so thin and pale as to appear only half fed, and so eager in showing off the waterfall, as to make us fancy that the pence he expects are of the greatest importance to him. He presents us with ferns and mosses with a trembling hand; he flings his stick into the fall, and scrambles down to catch

it in a strange place; he gives a painful impression of going through an antic task for his day's bread; and he looks delighted at his fee. As soon as we have pushed off, and are out of his hearing, we find that he is the owner of a herd of cows on the mountain; that he drives a good trade in cattle; and has many a firkin of butter to sell to the agent from Cork, when he comes this way. Well! we have seen no one less like a butter manufacturer than the pale showman of O'Sullivan's Cascade. What next!

The next thing is very strange. Two sober, quiet, sensible men are rowing us, and are ready to talk. Finding that one of us has been in Africa, they ask if we saw any enchantment there, as enchantment is said to come from Africa. Luckily, we did; and our story is received with eager interest. The men told us, in the most straight-forward way, that they did not believe a word of the stories of the enchantment of the lake we are upon till they saw O'Donoghue himself, in a way which could not be mistaken. Seeing is believing, they said repeatedly; and there is no doubt that they believed what they told us. The well-known legend of Killarney is that O'Donoghue and his people, and the city in which they lived, were overwhelmed by the waters of an enchanted fountain, some hundreds of years ago; and that the chieftain appears, once in seven years at least, in the first week of May, traversing the lake as if it were solid glass. Our boatmen had been rowing some workmen over to an island, where they were repairing a cottage of Mrs. Herbert's, and were returning, at a quarter past six in the morning of the second of May — a fine, bright morning — when they saw O'Donoghue come out from the shore of the mainland. He passed close by them, looked at them well as he passed, with his very bright eyes, walked on to the opposite shore, and disappeared in the rock. He wore a scarlet coat, breeches, and a "three-cocked" (three-cornered) hat, with a white feather. The men were so awe-struck that they could not speak to him, though they had abundant opportunity. One would like to know what scarlet thing these men could have seen in broad daylight on a fine May morning — Ireland not being a land of flamingoes, or other red water-birds. But there are other marvellous things seen on the shores of Killarney, having more relation to Butter than this apparition of O'Donoghue. When a hare is found among the cows on May-day, it is a very melancholy enchantment; for, if she be not killed, there will be no butter all summer. The hare is a witch. You may prove that by letting your dogs bite her, and then looking about the neighbourhood, when you will find some old woman ill in bed with wounds in the same places. If you do not kill the hare she will milk your cows in the night, or at least carry

off all the cream that is in the milk. The same may be said of the hedgehog. There is another bit of trouble that must be taken to save the butter. The well must be watched till the sun is high on May morning, or some witch will come with a wooden dish in her hand, and skim the surface, mumbling, "Come, butter, come." If she is allowed to do this, you will lose your labour in churning all that season. If the farmer has not sheds in which to house all his cattle on May eve, he must see that they are carefully fastened into a paddock, and that the four corners of the paddock, and all the beasts, are sprinkled with holy water blessed on Easter Sunday, that nothing evil may be able to get at them. They will be the safer if you give them each a necklace of straw for the night, and also slightly singe each beast with lighted straw, or pass a live coal completely round their bodies. To clear the ground perfectly for a favourable season, there must be a churning, with closed doors, before sunrise on May morning, with an old ass's shoe nailed to the bottom of the plunger. A branch of mountain ash, gathered the night before, must be bound round the churn before the milk is poured in; and when the milk begins to break, it is well to put a live coal and a little salt under the churn. If the owner wishes to save his best cow from the thefts of witches, he must follow her in the first walk she takes from the paddock or shed, and gather up the soft earth marked by her four feet. If he does she is safe for the season. If he leaves it for the witch to do, the creature will be a dead loss to him, for this season at least. These things are troublesome to attend to, it is true; but if a man wishes to conduct business with a Cork butter-merchant, he had better clear the ground thoroughly for the operations of the summer. And here we are at the farm, to see how he does it.

The farm consists of forty acres. One acre is occupied by the house, dairy, yard, and garden; twenty acres are under tillage, and nineteen remain for grazing ground, including bog to the extent of about half an acre. There are ten cows, several pigs, and ducks, chickens, and geese in plenty. Of the twenty acres, a considerable portion is devoted to the growth of green crops — swedes, mangold wurzel, &c. — for the winter food of the cows. The rest is grain — wheat, barley, and oats — which all go to market, the family being fed on the cheaper diet of Indian meal. The bog is not the least useful part of the ground. It yields all the fuel wanted — not only in the shape of peat, but in abundance of fire-wood of the finest quality. Heaps of blackened, scraggy wood may be seen drying in the sun, and when dry, they burn like kennel coal. Moreover, of the logs of oak found in the bog, the dairy utensils are all made; and the people on the spot ascribe the best

qualities of their butter to the use of this bog oak — a persuasion which is regarded as a mistake by the butter-merchants of the ports. The keelers, or shallow tubs, various in size, in which the milk stands, are made of inch-thick bog oak; and so is the churn. It certainly appears to be completely secure from warping, and from the attacks of insects. Its seasoning has been rather long — some thousands of years, probably; so that the taste of the wood must have gone out of it some time ago. The question is whether that of the seasoning has not succeeded to it?

The dairy is a large shed, with a flagged floor. Along two sides stand the keelers, with their “meals” of milk in order. They stand strangely long before they are skimmed — till the milk is sour and thick: and then the cream stands from two days to a week before it is churned. The people insist that the sourness of the milk does not in the least affect the butter, and that it is great waste to use the milk before all the cream is got out of it; on which point, as on every other in the whole business, the people of Kerry are flatly contradicted by the people of Waterford; both being famous exporters of butter. The milk is not sour enough for the popular taste in winter. With the first hot weather comes the delicacy; and then the dairymaids clap their hands for joy, and exclaim “Now we shall have thick milk.” In the market-place is the

same jubilation; for the milk is sent there for sale, after enough has been reserved for the pigs; and the people relish it with their potatoes far more than sweet — in like manner as they prefer salt fish to fresh. Possibly it might be the same with us, if either article were the only animal food we ever tasted.

As soon as a keeler is emptied, it is scalded with hot water, well laid on with a broom of heather; and then with cold water, in the open air. The churning seems an easy affair enough — the butter coming in half-an-hour, and never keeping the people waiting more than an hour. Little does that dairymaid know her own bliss, unless she has known what it is to stand churning three, four, five hours, obtaining nothing but froth, fancying she feels the thickening of the milk, and finding, like Dr. Johnson, “nothing ensue,” till she hopes that nobody will speak to her because, hot, tired, worried as she is, she does not think she could speak without crying. Happy is the Kerry maiden, who, having no dogmenial, like her Dutch sister, plays the part of machine for no more than an hour at furthest. The butter never fails to be good, she says: a marvel full as great as the gliding of a scarlet coat and a “three-cocked hat” over the lake. It is washed three times. Others say that it takes five washings to leave the water perfectly clear. It is salted in the proportion of half a stone (seven pounds) of salt

to fifty pounds of butter. The Dutch exceed the Irish, and everybody else, in the care they take to have good salt. They use only that which is obtained by slow evaporation, and perfectly crystallised. Other people are not so particular. They use salt which may have some mixture of inferior qualities — bitter, or apt to melt; and they must not wonder if their butter is inferior to the Dutch. Our housewives say that the Irish butter is not nearly so good as it used to be. Whether the Kerry women of a former generation were more despotic about their requirements than now, we cannot say; but it struck us that the doors of certain dairies stood too wide open for the entrance of whatever chose to come in, and that the pig's home was somewhat too near at hand. Some were secluded enough, and as fresh as running water; and we should have liked to be able to compare the produce of the two. When "made," the butter is pressed down into a firkin (still of bog-oak) salted over the top, and covered close with a cloth. When more is ready to be put into the firkin the salted surface is scraped off, and the butter below so broken up as that the new portion may mix well with it. The ten cows yield a firkin of butter — that is, half a hundred weight — per week. We were told that the merchant pays five guineas per hundred-weight (the hundredweight being about one hundred and twelve pounds). We did not believe this at the moment, as the price of Irish butter does not admit of such a payment as nearly one shilling per pound to the maker; and we found afterwards that the payment is rarely higher than three guineas and a half per hundredweight. The closed firkins are conveyed by carts to some neighbouring port or railway, or, failing both, are carted all the way to Cork. Every traveller in Kerry and the neighbouring counties, is familiar with the sight of the barrel-laden carts which frequent all the roads; and in every market-place may be seen, during the summer, an expanse of firkins, filling up more or less of the area. The largest sales are effected in another manner than by bringing the produce to market or to port, to fetch the market price. The needy among the dairy farmers sell their butter beforehand, by contract, to the travelling agents of the butter-merchant, who visits them twice a year. They take the price he offers, and are too often glad of the money in advance, and thus subject themselves to bondage. Poor people like these are aground in the winter, when their cows are dry. Less needy farmers manage their stock so as to have milk all the year round, though not enough for the making of butter for sale. The season for that is only five or six months from Mayday. We inquired, at this Killarney farm, whether, in rearing calves, the milk of the best cows is spent upon their calves, or whether the more saving plan is ever resorted

abds ab
 dood dood
 spqz spqz
 abds abds a
 dood dood

to of "buying a nurse" — providing the calf with an inferior nurse, to save the mother's better milk. This is a pitch of economy which has not been reached in these parts; and we were amused at the way in which our question was received by one of those Killarney guides, who think it a disgrace not to have an answer ready for every possible question. He was kind enough to inform us that, in Kerry, there is always a person to milk the cows — the cows never milking each other. The cost of a calf, for the three years before she produces, is said to be twopence a day. The food of the whole stock in winter is partly hay, and partly boiled vegetables and bran. A great deal of the profit of the dairy farms of Kerry is derived from the pigs — the exportation of bacon being almost as valuable as that of butter, and the dairies yielding plenty of the best food that can enter a piggery. About one hundred thousand firkins — that is fifty thousand hundredweight — of butter go to the ports annually from Kerry; and in Cork alone there are now twenty-six butter-merchants. In Waterford and Wexford there are many; and these give a different recipe for making the article; different with regard to the length of time the milk and cream should stand, and to the methods of washing and salting. But it does not appear that one county excels another in the quality of its butter.

The firkins are emptied on their

arrival at the warehouse in the port. Turned upside down after the head is removed, and well slapped, the cask yields up its contents. The butter, as it stands, is then scraped with a wooden knife, its soiled corners and seams removed, and put away to make ointment for sheeps' backs, and its hollows filled up with fresh butter. It is then powdered with salt of the purest kind, the firkin is replaced over it, it is raised on its right end, and the other is scraped and salted, and when the hoops are put on and the firkin ready for closing, covered with a piece of muslin, which is made to fit accurately, and finally salted. When the head is knocked in, and the weight is proved, there remains nothing but the branding. This is done by stencilling. A metal plate is perforated with the trade marks, and with the name and address of the exporter. Then the number of the firkin is affixed. The metal plate is smeared over with an ink made of lamp-black, turpentine, and wax, and the brand stands clear and ineffaceable.

All this is interesting; but there is one thing more left to see. In the office, where the importer has taken us to ascertain some figures, and see the form of entry in the hieroglyphic-filled books in which his purchases are recorded, we were shown the largest bundles of bank-notes we ever saw. There were two, containing the corresponding halves of severed one pound notes, to the amount of five

hundred pounds. One of these bundles was to go by post, and the other by public car, to the agent, to pay the country makers, at the latter end of the season.

Where does all this butter go? Much of it to London; much to Liverpool; much to the Continent. The greater part will find its way to Portugal, unless there should be a quarrel about the Portuguese tariff, which would be a sad thing for the Kerry dairymen. They have sold, this season, thirty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-nine firkins more than in the season of last year; and it is curious that the Dutch have sold about as much less to us. The reason of the increased production in Ireland — which is felt in all the other ports, beside Cork — is no mystery. The farmer now cannot pay for labour as he used to do, by letting potato grounds to the labourers. Many of the labourers have emigrated, and the rest must have better wages, paid in cash; and they eat meal, instead of potatoes, now that grain is cheap. The farmer finds it safer and cheaper to produce butter than grain for the market. If this goes on long, one may hope that some cheese will be made, somewhere or other among the rich pastures of Ireland. At present, the innkeepers in the remotest districts complain that they have to get every ounce of cheese from London. It seems as if this must be mended soon; and we should not wonder if we have to report, after our next visit to Ireland,

as its latest bull, its offer to the stranger of a native Welsh rabbit.

CHIPS.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN NORWAY.

AT Christiania, and in other Norwegian towns, there is a delicate Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch, or a pair of earrings, in a truss of hay. The house door of the person complimented is pushed open, and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn, or bag of chaff. In some part of this "bottle of hay" envelope, there is a "needle" of a present to be hunted for. A friend of mine received from her betrothed, according to this Christmas custom, an exceedingly large brown paper parcel, which, on being, opened, revealed a second parcel with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper husk — which was at length discovered to be a delicate piece of minute jewellery — was arrived at.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas-day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning, every gable, gateway, or barn-door, is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to

have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The carolling of birds about these poles made a Norwegian Christmas in the fields quite holy to me.

On New Year's day, in Norway, friends and acquaintances exchange calls and good wishes. In the corner of each reception-room there stands a little table, furnished all through the day, with wine and cakes, and due refreshment for the visitors; who talk, and compliment, and flirt, and sip wine, and nibble cake from house to house with great perseverance.

Between Christmas and Twelfth-day nummers are in season. They are called "Julebukker," or Christmas Goblins. They invariably appear after dark, and in masks and fancy dresses. A host may, therefore, have to entertain in the course of the season, a Punch, Mephistopheles, Charlemagne, Number Nip, Gustavus, Oberon, and whole companies of other fanciful or historic characters; but, as their antics are performed in silence, they are not particularly cheerful company.

TIME AND THE HOUR.

THERE are few persons, I believe, belonging to what I may call the middle class of society who have not at some period of their lives been seized or possessed of a cylindrical metal box,

containing a spring of blueish hue, and a certain number of wheels cogged, or otherwise called a watch. At this present moment of writing, I have such a cylindrical box — such a watch. It is not by any means a handsome watch. It is not jewelled in any of its holes, neither has it a lever, or escape or horizontal movement, but simply an old-fashioned adjustment of the "verge" principle. Nor does its old-fashionedness give it value. It is old, but I suspect worthless, as an old hat, or an old pair of boots, or an old umbrella. It is not a little enamelled bijou of a thing to nestle in a lady's bracelet, or garnished with a fairy key, and some elfin châtelaine of "charms to lie in a white velvety hand." It has no second hand — no engraved dial, no view of the Bay of Naples, or true lover's knot in diamonds, or rubies on its outer lid. It does not strike chimes, or play opera tunes. It is a watch — a hideous, turnip-shaped affair, with a tallow face, begrimed with fat mis-shapen letters, and with a huge keyhole in its countenance like a bleary eye. Its hour hand is crooked and tarnished, its minute hand is shorn of three parts of its proper length. A friend of mine, to whom I once offered it for sale, called it, less reverently than emphatically, a "duffer;" and I doubt, were I to offer to raffle it, that I could secure a subscription of a dozen members at even sixpence a head — even on the signature of a preliminary treaty that the winner

was to spend half its value, and the "putter-up" the other half. It goes, sometimes, after a great deal of winding up, and ticks with a harsh, creaking, discordant noise. But it soon grows sluggish and morose — its hands moving, I am inclined to think, rather backwards than forwards, and requiring to be shaken violently, or banged sharply against a hard surface, or kept in a very hot room to prevent its stopping. Such is my watch with a battered old case, which I please myself sometimes to consider silver, but into whose real composition I am nervous of inquiring, lest it should turn out to be old iron or lacquered copper, or rusted pinchbeck, or some other marine store. Yet, seedy and feeble, and superannuated as it is — it sticks to me, this time-piece.

Watches of greater value and more precious materials, together with chains, pins, rings, and other articles of jewellery, I have found to inherit a marvellous property of departing from me; they take unto themselves wings and fly away, without giving me the slightest notice, leaving me only memorials — souvenirs in the shape of frayed button-holes, and punctured stocks, and rusty morocco cases — memorials as melancholily tantalising as a used-up cheque book, or a champagne bill that has been paid. This watch won't go — through fair and foul weather, through good and evil report, it adheres to me. "We clomb the hill thegither;" and

perhaps it will sleep with me at the foot thereof, when I go to the land where John Anderson my Jo, and many, many more Johns and Jo's have gone before me.

The "duffer" is useless for time-keeping purposes, that is certain: I can't sell it; I can't wear it in my waistcoat pocket, for fear of being asked the time and not being able to be up there-to; thus risking ridicule and shame. I won't give it away, or hitch it out of the window, or liquefy it in a frying pan, *à la* man-o'-war's-man. Suppose that I philosophise upon it — that I view it, "duffer" as it is, in its relations to time and the hour — to human energies and failures and successes — to the march of intellect and the life of man.

To speak of Time — the venerable figure not incommoded with drapery, with forelock, scythe, and hour glass (the sands for ever running), with wings, and foot for ever poised upon the march, "*Tempus fugit*." I will be bold at once and dissent from the wise old saw. Time does *not* fly. He has no wings, no poised foot, no power of locomotion. Time is, and was, and will be, the same — unchanged, unchangeable, immutable. Don't make of time an ogre, pitilessly devouring his children as the Virgil and Homer men would make you believe he does. Take him as he is; calm, tranquil, unmoved by the course of centuries, and ages, and years. Take him as a decent, sober citizen, sleeping calmly in his well-

worn nightcap, while the sun (the real mover, the real essence of mobility) is for ever getting up with many a yawn and shrug before he rises, or going to bed with many a sigh of lassitude and weariness. Take Time as a bridge slung high and dry, and steady as a rock over a boiling, bubbling, crashing, Niagara of a waterfall beneath. Perfectly inert and stationary is this old myth. He does not measure us. He wants us not. He never interferes with us. We want him; we measure him; we interfere with him. *Chronos* and *logos* be Greek words, I think, that go to make up chronology; and *logos* is the word century, or cycle, or solstice, or equinox, or year, or hour, or day, we tack to the skirts of Time, and think, forsooth, that because we call him different names at different periods, and that those names and periods may have ceased and determined, that we have spent Time, or wasted Time, or employed Time. *Tempus fugit!* Time does not fly; and I do not fly in the face of the sun-dial when I deny the truth of the motto so often engraved thereon. It is the golden sun-light whose daily life and death are recorded by the unerring finger on the brazen page, that we waste, or spend, or employ. The sun was the first watchmaker, and from his rubicund dial-face tell us the time of day, to the confusion of the Horse Guards and Mr. Bennett's skeleton contrivance at the Crystal Palace. King Alfred with his wax chandlery, later patient Ger-

man savants and skilled handicraftsmen; later still, your Dents and Breguets put his phases into cylindrical boxes and called them watches. Savants, and priests, and rulers had been at work, ages before, to call so many suns and moons centuries, years, and days. Clocks and watches gave us hours and minutes; and now we have the presumption to call this purely business-like agreement and convention between Strasburg artificers, Roman high priests, stage-managers of Olympian games, editors of Gregorian and other calendars, compilers of Magnall's Questions and tables of dates, quiet workmen in Clerkenwell, pretty damsels in the Palais Royal, and Messrs. Partridge, Murphy, and Raphael, the almanack-makers, Time; and we have the assurance to say that, because the hour runs, Time runs too; that, because the sand slides surely, gently, slowly, inevitably through the pin-like aperture between the crystal cones, that Time slides, passes, too. Our ancestors knew better: they did not call a clock a time-piece; they called him a *horologe*.

And, if I mention ancestors, I anticipate a storm of objections to my theory of time, suggested by the word I have made use of. Ancestors, my opponents will triumphantly cry! why, if Time had never flown or moved, where would be your ancestors, where your antiquity?

Now, what is antiquity? What is this you make such a fuss and

pothor about? What is antiquity to a man, or a man to antiquity? What has he to do with anything but *Life!* and while he racks his head about antiquity, how many of the years, and days, and hours that go to make up that life are irretrievably wasted. How many minutes he casts away right and left — like red-hot halfpence to boys. Yet a minute, my friend, is something. A minute! how many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white nightcap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of Saint Sepulchre's church pointing to one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep, deep sea of eternity. A minute — will not the thousandth part thereof, consumed in a nimble spring to the right or the wrong side decide the odds between your being landed safely on a well-swept platform heaped with Christmas hampers, and hung round with jovial banners, or placards respecting Christmas excursion trains, and your being crushed to death beneath the remorseless wheels of that same excursion train, as it glides heavily along the treacherous rails into the station? A minute! — in that subdivision of the day how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting, will throb through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over marsh, and meadow, and lea — through hills and tunnels —

across valleys and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steam-ship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather-beaten mariners, and restive chargers, down to the coral reefs and the pearls that lie in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! A minute decides the Derby, settles whether the firm of Ingots, Nugetts, Bullion, and Co. shall go into the Gazette and Basinghall Street, or its senior partner, Sir John Ingots, into the House of Peers. Guilty, or not guilty; the billet of all the bullets at a battle; head or tail; "how will you have it?" or "no effects;" — all these lie within the compass of a minute, of less than a minute, of the infinitesimal particle of a minute!

I have heard of some little ephemeral insects — animalculæ — billions of which they say could dance hornpipes on a needle's point — trillions of which could hold mass meetings on the prickle of a gooseberry — so small are they. Yet each of the infinitesimal entomological Lilliputians might possess a trifle of a hundred legs or so; and who shall say each does not feel pain and pleasure — heat and cold — as we bigger animals do. The duration of life with these ephemera sometimes reaches, but seldom exceeds a minute. Within the sixty seconds they live and die, and strut and fret their fifty pair of legs upon their vegetable stage. Within a minute they act the part for which they

have been cast by the Great First Cause — within the minute they serve as rivets or links or rivets, or something microscopically small, but not despicable, in the Great Chain that binds all Nature to agree. If some of them be such strong, and vigorous, and abstemious insects as to live to the prodigious age of a minute and a-half, they must be looked at by the young animalculæ—the spruce fellows some twenty seconds old or so, as astonishing centenarians, patriarchs of the cabbage-leaf—sages of grass-blades. When they die, perhaps they are buried in great pomp and state in the pores of a strawberry—the funeral puff-ball being drawn by four earwigs, and all the top places on the neighbouring spear grass being at a premium; or perchance they dye their venerable green locks purple-black, just as they are on the brink of the tomb, thrust their feeble legs into tight boots, manacle their trembling antennæ into primrose-coloured gloves; and, with hats cocked stiffly on their palsied old pates, hobble up and down some Regent-street of a daisy — some Burlington-arcade of an apple-pip, leering at the damsels who are carrying home Queen Mab's court dress in a cobweb band-box. How immensely superior are you, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, looking down on these a million times diminished Lilliputians. How many feet you have to look down upon these tiny things. How strong a microscope you must have to be able to discern even an agglomeration of a hundred or two of these insect-things. Dear Lemuel, are there any people up yonder, in any of those shining orbs, who look down upon us, who are as amazingly supercilious, patronising, condescending as we are — none of whose microscopes would be strong enough to discern one hundred Mammoths all in a row, let alone men. Do they take us for animalculæ, infusoria, ephemera? Dear Lemuel, did Doctor Swift, think you, before the chords of his mind broke, mean to write merely a boy's story book, or did he gently, kindly, shrewdly try to teach us that we are not so very very great after all; and that puzzled as we may be to find where minuteness ends; so there may be some thousands of planets somewhere in space where men grow great by degrees and beautifully larger.

Antiquity! what would be our poor little antiquity to the men in the moon, if men be there, and bigger than we?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A FEW MORE HINTS.

ANYTHING like hurry should be avoided in travelling. It is better to see one country than to scamper over three. Unluckily, few persons seem to understand this, and consequently carry home little else than impressions of railroads, hotels, and steam-packets, ending their journey thoroughly knocked

up. I met a Scotch clergyman at Frankfort, and he was going on to Berlin, though he had never been abroad before, and had only a fortnight for his trip. He was a pale, thin man, with light, straggling, frightened hair, and in a perpetual state of nervous excitement. I am afraid, too, he had a purse too light to carry him comfortably so far. He would have passed his time much more usefully and pleasantly, if he had crossed over from Dover to Ostend, and wandered leisurely over the glorious old cities of Belgium, with their noble Church architecture and pleasant memories of olden chivalry and painters who were almost princes. His fortnight might have been enough for the lakes of Cumberland, or even as times go, perhaps, for Holland. But what, except a silly jumble of ideas, could he expect to carry home after fourteen days spent in galloping through Belgium, part of Prussia, Nassau, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Hanover, Brunswick, and half-a-dozen other places.

As a rule, a young man travelling to complete his education should pass at least three months in each of the great countries of Europe, or he is likely to carry away a very incorrect idea of each. He should spend six weeks or two months in the capital, to gather the full fruit of his letters of introduction, and of these it is impossible to carry too many. After which he may take wing, and use the rest of his time in visiting the

chief objects of interest in the provinces. Generally he will find three days quite sufficient to give to the most celebrated places; though Seville, Cordova, Cologne, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and more towns than I can call to mind, are fairly entitled to as much time as he has to spare. This must, however, of course be regulated in a great measure by his own tastes. While in the capital, also, he should endeavour to obtain as many letters of introduction as possible to persons of influence residing in other parts of the country. They will be useful to him in innumerable cases; and he should never allow a habit of laziness and indifference — apt enough to creep over travellers — to prevent his making use of them. He will thus learn (in a month) more of the real state of politics and manners in a country than he could otherwise get at in a year. It will be well for him too, now and then to take a pedestrian ramble for a couple of days, and throw himself upon his own resources in unfrequented places. I think well, also, of Lord Bacon's advice that, while in the capital he should change his lodgings from one quarter of the town to another.

As for companions and acquaintances, the more he has the better. Let him be very cautious, however, never to be drawn into conversations on politics, for his very valet is almost certain to be a spy; and at least one out of every half dozen people he meets has a sharper eye on him than he thinks. If,

therefore, he wish to get at facts, let him keep his opinions to himself, whatever they may be. He must not forget, either, that he will be often wilfully misled — sometimes by dunces, and sometimes by persons interested in inoculating him with their own views; for, it is generally thought that an Englishman travelling, is making notes for a book, to be published when he gets home. Perhaps the safest companions he can have, after the gentlemen of his own embassy, are officers in the army and navy; or, as these are often dull fellows enough, let him look out for some pleasant old librarian or keeper of a museum. Their acquaintance is easily made; and from them a fund of information may be often obtained, which is very well worth having. Englishmen long established in any foreign country are generally full of prejudices against it, and all they say should be received with a good deal of doubt and a resolution to judge for one's self.

I said something about the expenses of travelling, in a former article; let me now return to the subject. A friend of mine, a young gentleman in a very good position in life, left Paris last May, and returned to it last September. During this time he travelled over the greater part of Europe and the East, going even to Palestine. He had indeed, no servant; but he took first-class places on all railroads, and a seat in the *coupés* or best parts of *diligences* (called,

pleasantly, *Eilwagen*, in Germany, because they go so slowly), and he halted always at the best hotels. He was a quiet, modest fellow, however, and did not think it worth while to get a headache by drinking bad champagne at dinner, because it is expensive. I dare say he did not scold the waiters either, and so have to pay for his lordly airs; neither could he have bought a great quantity of useless things; and it is probable that he went to the stalls of theatres instead of taking a private box, thus seeing better and not paying so much. When my friend got home, he found that in precisely four months he had spent, purchases included, the sum of exactly three thousand francs, or one hundred and twenty pounds sterling.

A trip up and down the Rhine (keeping clear of Hamburg; it is not on the road, and I advise nobody to go there), may be done very jollily for twenty pounds; a party of three or four may perhaps do it for less, if they cut close, and would not have wax candles to go to bed by, in spite of the frantic rush of the waiters to light them. A party of young college men meeting at Bonn, in 1848, travelled subsequently over Switzerland on foot, for fifteen pounds a head; but then they were Germans, and I know one of that enthusiastic nation, son of one of the first scholars in Europe, who came from Bremen to London with just three pounds in his pocket, and stayed in England exactly one

month upon it, working his passage out and home before the mast. He says he found it very good fun, and I dare say he did; I am sure I should be proud of such a feat, and so would any spirited lad who wished to see the world. I must confess, however, that his hands were not very much like those of a writing-master at a ladies' school afterwards, and that when he called at my lodgings in London, he was supposed by the servant to be a smuggler. It is a frolic, too, that won't do for any man much under twelve stone, however light-hearted.

An agreeable ramble, for a week, over the lakes of Cumberland, need not cost more than ten pounds; and you may go through most of the scenery of Scott's novels for an additional fifteen. In 1847, I went from Edinburgh to the Trossacks, with a party of three others; we were three days absent, returning by Glasgow, and spent just three pounds ten shillings a head. I do not recommend any one who has really a taste for beautiful scenery to go abroad for it until he has seen Grasmere and Windermere, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and "Stirling's tower and town." And as for the Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, he really will find nothing so lovely, the whole world over. I think that the river from Cove to Cork is incomparably more beautiful than the boasted scenery between Rouen and Havre, and I have never seen a mountain which struck me as more grand and

solemn than Beuledi: especially if seen as I saw it, while smoking a cigar one evening in the pretty garden of Mrs. Stewart's Inn at Ardnacrachan by moonlight.

There is another unspeakable charm in our home scenery, and one which belongs to no other. It is mixed up with the history and the legends of our own land, and we can listen by the fire, or, sitting on the stump of some old traditional tree by moonlight, to the dark superstition of the peasantry, and thus learn to understand the hearts and feelings of our own countrymen — a knowledge, I should say, quite as useful to a public man (and, thank Heaven, we are all public men in England), as anything he may learn on the Banks of the Rhine or the Danube — beautiful as are the sweet dreams of the old German bards, and the stirring songs and wild tales of the Magyar and the Wallack. Besides, there is another thing I have altogether forgotten. We can understand the picturesque language of our own peasantry, with a thought in every phrase; but how many of us can feel the true charm of a foreign *patois*, or cares to puzzle himself with it when tired at night? In the one case, a talk with a rural worthy is the most refreshing thing I know of to a faded town mind.

It is a great nuisance to have to make a bargain with your innkeeper immediately on your arrival; and it is the last thing a smart man will do, however slen-

der his purse. He is sure to get the worst room in the house by it, and will sleep none the cheaper; besides looking small, and being thought a quiz. Indeed, I need not tell the observant individual who has ever crossed the Channel that of all travellers the variety *L'Anglais Tourist* is looked upon as the finest game, and immediately on his arrival the whole household are agog to laugh at him. No matter, therefore, how poor you are, take up your quarters quietly in the rooms they give you, if you do not want to be roasted for the amusement of the waiter. As a means of checking extortion, order up your bill every night. If you then go into the landlord's private room, and in the course of a quiet conversation with him object to any item you consider too much, you will find your expenses diminished in the most polite way possible. If, on the other hand, you prefer summoning the waiter by half-a-dozen furious pulls at your bell; and, after having thundered at him unintelligibly, and to his great delight, for five minutes proceed to vent your Britannie indignation at roguery on mine host in person (if you can find him), you are very likely all to get red faces together, as the discussion waxes warm, but your bill will remain undiminished to the end of time.

Another mistake economical people often make, is, that of going to bad hotels. Englishmen should always use the best, and, if possible, that most frequented by their own countrymen; for the proprietors of out-of-the-way little taverns will be sure to have heard such fabulous accounts of the depth of our pockets, that the bills they make out are surprising. I remember arriving in Rouen late one night, and having missed the last train to Paris, I turned into the first miserable little inn I could find near the railroad, to pass the few hours before the first train started in the morning. I had supper and a bed; such a bed! If certain little animals in it had only been unanimous, they might easily have dislodged me; but, fortunately, they were French fleas, and there was division in their councils. They moved me, however, and pretty briskly. I do not think I ever passed such a lively night in my life; and in the cold, grey, damp atmosphere of a Norman morning in spring, I found myself shivering before my hostess asking for my bill. My hair felt like wire, and I am sure my face must have looked like a badly cooked plum-pudding; it felt so swelled and bumpy from the offensive operations of the enemy on the previous night. My bill, however, was thirty francs, or about four times as much as I should have paid at the first hotel in the town. But there was no help for it, and in the course of a rather brisk conversation in which I remonstrated, mine hostess (as pretty a little specimen of a French virago as you would wish to see) let out the whole secret, by telling me frankly, "that she had

never before seen a pigeon of my species, and she therefore determined to pluck me." And she did.

As a rule it is a good plan never to negotiate with the waiter about an overcharge or an inconvenience, but always with the landlord in person, and, if possible, when nobody else is present. Always pay up your bill, too, some hours before you start, or you will find half a score of complaints, perhaps, to make, and nobody to hear them. Mine host nearly always takes care to be out of the way after sending in an extortionate bill to a departing guest; and out of the way he will remain, until you are safely off, and nobody else can help you. Mine host is, indeed, as full of tricks as a pantomime — especially if an Italian; so that it is better always to keep a tight hand on him.

WHERE WE STOPPED GROWING.

FEW people who have been much in the society of children, are likely to be ignorant of the sorrowful feeling sometimes awakened in the mind by the idea of a favourite child's "growing up." This is intelligible enough. Childhood is usually so beautiful and engaging, that, setting aside the many subjects of profound interest which it offers to an ordinarily thoughtful observer; and even setting aside, too, the natural caprices of strong affection and prepossession; there is a mournful shadow of the common

lot, in the notion of its changing and fading into anything else. The sentiment is unreasoning and vague, and does not shape itself into a wish. To consider what the dependent little creature would do without us, or in the course of how few years it would be in as bad a condition as those terrible immortals upon earth, engendered in the gloom of SWIFT's wise fancy, is not within the range of so fleeting a thought. Neither does the imagination then enter into such details as the picturing of childhood come to old age, or of old age carried back to childhood, or of the pretty baby boy arrived at that perplexing state of immaturity when MR. CARLYLE, in mercy to society, would put him under a barrel for six years. The regret is transitory, natural to a short-lived creature in a world of change, has no hold in the judgment, and so comes and passes away.

But we, the writer, having been conscious of the sensation the other night — for, at this present season most of us are much in childish company, and we among the rest — were led to consider whether there were any things as to which this individual We actually did stop growing when we were a child. We had a fear that the list would be very short; but, on writing it out as follows, were glad to find it longer than we had expected.

We have never grown the thousandth part of an inch out of Robinson Crusoe. He fits us just as

well, and in exactly the same way, as when we were among the smallest of the small. We have never grown out of his parrot, or his dog, or his fowling-piece, or the horrible old staring goat he came upon in the cave, or his rusty money, or his cap, or umbrella. There has been no change in the manufacture of telescopes, since that blessed ship's spy-glass was made, through which, lying on his breast at the top of his fortification, with the ladder drawn up after him and all made safe, he saw the black figures of those Cannibals moving round the fire on the sea-sand, as the monsters danced themselves into an appetite for dinner. We have never grown out of Friday, or the excellent old father he was so glad to see, or the grave and gentlemanly Spaniard, or the reprobate Will Atkins, or the knowing way in which he and those other mutineers were lured up into the Island when they came ashore there, and their boat was stove. We have got no nearer Heaven by the altitude of an atom, in respect of the tragi-comic bear whom Friday caused to dance upon a tree, or the awful array of howling wolves in the dismal weather, who were mad to make good entertainment of man and beast, and who were received with trains of gunpowder laid on fallen trees, and fired by the snapping of pistols; and who ran blazing into the forest darkness, or were blown up famously. Never sail we, idle, in a little boat, and hear the rippling water at the prow, and look upon the land, but we know that our boat-growth stopped for ever, when Robinson Crusoe sailed round the Island, and, having been nearly lost, was so affectionately awakened out of his sleep at home again by that immortal parrot, great progenitor of all the parrots we have ever known.

Our growth stopped, when the great Haroun Alraschid spelt his name so, and when nobody had ever heard of a Jin. When the Sultan of the Indies was a mighty personage, to be approached respectfully even on the stage; and when all the dazzling wonders of those many nights held far too high a place in the imagination to be burlesqued and parodied. When Blue Beard, condescending to come out of book at all, came over mountains, to the music of his own march, on an elephant, and knew no more of slang than of Sanscrit. Our growth stopped, when Don Quixote might have been right after all in going about to succour the distressed, and when the priest and the barber were no more justified in burning his books than they would have been in making a bonfire of our own two bed-room shelves. When Gil Blas had a heart, and was, somehow or other, not at all worldly that we knew of: and when it was a wonderful accident that the end of that interesting story in the Sentimental Journey, commencing with the windy night, and the notary, and the Pont Neuf, and the hat blown off, was

not to be found in our Edition though we looked for it a thousand times.

We have never grown out of the real original roaring giants. We have seen modern giants, for various considerations ranging from a penny to half-a-crown; but, they have only had a head a-piece, and have been merely large men, and not always that. We have never outgrown the putting to ourselves of this supposititious case; Whether, if we, with a large company of brothers and sisters, had been but in his (by which we mean, of course, in Jack's) trying situation, we should have had at once the courage and the presence of mind to take the golden crowns (which it seems they always wore as night-caps) off the heads of the giant's children as they lay a-bed, and put them on our family; thus causing our treacherous host to batter his own offspring, and spare us. We have never outgrown a want of confidence in ourselves, in this particular.

There are real people and places that we have never outgrown, though they themselves may have passed away long since: which we always regard with the eye and mind of childhood. We miss a tea-tray shop, for many years at the corner of Bedford Street and King Street, Covent Garden, London, where there was a tea-tray in the window representing, with an exquisite Art that we have not outgrown either, the departure from home for

school, at breakfast time, of two boys — one boy used to it; the other, not. There was a charming mother in a bygone fashion, evidently much affected though trying to hide it; and a little sister, bearing, as we remember, a basket of fruit for the consolation of the unused brother; what time the used one, receiving advice we opine from his grandmother, drew on his glove in a manner we once considered unfeeling, but which we were afterwards inclined to hope might be only his brag. There were some corded boxes, and faithful servants; and there was a breakfast-table, with accessories (an urn and plate of toast particularly) our admiration of which, as perfect illusions, we never have outgrown and never shall outgrow.

We never have outgrown the whole region of Covent Garden. We preserve it as a fine, dissipated, insoluble mystery. We believe that the gentleman mentioned in Colman's *Broad Grins* still lives in King Street. We have a general idea that the passages at the Old Hummums lead to groves of gorgeous bed-rooms, eating out the whole of the adjacent houses; where Chamberlains who have never been in bed themselves for fifty years, show any country gentleman who rings at the bell, at any hour of the night, to luxurious repose in palatial apartments fitted up after the Eastern manner. (We have slept there in our time, but that makes no difference.) There is a fine secresy

and mystery about the Piazza; — how you get up to those rooms above it, and what reckless deeds are done there. (We know some of those apartments very well, but that does not signify in the least.) We have not outgrown the two great Theatres. Ghosts of great names are always getting up the most extraordinary pantomimes in them, with scenery and machinery on a tremendous scale. We have no doubt that the critics sit in the pit of both houses, every night. Even as we write in our common-place office, we behold from the window, four young ladies with peculiarly limp bonnets, and of a yellow or drab style of beauty, making for the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, in the dirty little fog-choked street over the way. Grown up wisdom whispers that these are beautiful fairies by night, and that they will find Fairy Land dirty even to their splashed skirts, and rather cold and dull (notwithstanding its mixed gas and daylight), this easterly morning. But, we don't believe it.

There was a poor demented woman who used to roam about the City, dressed all in black with cheeks staringly painted, and thence popularly known as *Rouge et Noire*; whom we have never outgrown by the height of a grain of mustard seed. The story went that her only brother, a Bank-clerk, was left for death for forgery; and that she, broken-hearted creature, lost her wits on the morning of his execution, and

ever afterwards, while her confused dream of life lasted, flitted thus among the busy money-changers. A story, alas! all likely enough; but, likely or unlikely, true or untrue, never to take other shape in our mind. Evermore she wanders, as to our stopped growth, among the crowd, and takes her daily loaf out of the shop-window of the same charitable baker, and between whiles sits in the old Bank office awaiting her brother. "Is he come yet?" Not yet, poor soul. "I will go walk for an hour and come back." It is then she passes our boyish figure in the street, with that strange air of vanity upon her, in which the comfortable self-sustainment of sane vanity (God help us all!) is wanting, and with her wildly-seeking, never resting, eyes. So she returns to his old Bank office, asking "Is he come yet?" Not yet, poor soul! So she goes home, leaving word that indeed she wonders he has been away from her so long, and that he must come to her however late at night he may arrive. He will come to thee, O stricken sister, with thy best friend — foe to the prosperous and happy — not to such as thou!

Another very different person who stopped our growth, we associate with Berners Street, Oxford Street; whether she was constantly on parade in that street only, or was ever to be seen elsewhere, we are unable to say. The White Woman is her name. She is dressed entirely in white, with a ghastly white plaiting round her

head and face, inside her white bonnet. She even carries (we hope) a white umbrella. With white boots, we know she picks her way through the winter dirt. She is a conceited old creature, cold and formal in manner, and evidently went simpering mad on personal grounds alone — no doubt because a wealthy Quaker wouldn't marry her. This is her bridal dress. She is always walking up here, on her way to church to marry the false Quaker. We observe in her mincing step and fishy eye that she intends to lead him a sharp life. We stopped growing when we got at the conclusion that the Quaker had had a happy escape of the White Woman.

We have never outgrown the rugged walls of Newgate, or any other prison on the outside. All within, is still the same blank of remorse and misery. We have never outgrown Baron Trenck. Among foreign fortifications, trenches, counterscarps, bastions, sentries, and what not, we always have him, filing at his chains down in some arched darkness far below, or taming the spiders to keep him company. We have never outgrown the wicked old Bastille. Here, in our mind at this present childish moment, is a distinct groundplan (wholly imaginative and resting on no sort of authority), of a maze of low vaulted passages with small black doors; and here, inside of this remote door on the left, where the black cobwebs hang like a veil from the

arch, and the jailer's lamp will scarcely burn, was shut up, in black silence through so many years, that old man of the affecting anecdote, who was at last set free. But, who brought his white face, and his white hair, and his phantom figure, back again, to tell them what they had made him — how he had no wife, no child, no friend, no recognition of the light and air — and prayed to be shut up in his old dungeon till he died.

We received our earliest and most enduring impressions among barracks and soldiers, and ships and sailors. We have outgrown no story of voyage and travel, no love of adventure, no ardent interest in voyagers and travellers. We have outgrown no country inn — roadside, in the marketplace, or on a solitary heath; no country landscape, no windy hill side, no old manor-house, no haunted place of any degree, not a drop in the sounding sea. Though we are equal (on strong provocation) to the Lancers, and may be heard of in the Polka, we have not outgrown Sir Roger de Coverley, or any country dance in the music-book. We hope we have not outgrown the capacity of being easily pleased with what is meant to please us, or the simple folly of being gay upon occasion without the least regard to being grand.

Right thankful we are to have stopped in our growth at so many points — for each of these has a train of its own belonging to it —

and particularly with the Old Year going out and the New Year coming in. Let none of us be ashamed to feel this gratitude. If we can only preserve ourselves from growing up, we shall never grow old, and the young may love us to the last. Not to be too wise, not to be too stately, not to be too rough with innocent fancies, or to treat them with too much lightness — which is as bad — are points to be remembered that may do us all good in our years to come. And the good they do us, may even stretch forth into the vast expanse beyond those years; for, this is the spirit inculcated by One on whose knees children sat confidingly, and from whom all our years dated.

FRENCH NATIONAL DEFENCES.

“BURN my shoes!” is an imprecation which implies its utterer to be as unrelenting in his evil intentions as the principal actors in those horrid cases, where the victims of murder are consumed by fire, after having been deprived of life. To burn a man’s shoes is hardly easier than to burn his body. Successful instances of such atrocity must happily be rare, from the very nature of the material. I knew one female, however, whom the green-eyed monster sometimes excited to throw her husband’s best walking shoes upon the back of the fire, whenever, in one of her parox-

ysms, she suspected he was about to pay a visit to the neighbouring town; but it is scarcely credible that she contrived to burn them utterly out of the way. She might scorch and torture them, making them writhe and shrink over the blazing coals; but without a furnace seven times heated, there still would remain blackened fragments in evidence of her criminal folly. If the object of this quaint form of self-commination was to convey to the mind a complete destruction and disappearance of the articles imprecated, the words should have been, not “Burn my shoes!” but, “Burn my *sabots*!” That would have implied something like utter extermination and “chawing up.”

Now there exists, south of the English Channel, a powerful and populous nation, the great majority of whose appendages to their feet are extremely liable to be burnt. *Sabot* is a French word, which our dictionaries interpret to mean “wooden shoes;” and in the present article I shall make use of the original term by which the original subject of it is called — not for the sake of affecting to employ foreign words, and so making a poor exhibition of superficial learning — but, both because it is shorter and simpler than its English representatives, and because they give only an imperfect idea of the thing itself. A *sabot* is a *sabot*, and not a wooden shoe, although it is a thing made of wood to be worn by the feet of human creatures for the sake of

warmth and defence. A *sabot* is no more a shoe, than a moccassin and a Grecian sandal make a pair of shoes. It ranks intermediately between a piece of armour and an article of dress, inclining rather to the former class of nouns substantive. The Germans, who call a glove a "hand-shoe," might fairly translate *sabot* as a "foot-gauntlet," or a "foot boxing-glove." It is occasionally employed in that way by its wearers, as well as to serve them as a protection against mud, and wet, and pebbly paths, and sloppy standing-places. It is thus analogous to the snow-shoe, which bears the Laplander so safely over the dangers of his path; of existing lives more may perhaps owe their preservation to the *sabot* than to the snow-shoe — or, if a comparison with things worn by animals be permitted, a pair of *sabots* carries a man through the Sloughs of Despond with which back lanes and cross roads abound during February and November, much in the same style as four circular pieces of iron with a hole in the middle (horse-shoes it is impossible to call them) preserve the feet of the pack mules of Vesuvius and Etna from the sulphureous ashes and lava, which would otherwise reduce their hoofs to the condition of burn-out brimstone matches. The simile ought to give the less offence to human pride, inasmuch as *sabot*, in French, means not only what we are now considering, but also the horny box which constitutes a

horse's or donkey's hoof; and even the brazen claw, or foot, which supports while it ornaments a bureau or a chest of drawers. Moreover, a child's top (peg or whip) is also a *sabot*. The common phrase, "to sleep like a *sabot*," though it may fairly bear the novel interpretation, "to sleep like a wooden shoe" — as the Germans say, "to sleep like a stone" — is really nothing more than "to sleep like a top."

The *sabot* is an ancient, national, and peculiar mode of protecting the lower extremities, which is made use of, either constantly or occasionally, by upwards of thirty millions of men, women, and children: by whom it is regarded quite as an article of necessity, as well as of comfort. It is ancient; for, to go no further back than two thousand years, we learn from Cicero that parricides at Rome were fitted with a pair of *sabots* before they were sown up in the sack in which they were drowned. It is national and healthful; for, Diderot tells us that, some hundred years ago, a London physician prescribed a pair of *sabots* to a child of quality who promised to be rickety, but that not a single *sabot* could be found in all Great Britain, and they were obliged to send across the Channel to obtain them. *Sabots* are cherished by the whole Gallic race. The gentry, clergy, nobility, and magistrates of France, now and then enshrine their toes in these wet-repelling snuggeries — I do not say while

promenading in the garden of the Tuileries, or on their appearance at a ball within that caravanserai of monarchs; but at suitable times, and seasons, and places. Sabots, nevertheless, are not excluded from all ball-rooms; and there is an old-fashioned dance called *La sabotière*, which is as respectable in its way as the hornpipe, the jig, the reel, or the tarantella.

I have actually put my foot into a sabot, and the sock, or *chausson*, which those who can afford it wear with it. Both were warm and comfortable; and before my readers laugh too scornfully at hearing how cat-like the French are in their aversion to stepping into, or standing in puddles, I would like them to ask their medical man what good is to be got by walking about in pumps, with the thermometer at the genial temperature of thirty-five degrees, and the rain-gauge at an overflow. Nor are the cold stone floors of public buildings very congenial in winter time to thin-shod and perhaps aged, gouty, or consumptive feet. It is a well-known fact that Royal funerals, occurring at inclement periods of the year, are sure to carry off several senior members of the lay or episcopal aristocracy — like attendants whom certain pagans sacrifice on the tomb of their lord and master. Sabots, then, are true defensive armour. If Achilles had worn sabots, he might have lived to a good old age. Modern heroes and heroines are foolish in forgetting that they,

too, are vulnerable in the feet, and may receive their death-wound from below, though in a different manner to the Grecian warrior. A few tea-spoonfuls of moisture, piercing through a thin sole, may prove as mortal as a poisoned arrow, or a cobra's fang. "Argal," sabots are sometimes sensible things, though unsuited for state occasions, either in Paris or London. But in a French town, name indefinite, the authorities, and some of the most respectable people of the place, go to church in wet weather, some in sabots, and some in pattens!

It is laughable to see men wearing pattens; but the fact remains, and they keep their feet dry in spite of our laughing. It has a droll effect to see full-grown farmers stalking backwards and forwards at an elevation of three inches, or thereabouts, above their natural standard; the fashion, nevertheless, is followed publicly, and with a grave face. At this very moment, I hear a clanking in the street; it is M. Gosselin (in pattens), Doctor of Medicine and Accoucheur, who is passing our windows on his way to wish "good day" to his sister, Madame Dupont, the timber merchant. I walked this very morning through the pig-market; there, I saw a respectable assortment of the unclean animal, and among them, several brawny cultivators raised aloft on patriarchal pattens. Had I dared to treat the *patins* disrespectfully, any one of their wearers could have tossed me

into his canvas-covered *charrette*, among the choice little grunTERS therein, as a hint to be more discreet in future. Notwithstanding which, I cannot admire the pattens. *Patins* look effeminate, sabots do not.

And yet, the pattens themselves are neither dainty nor dandified; perhaps truth would urge that they really are not so effeminate as the slippers of a London fashionable. I am told that a long walk in pattens is violent exercise for certain muscles of the leg and thigh. They are strong and heavy pieces of machinery, supported on circles of iron seven inches in diameter, English measurement, and are fastened to the feet with buckle and strap, like skates. By the way, skates are not considered effeminate, and *patins*, in French, also mean skates, sometimes specified as *patins d'Holland*, or Dutch pattens. It is not easy to pronounce a philosophical condemnation of foreign customs, which involve no point of religion or morality by their breach or their observance. A man may wear pattens or not, according to his conscience, without deeply sinning in either case. Sabots may assume themselves to be indisputably allowable.

Sabots are divided into two great classes. Firstly, the coarse or *gros* sabots, large clumsy things worn by the very poorest people and on the dirtiest occasions, by little children as well as by their parents: a pair costing about fourteen sous, or sevenpence.

Secondly, the sabots of a superior quality, or *fins* sabots, more highly finished and of better materials: the price ranging from two francs, or twenty pence the pair, upward, without reckoning what may be called the trimmings. The most usual material of both qualities is beech-wood; but, for the sake of lightness, the *gros* sabots are often made of willow, and of poplar. Fine sabots, for the ladies and children of well-to-do citizens, are often made of walnut-tree, of hornbeam, and of ash, as well as of beech. Whatever wood is used requires to be slightly seasoned, and is kept accordingly for a year after being felled. With *gros* sabots, the process of seasoning is often summarily concluded by smoking them, like hams and tongues and Yarmouth bloaters, after they are cut out from the parent block.

Though sabots are more comfortable things than those who have never tried them would believe, nobody can tell exactly where the shoe pinches but those that wear it. There are evident symptoms that the top of the instep is the place where the sabot causes the greatest uneasiness. The ploughman relieves the pressure by sticking a wisp of hay or straw between the wood and the upper part of his foot — as he “whistles o’er the lea” — the straggling tuft of dry grass, which thus adorns each sabot, answering the ornamental purpose of a buckle, a rosette, or shoe-strings of broad ribbon. With

the same object, ladies' sabots are cut away, on the upper part, so considerably, that a leather strap, called the *bride*, passes over the instep and is nailed to the sole of the sabot, to prevent it from slipping off the foot at every step. The *bride* (pronounced like the English word, "breed"), is often stamped with handsome patterns, besides being padded and stuffed. Such sabots are called *sabots-souliers*, or shoe sabots; for gentlemen, something similar is prepared, and styled *sabots-bottes*, or boot-sabots. Many are so highly wrought with carving and colouring, that it is difficult to distinguish them, by the sight alone, from boots, shoes, and gaiters of leather.

Sabotier, is a maker of sabots. All sabots are made by hand — none by machinery. The very large body of sabotiers in France consists of great people and little people: those who carry on an extensive business, which, branching from various forests in distant departments, is centralised in Paris; and those who merely keep up a snug little trade at home, just sufficient to employ themselves and families; or, not having families, two or three journeymen. Almost all sabotiers, also, are dealers in fire-wood, which is, in fact, the waste and the trimmings of their raw material. They sometimes, likewise, go a little into the trade of *boisselier*, or maker of wooden utensils, and sell wooden shovels, and such like; but the instances are rare.

Every February, the head, or master-sabotiers, go to Paris, where each of them has, not customers, but employers, amongst the large dealers in sabots, who give their orders according to what they want — the style of sabot, and the nature of the material. Beech, birch, walnut, and now and then aspen wood, have each their turns of favour. The market-price is then fixed for the commercial year, which runs from March to March. The delivery of the manufactured article begins in May, and usually ends in the March of the following year; the reckoning is made in lots of twenty pairs.

The orders thus given, are executed in the principal forests of France, in very widely situated localities — the neighbourhoods of Valenciennes, in the North Department; of Fougères in Brittany; and of the Puy-de-Dôme in the Central Region. A "sabotier of the Limousin" is almost a proverbial expression. In these, as in other forests which are national property, there are government sales, by auction, of the wood, which is periodically cut when it has attained a certain size. The head sabotiers collect their workmen together in the forest itself, on the spots where they have made their purchases. An encampment is formed; the men ply their trade under the greenwood tree, instead of in close factories. In some cases, large temporary wooden buildings are run up; in others, huts and cabins of leaves and

branches constitute the sylvan village. The men who are married, work in company with their wives and such of their children as are old enough to be of any use to them. The Saturday of every week is pay-day. We may fancy their amusements; truffle-hunting, if they are in beech woods, and have cunning dogs with them; netting and snaring game on the sly; dominoes, of course, and pitch-penny, and nine-pins; now and then a ball. A summer's engagement of this kind would be tempting to many a town journeyman.

As soon as that lot of wood is worked up, the place is deserted, and fresh huts or barracks are erected, close to the next untouched mass of materials which is delivered into their hands. The villages adjacent to these encampments are mostly abandoned for the time; you may ask in vain for a lodging or for refreshment there, while in the forest itself there are plenty of inhabitants and good entertainment.

Every head sabotier employs, on an average, from fifty to sixty workmen. One Paris sabotier is said to employ, in the forests in the departments of Sarthe, Orne, Vosges, and Cantal, five-and-twenty head sabotiers, who, in their turn, are the means of employing a million peasants. He receives, on an annual average, sixty thousand pairs of sabots in their first stage (to be described) which he gets finished, carved,

and blacked, at Paris. In Paris itself, none but fancy sabots are made, namely, the fine shoe-sabots, which are trimmed with cloth and leather and other materials. The above number sounds high; but a provincial sabotier told me that one Paris house had from four to five hundred thousand pairs of sabots yearly passing through their hands; and to be more precise in his information, he gave me the address of M. Hilarion Juigner, 35, Rue de Rambuteau, Paris, as another leading member of the trade.

Besides these lords of the sabot, with their gigantic undertakings, there are scattered all over France, though very irregularly, a large number of humbler sabotiers, who constantly stay and conduct their business at home, depending on their own neighbourhood for a supply of wood, and employing only their own families (if their sons be old enough), or two or three workmen. Three is the usual number of artists required to finish a sabot, exclusive of the final blacking, and the preliminary sawing and felling. Each man is generally able to perform all the processes; but, besides the known advantages of a division of labour, it is found, practically, that the exertion of muscle in the first rough fashioning, in the scooping, and in the finishing off, is of so different a nature, that it takes a man a day or two to put himself into good training for the performance of any part of the trio, after having for some time "got

his hand in" with another. A good workman at these quiet little workshops, which go on steadily all the year round, can earn his fifteen francs a week. In the forest, the men who perform the three principal processes earn two francs a day; the women and children are considered as apprentices, and paid half a franc a day.

Almost all the sabots made in France are sold for home consumption; still, they are exported, to a trifling amount, into Belgium, England, and Algeria. This exportation went on increasing up to 1844, but has since diminished.

The reader will now accompany me, I hope, into the workroom of one of these smaller and stationary tradesmen, and see a sabot made from beginning to end. If he choose afterwards to go alone, and bodily enter the studio of any similar village sculptor, he has only to present himself; utter his "Bonjour" with proper politeness; and the secrets of sabot-making will be unveiled for his contemplation.

The Fabricant who gives us the permission to pry, must stop at home in his shop, in the midst of his variety of wooden treasures; not that he is wanted there, Madame keeps guard, and attends to the customers; but he looks very, very ill. I only hope he may see the green leaves burst forth on the sabot-trees, next spring. He wishes he could speak English; he would go to England, and

try if a market for his goods would not be found there. I tell him it is not too late to learn, and that it will serve to amuse him while he is recovering his strength. He smiles and shakes his head.

He directs us to his factory in Blind Ass Street, or Rue de l'Ane Aveugle — the real name — which I give for the encouragement of such curious persons as take pleasure in tracking the steps of a journalist. As a further help to guess the riddle, it is equi-distant from the Bull's Foot Hotel and the Café of the Coming out of the Tribunals. Turn down the first lane to the left in Blind Ass Street, and the first door to the left is our sabot factory. We knock and enter. After half-a-dozen words, and a smile of mutual amusement, the performance begins.

Here, as in the woods, three men constitute a complete sabot-gang; only, there is but one gang here, instead of twenty. They are making rather a superior article, and therefore the blocks lying about the room are all of walnut-wood. The bark is still on them, and they are sawn, across the trunk or the branch, into various lengths, in proportion to the diameter of the tree at the place of sawing. Trunks that are too thick can only be used wastefully; branches that are too thin are of no use at all. For, all the sabots which a clever workman can contrive to find in a tree, lie hid there in the position of running up and down the tree, or along the branches, and not across either

it or them. Therefore, those portions of the trunk which will make adult sabots, are short cylinders about a French foot long; the childrens' and babies' cylinders from the arms of the tree, are cut into the lengths that may be required for juvenile sabots.

To begin with the beginning. The cylinder of wood, or thick slice out of a tree, is placed on one of its ends on the floor. With an iron wedge and a heavy wooden beetle it is riven in halves, from top to bottom, just as you might divide a Stilton cheese into two equal portions, by cutting it through, perpendicularly lengthwise, instead of horizontally across. Small cylinders from the arms of the tree will only make one pair of child's sabots, and are not riven again after the first splitting; the thickest parts of the trunk that are used, will make eight pairs of full-sized sabots, and are consequently so subdivided.

We have now before us a quantity of riven billet-wood, apparently just the thing for a country gentleman's dining-room. Smart John, the footman, in his powder and plush, would faint to be told to go and make himself a pair of shoes out of a couple of such billets as these. Our sabotier, however, innocent of hair-powder and plush nether garments, but rejoicing in a black moustache and a blue cotton jacket and trousers; takes the billets one by one in his left hand, and with a

small hatchet in his right, chops away at them recklessly on a butcher's block before him, knocks the bark off with the back of his hatchet, and so fashions them into things having more resemblance to wooden hot rolls for the breakfast table, than anything else I can compare them to. Chop, chop, chop away, with horrid carelessness. "Don't you sometimes cut your fingers off?" "No, Monsieur, here are the whole ten of them; I haven't drawn blood, for more than a twelve-month," On he goes, with unremitting strokes. You see, too, that the wooden rolls, as they pass through his hands, receive some unsuspected touches, by which the position of a future toe and heel are clearly indicated to the eye. When all the billets have been thus transformed, the *tailleur* or cutter, for such is his title, carefully inspects his lot of fancy bread, and puts together those which will pair well: at the same time deciding which shall be "rights" and which "lefts." As he goes on sorting them, he builds them into a pile, by laying one pair across another, like a plate of sugar biscuits in a confectioner's window.

These unlicked cubs of sabots have now to undergo another trimming. They bid adieu to the butcher's block, and pay a visit to a carpenter's bench. In front of the bench is a curious tool called a *paroir*, or parer, made of cast steel. It is something like a small scythe without the usual handle, but with a short wooden one in-

stead; where the point of the scythe would be is a hook, which fits into a ring on the bench; and by means of the handle, and the support given to the tool by the hook and ring, our artist contrives to peel and pare the breakfast roll (itself steadied against slight hollows and prominences on the bench), until it assumes by little and little the appearance of a shoemaker's last, cut off at the ankle. All this work is dexterously performed by shifting the sabot with the left hand, while the right plies the *paroir*. The *paroir* has been previously sharpened with a small triangular prism of still harder steel, called a *tire-point*.

During both the chopping and the paring, great attention is paid to the size of the future sabot. The workman makes frequent use of a pair of callipers and a foot-rule divided into quarter inches, which he keeps beside him. And he every now and then claps the sabot against its proposed fellow, to make sure that the process of paring is going on satisfactorily.

The ankleless shoemaker's lasts are now handed over to another sabotier, the *creuseur*, or scooper, who, by bringing a different set of muscles into play, has to find room in the solid last for a lady's or gentleman's foot to enter. He, too, has a bench before him, and on it lie some half-dozen tools, like enormous gimlets; but, the end of the iron is variously shaped; some are like egg-spoons, others

like children's apple-scoops, others must be seen to be believed. They are all called *cuillères*, or spoons; in French, a pump-borer is likewise called a *cuillère*. By means of a few bits of wood, like overgrown dominos, and a wedge or two, the sabot is firmly fixed upon the bench, in the position in which it would be on the ground; and with its heel towards the scooper or as if it were running away from him, — which it has good reason to do. For, seizing one of his most ferocious scoops, he fires away at it and pitches into it, as if he had a spite against it and meant to cut its very heart out, — which indeed he does mean, and soon accomplishes. He then penetrates to the very tip of the toe-nail, sounding his depth with a bit of stick, and by means of his other frightful scoops and gouges, removes the whole inside of the sabot, leaving it as smooth and empty as the egg-shells that remained on our table after breakfast. It is as smooth as the palm of your hand. The touch reveals another fact; the moisture of the sap is quite perceptible, although it is now a twelve-month since the tree was felled. It is so damp, that if the old woman who lived in a shoe were to take lodgings in such a sabot as that, she would certainly catch her death of cold. But wood too dry would not scoop so well.

The sabot is now finished, as far as it can be at present. The tortured and imprisoned thing is liberated, to be followed by its

fellow victim. The young couple are then kept together, and united for life by means of a string passing through a hole in the inner side of each. Assemblies of happy pairs are hung together in bundles, to dry slowly in the air. Nothing more can be done for them for at least a month. The necessity of submitting to this drying time, explains why it is so convenient to the manufacturer to half finish his article in the forest, and to perfect it in the capital.

When sufficiently hardened by time, it falls to the disposal of the finisher. Of course our sabotier has plenty of ready-dried subjects to go on with. He may either simply smooth its rough places, and send it forth to the blacker, an unpretending comfortable sabot, or he may carve it with the semblance of embroidery and buttons; or he may imitate the sole and the wrinkles of a leathern pump, and destine his sabot to be decorated hereafter with Siberian fur and Genoa velvet. Besides his own little scraper and polisher, the tools of the carver and engraver are at his elbow; and it sometimes pleases him to prepare at his leisure hours the sabot of luxury, as a token of love or friendship, or perhaps merely to beguile wandering amateurs, like ourselves, of the francs and sous that ought to be laid out upon shoeleather and caoutchouc.

Let a more unpretending specimen of art be mine! With permission, I will pocket this half-

finished, damp, but lady-like sabot. It shall stand in the centre of my writing-table, and suggest dreams of the charming but unknown Cinderella, whose well-proportioned foot would exactly fit it. Nor need it be a useless toy; our friends here give the hint. A *gros sabot* serves them as a salt-box; mine shall perform the office of a pen-tray. Pleasant thoughts, in proper phrase, must flow, next morning, from the quill which has reposed all night in that virgin receptacle. I salute you, trio of industrious and obliging sabotiers, and thank you much for your well meant promise, that if I pay another visit to Blind Ass Street, with Cinderella's sabot in my pocket, you will finish it off for me in first-rate style, gratuitously!

MY FRIEND SPANNER.

WHEN I was at school near Harborough, at Doctor Doddle's Classical and Commercial Academy, where we had lectures on astronomy, and hydraulics, and optics, and practised elocution; where "corporal punishment" was superseded by "moral restraint" and fighting was not allowed; where we never played football or any other game in the rough style of the rude boys at Raxby Grammar School (who thrashed us whenever they met us), but performed gymnastics and went through military evolutions; my inseparable companion was Harry Spanner. Spanner was

the youngest brother by twenty years of the greathouse of Richard and Robert Spanner, merchants and manufacturers, who dealt in everything, from a pin to a steam engine, and did not disdain the smallest profits that could be squeezed out of a garret master. He was not the best scholar, or the best at anything, not even the best fighter — for we did fight at times, although it was unlawful, and voted ungentlemanly. But, he was the best dressed fellow, the neatest, the coolest, the most impudent, the most amusing, and one of the best looking.

If poets are born, not made; so are gentlemen. I mean gentlemen after the definition of Brummel. Colourless well-cut features, and a remarkably symmetrical figure; animal spirits that never failed him; a dry, cynical, sarcastic humour, a spirit of self-possessed cool assurance, a strong taste for dress and amusement; these were the qualifications that rendered Harry Spanner the admired chief of those who were older, cleverer, and richer than himself.

At seventeen, no guardsman could better affect indifference, no pot-boy was readier at repartee.

He it was who introduced Wellington boots into the school, with the full approbation of Doctor Doddles, and he it was who, when a mild usher, having discovered him in the act of brewing gin-punch in the kitchen after midnight with a party of admiring friends, inquired "Whether he

was aware of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks?" answered that he was, and that he took them with the express purpose of keeping his stature within moderate limits: having been disgusted by the gigantic proportions of his brothers Robert and Richard.

I verily believe that old Doddles was afraid of him. Mrs. Doddles delighted to point him out, as "one of our young gentlemen," and to expatiate on the elegance of his bow, which, by-the-bye, he had copied very exactly from Count Crookedini, when he met him on the grand stand at Wallsend races. The two Miss Doddleses, Maria with spectacles, and Agnes with long ringlets and sentimental eyes, were both in love with him; the laundry-maid always got up his shirts with extra care; the cook was accused of putting cakes and pork-pies into his desk when she lighted the school-room fires. Although Spanner never gave anybody anything and gave himself a great many airs, he had the command of the best of everything from every one in the school. The most precious prizes were handed out in fear of his pitiless ridicule. As when, for instance, he said, "Hollo, old fellow, let us have the loan of that new pocket-knife; it will spoil, wrapped in all that silk paper."

Among other pretensions assumed by Master Spanner, he hinted to his intimates that he was not really the younger brother of Robert and Richard Spanner, mer-

chants and manufacturers, so much respected by their bankers and so much detested by their workmen; that the smart old gentleman with a curly brown wig, false teeth, a bright blue frock coat, gold spectacles, and a hat extremely turned up at the brim, who had retired from business and lived in London with his sister Mrs. Fussy the tailor's wife, was not really his father; but that, by some mysterious process, he was in fact a scion of a noble family. And then he quoted Byron, and appealed to his hands and feet — which bore him out, being the admiration of his boot-maker and hosier.

When we left school, Spanner was articled to the eminent firm of Pierie and Mandril, and I became a house pupil at the Hardborough Hospital.

We used to meet at our tailor's in the High Street, (Buckram and Bourne), to hold serious consultations on costume. The dashing Lord Stilton was Spanner's model, and Spanner was mine. He amazed the town with gorgeous velvet-lined coats; the person of my inimitable friend soon became the rage in dowdy Hardborough. Very soon a great battle was fought with the ancient stewards of Hardborough balls, on the subject of shiny sticking-plaster boots as against the universal pumps; and Count Spanner — as he loved to be called — triumphed, and from that time held undisputed sway as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Hardborough.

The odd part of the business was, that his absolute demeanour was so perfect that he beat down the prejudices of what he profanely called "fogeism." Richard, his elder brother by twenty years — a coarse, brutal, money-making man — in his milder moments, and in his younger brother's absence, spoke of him in a manner that showed he was rather proud of the dandy of the family.

Harry Spanner was no fool, even where money was concerned; he promised to make a model flash attorney. But it was not so destined. One day an uncle — the South American uncle of French romance — died, leaving my Glass of Fashion, Count Harry, five thousand pounds. The narrow limits of an attorney's office could no longer contain his swelling soul; he determined to enter a University and become a barrister, if not Lord Chancellor. So, he went to Cambridge — that wonderful city where young gentlemen of a certain taste get up a toilette of waistcoats, curious fine linen, and jewellery to vie with each other, as if they were going to a fancy dress ball.

Out of sight and sound of Hardborough Count Spanner soon blazed out in proportions worthy of his genius. His rooms were furnished magnificently; his costume was irreproachable, and varied thrice a day; his jewellery, series of studs and rings, was brilliant beyond custom. They were obtained, like much of his furniture, at first hand through

the firm of Spanner of Hardborough. His extravagance was tempered with unusual calculation. When a duke's son honoured him with a visit, he took care to have his champagne: not from old Damsen in St. Blaze's Street, but from his brother Richard's cellars. And then Dick Spanner would say, as often as possible, on 'Change, or at the Pig and Whistle where he nightly smoked his pipe, "I have just been sending off a case of champagne to my brother Harry, for a party he is giving to the young Earl of Faddle, the Duke of Foodle's eldest son, and a lot of nobs. Yes, yes, Harry's no fool; *he* knows what he's about, and holds his head with the best of them." And so he did, although the English Neapolitan Baron, Piccanini, and the Irish Roman Count, Solini, both since well known in Capel Court, were his rivals.

But, if Dick were proud of Harry and sounded his trumpet in Hardborough, Harry did not return the compliment. He ignored the place and the people. His cards bore Mr. Harry Fitznormanton Spanner, and when asked whether he was any relation to the Earls of Normanton, his ambiguous answer confirmed the flattering suspicions produced by the shape of his nose.

To Hardborough he returned, rarely, and for brief periods. One long vacation was passed in Greece, whence he returned with an overpowering Albanian costume; another, in the Highlands,

where he learned to dress and dance the Highland Fling to perfection.

At the distance of twenty years, I remember the overpowering sensation he made in Hardborough, when he once condescended to pass a few days there; how he was the disgust of the respectable fathers, the admiration of the daughters, and the model of the sons, when he dashed through the main street in his mail phaeton, with white horses, white hat, white coat, and white trousers: the perfect double of his friend and debtor, that celebrated steeple-chaser Lord Lanercost.

The boots at the Royal Hotel told stories of their performances for many years afterwards, always ending with "the next time he come there, he'd forgot his whip, had Master Harry."

Meanwhile, I removed to London, and took up my abode in the Borough, to walk Guy's. Where soon a horrid rumour reached me that Harry Spanner had been rusticated for ploughing up the quad. of St. Bezant's College, with a sofa harnessed to a brace of Newfoundland dogs, one moonlight night, after a wine party at Lord Foodle's rooms; that he had spent all his legacy, had been cut by his rich brothers, and disowned by his venerable father. But, the following week, ten days after the great St. Swindle Stakes had been won by Lord Knavesden's Hit or Miss, big Richard Spanner met me in Lombard Street, and

shaking me most cordially by the hand, which he had never done before, invited me to take a steak at Joe's, and asked me if I had heard the news of Harry? He and his friend Lord Foodle had won forty thousand pounds between them on the St. Swindle Stakes, having backed Hit or Miss largely at fifty to one. "I have seen," he continued, "the money standing to Harry's account at Dubup's, our banker; and Harry tells me he stands to win as much more if Hit or Miss carries off the St. Sellem Stakes, which he is sure to do; Harry has backed him for the double event."

I confess I was rather astonished at hearing a man of business, like Richard Spanner, so glib in the language of the betting-ring; but it was quite clear his admiration at the success of this splendid speculation had put to rest his business prejudices.

For my own part, the news was highly satisfactory, for I had a tolerably heavy account against the fashionable Spanner; sovereigns borrowed, shares of tavern bills paid when we met and dined, and when he left me to settle, over and above considerable sums of cash paid for commissions executed for him in Hardborough, while he was at college. It was one of dashing Harry's peculiarities that, although in the society of cabmen, jockeys, or *roué* peers, he was prepared to scramble half-crowns or stand treat of champagne to any amount; and that although

he was pronounced by that model of fast men, the Marquis of Licard, "a jolly generous brick," still, in visits to the country or quiet *tête à tête*s with old friends, he never did pay for anything in the shape of cabs, dinners, turnpikes, cigars, or other trifles. The words, "you settle," or "put that down," came glibly to his tongue; indeed, his talents for owing were of the first order.

Omitting then, altogether, the trifles of shillings and half-crowns which it was impossible to set against a companion so frank and amusing, there was due to me some five-and-twenty pounds, which I could ill spare; for, through the unfortunate failure of the Royal Joint Stock Bank of Hardborough, in which my funds were invested, my fortunes had gone down, as Harry Spanner's had gone up.

Accordingly, one morning, in my most correct costume, I proceeded to my school-fellow's chambers in St. James's Street, where, at twelve o'clock, I found his magnificently appointed cab at the door, and himself in bed. The furnishing of his rooms, his dressing gowns, dressing-table, pipes, and nick-nackeries, would have filled two chapters in a French romance; the arrangements of his breakfast-table, a third. He received me (being alone), very cordially; kept me in a roar with his dry, comic account of his own doings, triumphs, and practical jokes.

In the midst of a roulade of fun,

in which everything truthful and honourable was turned into ridicule, it was extremely difficult for me to introduce the subject of my debt. When I did, it was turned off with a joke — “I was a screw,” “a sobersides;” I could not want the money, and so on. He laughed me away, that day.

But, as I really did want the money, I was obliged to call again and again, each time observing increased signs of luxury and expense.

On the last occasion Spanner, in his jolliest manner, put into my hands an account drawn up in that neat style he had been famous for at school. There I found myself, to my amazement, charged with innumerable Cuba cigars, turnpikes, half-crowns, and other items for whips and gloves, which I had taken to be exchanges of presents, all duly extracted from his embroidered pocket-book; and I then learnt that Master Spanner’s apparent jovial carelessness did not prevent him from keeping a most exact account on his side. He handed me over, rather grudgingly, a draft for the small balance in my favour, and we parted.

When we met next it was at the entrance of Kensington Gardens; he was riding with Lord Foodle and Sir Jenyns Crash, who le-vanted the same year. He cut me dead.

From that time we never spoke; in fact, he never saw me. We encountered each other on several occasions, but he never saw me.

I had been for some years quietly settled in the country, as working partner with old Gorget the surgeon, whose daughter I afterwards married; and I had almost forgotten my follies and fun with Harry Spanner, when I had to pass through Hardborough on my way to London, and staid a night to call upon a few old friends. Among them, Bob Bracton — Bob the Beau, he used to be called — asked me to spend the evening, and observed: “By-the-bye, you will meet your old chum, Harry Spanner. Very much altered since his unfortunate affair on the St. Lurndell’s Stakes.”

So it was; the born dandy had found himself on the wrong side of the hedge, had been sold up to his last dressing-case, and was living in the suburbs of Hardborough on an allowance of a few shillings a week from his rich brothers, on condition that he did not show his face to them. At night he came to our little *réunion*, the same man but how changed! As impudent, assured, amusing as ever, nay more amusing than ever — the same cold, sarcastic, aristocratic face; but the fine waist, and broad shoulders, lost in the form of a bloated alderman. Dressed in a seedy sack coat, buttoned to the throat, he advanced with as grand an air as ever, shook me patronisingly by the hand, crying, “Come, old fellow, you must not be sulky with your Spanner. Bracton says you complain that I cut you. Why, my dear boy, that’s nothing! I cut my own

father — did, upon my soul. I'll tell how it happened — but just let me light a weed. Bracton, are these the Silvas I recommended to you? Hand me the brandy; — never mind the water. What! No glass? Ah, that's no consequence; my mouth holds exactly a glass.

"Well, about cutting my respectable parent. You see I was in the height of my glory, just after the St. Sellem's Stakes had come off all right. I was riding one Sunday along the ladies' mile with Foodle, Scattercash, Mrs. Pullaway, and Mademoiselle Tintamarre, when who should I meet in his dreadful rattletrap of a Phaeton, as he calls it, but Fubsy, my snip of a brother-in-law, with his whole family, and my venerable parent, at a dead lock in the Line. I could see as we came up to the carriages, Fubsy rousing my papa with his elbow, preparing for the pleasure of recognising a man of my standing in the midst of my aristocratic acquaintance; so, putting on my coldest air, I raised my whip-glass and staring full into Fubsy's box seat, observed to Mrs. Pullaway:

"Extraordinary! Really, what guys these City people make of themselves; did you ever see such a hat?"

"Fubsy turned pale, and sunk back on the box seat. Mrs. Fubsy muttered something about a wretch. I believe I was scratched out of the will, that night."

With such, and worse anecdotes of his adventures, he kept us well

amused in spite of our secret twinges of disapprobation. He was a mountebank who would have made his fortune at the court of that merry and exemplary monarch, Charles the Second. At midnight, when my friends accompanied me to the station, Spanner — having previously borrowed a sovereign — followed me to the refreshment room with "Come, Jack, you know my weakness, one bottle of champagne!" Of course he had it.

The next I heard of my fashionable friend was still more extraordinary. His father had died intestate, and he had come into I don't know how many thousands, when he at once re-appeared in the scenes of his former glories, wherever money would buy him admittance. This second career was even more brief than the first.

I was married, settled, and had almost forgotten him, when once or twice, passing along the Strand, I was startled by a faint recollection of a moustached person who hung about a betting den. Raking up my memory, the idea of my debauched schoolfellow occurred to me.

A few nights ago, after one of Jullien's concerts, I went with a friend into a tavern to get supper. As we entered, an altercation was going on between the waiter and a squat seedy individual, who wished to enter the coffee-room; as I passed, a dirty hand was laid upon my shoulder. "This gentleman will answer for my supper, you scoundrel; here, Jack, lend

us a sov. to satisfy these villains! I have spent thousands with them, and now they want to turn me out because I'm down a little in the world."

Under immense moustaches and whiskers, in the seediest of seedy paletots once white, with a dirty blue bird's-eye round his neck, grown to the size of a Falstaff, with moist eye, trembling hand, and blackened teeth, I recognised Harry Spanner, very dirty and half drunk. He obtained the sovereign, on condition that he retired; and two hours later we met a party of policemen conveying him, strapped on a stretcher, riotously roaring, his clothes muddy and torn, to the station-house.

THE MASQUE OF THE NEW YEAR.

"So forth issew'd the Seasons of the Yeare." — SPENSER.

I.

OUT from tower and from steeple rang
the sudden New Year bells,
Like the chorusing of genii in aërial citadels;

And, as they chimed and echoed over-
thwart the gulfs of gloom,

Lo, a brilliance burst upon me, and a
Masque went through the room.

First, the young New Year came forward,
like a little dancing child,

And his hair was as a glory, and his eyes
were bright and wild,

And he shook an odorous torch, and he
laughed, but did not speak,

And his smile went softly rippling through
the roses of his cheek.

Round he looked across his shoulder; —
and the Spirit of the Spring

Entered slowly, moved before me, paused
and lingered on the wing;

And she smiled and wept together, with a
dalliance quaint and sweet,
And her tear-drops changed to flowers
underneath her gliding feet.

Then a landscape opened outwards. Broad,
brown woodlands stretched away
In the luminous blue distance of a windy-
clear March day;

And at once the branches kindled with a
light of hovering green,

And grew vital in the sunshine, as the
Spirit passed between.

Birds flashed about the copses, striking
sharp notes through the air;

Danced the lambs within the meadows;
crept the snake from out his lair;

Soft as shadow sprang the violets, thou-
sands seeming but as one;

Flamed the crocuses beside them, like
gold droppings of the sun.

And the Goddess of the Spring — that
Spirit tender and benign —

Squeezed a vapoury cloud, which vanish-
ed into Heaven's crystal wine;

And she faded in the distance where the
thickening leaves were piled; —

And the New Year had grown older, and
no longer was a child.

II.

Summer, shaking languid roses from his
dew-bedabbled hair,

Summer, in a robe of green, and with his
arms and shoulders bare,

Next came forward; and the richness of
his pageants filled the eye:

Breadths of English meadows basking
underneath the happy sky;

Long grass swaying in the playing of the
almost wearied breeze;

Flowers bowed beneath a crowd of the
yellow-armoured bees;

Sumptuous forests filled with twilight,
like a dreamy old romance;

Rivers falling, rivers calling, in their
indolent advance;

Crimson heath-bells, making regal all
the solitary places;

Dominant light, that pierces down into
the deep blue water spaces;

Sun-uprisings, and sun-settings, and in-
tensities of noon;

Purple darkness of the midnight, and the
glory of the moon;

Rapid, rosy-tinted lightnings, where the
rocky clouds are riven,
Like the lifting of a veil before the inner
courts of Heaven;

Silver stars in azure evenings, slowly
climbing up the steep;
Corn-fields ripening to the harvest, and
the wide seas smooth with sleep.

Circled with these living splendours,
Summer passed from out my sight,
Like a dream that filled with beauty all
the caverns of the night;

And the vision and the presence into
empty nothing ran; —

And the New Year was still older, and
seemed now a youthful man.

III.

Autumn! Forth from glowing orchards
stepped he gaily, in a gown
Of warm russet, freaked with gold, and
with a visage sunny-brown:

On his head a rural chaplet, wreathed
with heavily-dropping grapes,
And broad, shadow-casting vine-leaves,
like the Bacchanalian shapes.

Fruits and berries rolled before him, from
the Year's exhaustless horn;

Jets of wine went spinning upwards, and
he held a sheaf of corn;

And he laughed for very joy, and he
danced from too much pleasure,
And he sang old songs of harvest, and he
quaffed a mighty measure.

But above this wild delight an over-
mastering graveness rose,
And the fields and trees seemed thought-
ful in their absolute repose;

And I saw the woods consuming in a
many-coloured death —

Streaks of yellow flame, down-deepening
through the green that lingereth,

Sanguine flushes, like a sunset, and
austerely-shadowing brown;

And I heard within the silence the nuts
sharply rattling down;

And I saw the long dark hedges all alight
with scarlet fire,

Where the berries, pulpy-ripe, had spread
their bird-feasts on the briar.

I beheld the southern vineyards, and the
hop-grounds of our land,

Sending gusts of fragrance outwards,
nearly to the salt sea strand;

Saw the windy moors rejoicing in their
tapestry of fern,

And the stately weeds and rushes, that to
dusty dryness turn.

Autumn walked in glee and triumph over
mountain, wood, and plain,

And he looked upon their richness as a
king on his domain:

All too soon he waned, and vanished
over misty heaths and meres; —

And the New Year stood beside me like
a man of fifty years.

IV.

In a foggy cloud obscurely, entered Win-
ter, ashy pale,

And his step was hard and heavy, and he
wore an icy mail:

Blasting all the path before him, leapt a
black wind from the north,

And from stinging drifts of sleet he
forged the arrows of his wrath.

Yet some beauty still was found; for,
when the fogs had passed away,

The wide lands came glittering forward
in a fresh and strange array:

Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft,
and feathery, and bright,

And the earth looked dressed for Heaven
in its spiritual white.

Black and cold as iron armour lay the
frozen lakes and streams;

Round about the fenny plashes, shone
the long and pointed gleams

Of the tall reeds, ice-encrusted; the old
hollies, jewel-spread,

Warmed the white, marmoreal chillness
with an ardency of red.

Upon desolate morasses, stood the heron
like a ghost

Beneath the gliding shadows of the wild
fowls' noisy host;

And the bittern clamoured harshly from
his nest among the sedge,

Where the indistinct, dull moss had
blurred the ragged water's edge.

But the face of Winter softened, and his
lips broke into smiles,

And his heart was filled with radiance as
from far enchanted isles;

For across the long horizon came a light
upon the way —

The light of Christmas fires, and the
dawning of new day.

And Winter moved not onward, like the
rest, but made a stand,
And took the Spirit of Christmas, as a
brother, by the hand;
And together tow'rd the heavens, a great
cry of joy they sent; —
And the New Year was the Old Year, and
his head was grey and bent.

Then another New Year entered, like
another dancing child,
With his tresses as a glory, and his glances
bright and wild;
And he flashed his odorous torch, and he
laughed out in the place,
And his soul looked forth in joy, and
made a sunshine on his face.

Out from spire, and from turret, pealed
the sudden New Year bells,
Like the distant songs of angels in their
fields of asphodels;
And that lustrous child went sparkling to
his aged father's side,
And the New Year kissed the Old Year,
and the Old Year gently died.

JUSTICE TO THE HYÆNA.

MY most favourite resort (and I believe I am not singular in that respect) for relaxation and recreation during the busy season I am compelled to pass amidst the smoke and din of the metropolis, is the Zoological Society's Gardens.

The access to these extensive and well-arranged grounds by the noble roads, malls, and avenues of the Regent's Park, invites the sedentary valetudinarian to the healthy exercise of walking; and the succession of varied forms of animated Nature, never before exhibited with so much latitude for the enjoyment and exercise of their natural habits and modes of motion, suggests a pleasing variety of subjects, not only for the

skilled observer, but for the fleeting thoughts of a merely speculative, though unscientific visitor.

Many an hour of mine has been occupied — not unprofitably I hope — by considerations so suggested, which have led me often to refer to the best authorities — and so made me acquainted with many delightful works — for further and precise information as to the habits and organisation of the animals that have arrested my attention. As to the minutiae of specific definitions and the technicalities of the binomial nomenclature, I must confess them to be above my scope and faculties. Like all things remote and shadowy, they have begot in me something akin to a reverential awe for the adepts in those zoological mysteries, whose names I find are indicated by the kind of hieroglyphical abbreviation which follows the *nomen triviale* of the subject of their nomenclative skill.

For a long time I was puzzled by the letters or mutilated syllables standing by themselves at the end of such labels as *Felis Lynx*, Tem.; *Phalangista fuliginosa*, Og.; *Cheiroptamus crassiceps*, Gr.; &c. But a gentleman who honours me with his acquaintance and occasional converse in the Gardens, and who is F.R.S. as well as F.Z.S., kindly explained to me that those letters are the initials of the great naturalists who have undertaken to construct the Greek and Latin names for the dumb creatures when they

are caught; and that they very cleverly take the same opportunity of handing their own names down to an admiring and grateful posterity.

I was further gratified by my friend's pointing out to me one of the very *savants* whose name was indicated by letters, which, previously, in my simplicity, I had imagined to refer to the grey colour of the animal he had named.

I thought, indeed, my respected instructor inclined to be a little severe when he hinted that the hieroglyphic appendage in question was the cause of many more hard names being invented than science would otherwise have been burdened with; for, the custom being to substitute one's own symbol for that of the naturalist who had the trouble of first describing and making known a species; where any excuse can be invented for giving it a new name, it was seized, he said, and thus the custom had become a premium for superfluous synonyms. "*Equus Asinus*, L.," observed the F.R.S., "would, doubtless, have been deemed quite adequate for an unmistakeable indication to all ages of the humble and useful beast of burthen, so called by the great founder of zoological and botanical nomenclature, if the newer name of *Asinus vulgaris* had not led to the substitution of the nominal symbol of its proposer for that of the immortal Linnæus, in regard to this particular species. In short," concluded my autho-

rity, "now-a-days every hodman in Natural History rushes with his individual brick to the rising zoological edifice, for the purpose of scribbling his own name upon it."

What more might have followed in the mood into which my unlucky question had led the philosopher, I know not, and am glad not to have to record. At this turn of the discourse, we were startled by a loud and shrill cackinnation, which at first I thought had proceeded from some underbred, strong-lunged listener, who knew enough of the subject to appreciate the point of my informant's sarcasm.

On turning round, however, we found ourselves, as we had supposed, standing on the green sward apart from the crowd, who were clustered about the hyæna's den, from which another of the unearthly laughs proceeded, followed by others in rapid succession and increasing shrillness.

This strange and — when heard at some distance — close imitation of the laughter of our own species, is excited by very different sentiments in the ill-favoured beast: in whom it is the pure expression of rage and baffled desire. In the present instance, it was called forth by the sight of the bony part of a leg of mutton, which the keeper was holding up at the end of his iron staff, in front of the hyæna's cage, but beyond the reach of the agitated and irate brute. He, with upraised bristles and exposed fangs, traversed rapidly to and

fro behind the bars, casting malignant glances at his keeper, whilst the saliva streamed from his half-opened mouth. On receiving the tantalising joint (which seemed, by the way, to have a mighty small proportion of half-dried meat upon it for the daily allowance of so powerful an animal), he withdrew with it sullenly into the furthest and darkest corner of his den, turning his back upon the spectators, and making the progress of his sulky meal cognisable to us who tarried to pursue our observations, by a series of loud and sharp cracks, as the shank-bone and leg-bone of the dilapidated joint were successively fractured in the gripe of his powerful jaws. In the course of about five minutes the hyæna arose, and great was my astonishment to perceive nothing left of the leg of mutton but about four inches of the hardest middle part of the main bone, licked white, and clean of sinew or periosteum, and with its two ends projecting in sharp splinters. All the rest of the joint—tendons, ligaments, bones—had disappeared, and were at that moment in course of digestion and dissolution in the stomach of the seemingly satisfied beast: who, after licking his thick black lips a few times, curled himself up in another corner of the den to enjoy his siesta.

The teeth of this creature, thought I, must be of a very peculiar character, and different from those of its neighbours of the feline tribe; which, superior

as they may be in size and strength, rarely meddle with the bones of the joints assigned to them. Even a strong and hungry dog does not crack the smaller bones he may be unable to bolt without an obvious effort. But no difficulty of the kind was apparent in the feeding of the hyæna, in which the business-like, matter-of-course comminution of the bones, inch by inch, seemed more like the effect of some chopping-machine, than of any special muscular effort. I determined, therefore, my Mentor having left me whilst absorbed in contemplation, to take the first opportunity, when passing through Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look in at the College of Surgeons and examine the skull and teeth of a hyæna, and avail myself of the explanations which are always so cheerfully afforded by the eminent gentlemen in charge of the unrivalled museum of that institution. I was so fortunate as to find the Hunterian Professor himself engaged with the osteological collection, who, on learning the object of my wishes, kindly took out of a cabinet a skull of the same species of hyæna as that which I had lately been studying in the live state. This species is the spotted one, peculiar at the present day to the Cape of Good Hope and the southern division of Africa. The hyæna of the North of Africa and Asia is the striped kind, and is smaller and less ferocious than the spotted one. The latter, I may as well add, is, zoologically speaking, the *Canis*

crocota, Linn., *Hyæna maculata*, Thun., *Hyæna capensis*, Desm., and *Hyæna crocota*, Cuv. It appears, however, to be so unmistakeably known to the naturalists of all nations under the last denomination, that this might well serve, henceforth, as its fixed and determinate scientific name, without the terminal cypher, or the cumbersome tail of exploded synonyms.

Leaving words for things, the skull of the *Hyæna crocota* displays, instead of a smooth dome-like roof of bone over the brain-case, a sharp and lofty ridge or crest, running lengthwise from the occiput to between the bony chambers of the eyes; and from this ridge, the sides of the cranium slope away to the contracted parts bounded by the two thick and strong bent bars of bone, above the cheeks, which the professor called the "zygomatic arches." The lofty ridge and the two slopes of the contracted brain-case serve, as he informed me, to give firm and extensive attachment to the principal pair of biting muscles — enormous masses of flesh that cause the swelling out of the sides of the hyæna's head, and the working of which may be plainly seen, when it is crunching a bone. The fibres of those muscles converge to pass under the zygomatic arches in order to be implanted into two projecting parts, like handles, of the strong and thick under jaw. Another powerful pair of muscles is attached to those two

outspanning bony arches, by one end, and to the outer and under part of the jaw, by the other end. The chief characters of the skull thus relate or are subordinate to the extraordinary moving powers or workers of the jaw, and indicate the characteristic actions and food of the animal; and, as all the rest of the structure harmonises with these habits and that kind of nutriment, the anatomist, it appears, is able to divine from a mere fragment of the skeleton, the nature and affinities of the animal of which it has formed part.

All the teeth of the hyæna — and they exhibit much diversity of size and shape — are wonderfully constructed for the work they have to perform. You may sometimes see the beast pinch up, as it were, with its foreteeth, a loose bit of the strong membrane, called periosteum, and strip it off the bone by a sudden upward jerk of the head. For such uses, these teeth are fashioned to act as pincers, but with the holding part more complex than those of the blacksmith's.

The upper teeth have their crowns divided by a transverse cleft into a conical front lobe, and a back ridge which is notched lengthwise; the lower front teeth have moderately sharp crowns that fit into the interspace of the three-lobed upper ones, and take a firm grip of any strip of ligament or membrane which may be seized. Next to the fore-teeth — which, though adapted for hold-

ing and crushing, are, it seems, called incisors, and which are six in number in both upper and lower jaws — are the long and strong conical fangs, called canines, one on each side of both jaws. These teeth, which are formidable enough, are by no means, however, so large in proportion as in the lion and tiger tribe. The teeth which serve as bone-crackers are three in number, on each side of both jaws, progressively increasing in size as they are placed more backwards, and nearer to the muscles that work them. Their crowns are in the form of low and strong cones, covered by a smooth enamel, hard enough to strike fire with steel, and belted at the base with a more or less complete ridge of the same material. This serves to defend the gum from splinters broken off as the bone is cracked, and no better model could be taken for a hammer to break stones on the road, than one of those bone-breaking teeth of the hyæna.

As the hungry carnivore does by no means disdain good flesh, when a sated lion has left enough of it on the carcase of a buffalo, after feasting on the prime parts of its prey; the hyæna is provided, like the king of beasts, with what are called flesh-teeth, or carnassials. These are four in number, one on each side of both jaws, with crowns shaped like scissor-blades, the one above gliding obliquely upon the one below, so that they reciprocally maintain by their mode of action a sharp edge for neatly cutting across the fibres of rigid muscles. Behind each flesh-tooth of the upper jaw, is placed a small, low, round, and flat grinder, which completes the so-called dental system of the hyæna. The use of this tubercular tooth is not very obvious; but, as it is situated nearest the gullet, it may give the last squeeze to a tough morsel, or an additional crack to a piece of bone, before the one or the other is bolted.

The series of teeth altogether resemble those of the lion more than those of the dog. If the first and smallest of the conical bone-crushers were removed from both jaws the teeth would be the same, both in number and kind, with those of the feline genus, only modified in their shape and proportions to serve the purposes of a brute that feeds on the remnants of the dead carcase of the prey which the more noble destructive has slain and satiated its appetite upon. In this respect the lion may be compared to the eagle; the hyæna to the vulture. Like the ignoble bird of prey, there is much in the outward form of the hyæna that contrasts unfavourably with the well-finished frame of the bolder pursuer and assailant of living animals. The neck and fore-quarters of the hyæna have a thickness and strength that match the head; but the hind-quarters are low, and the hind legs bent, crouching, and knock-knee'd, causing the pace, even when rapid, to be of a shuffling or dragging

character. The toes are four in number on each foot; that which supports the "dew-claw" in the dog, and the short upper innermost claw in the cat and its kind, being wanting in the hyæna. The claws of the four toes that are retained are strong, blunt, and non-retractile. The ears are large and carried erect; a coarse mane runs down the spine; the general colour of the beast of the kind called "*crocuta*" is yellowish-brown, the spots that distinguish him being numerous and of a deeper brown tint.

The hyænas, like the vultures and other winged scavengers, fulfil an important sanitary mission in the warm latitudes where they most abound. They clear away the putrescent remains of the carcasses of the large quadrupeds which higher organised carnivora have killed and left half devoured; they follow the Caffres and Hottentots to their battle-fields and gorge on the slain. It may be charitable to suppose that the assiduous labours of hungry hyænas may have contributed to cause the mysterious disappearance of the bodies of our sable enemies, slain, according to bulletins, in praiseworthy numbers, during recent and ever-recurring conflicts at the Cape. It is certain that the hyænas ransack the native villages in quest of offal, and often disinter the corpse from the too shallow or ill-protected grave.

But the dead and the débris of slain animals do not form the

exclusive food of the hyænas, assuredly not of the stronger and spotted species of South Africa. They are the most pestilent assailers and destroyers of the farmer's stock: the numbers, and stealth, or stupid venturesomeness of these hungry nocturnal hyænas rendering them much more destructive, if less formidable individually, than the lion itself. At Kanha, writes Major Denham, the hyænas are "everywhere in legions, and grew now so extremely ravenous that a good large village, where I sometimes procured a draught of sour milk on my duck-shooting excursions had been attacked the night before my last visit, and the town absolutely carried by storm, notwithstanding defences of nearly six feet high of branches of the prickly trilloh; and two donkeys, whose flesh these animals are particularly fond of, carried off in spite of the efforts of the people." Man himself the hyæna dares not openly attack; though, when driven hard in self-defence, it will turn furiously even upon that assailant. A sleeping adult or child, however, if exposed to the prowling, hungry herd, is almost sure to fall their victim. It would seem, also, that the spotted hyæna, which has once in this way tasted human flesh, retains a dangerous liking for it.

Steedman, in his Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa, adduces the following evidence to that effect, which he obtained from

Mr. Shepstone, an experienced settler: — “To show clearly the preference of the hyæna for human flesh, it will be necessary to notice that, when the Mambookies (a race of Hottentots) build their houses, which are in form like bee-hives, and tolerably large — often eighteen or twenty feet in diameter — the floor is raised at the higher or back part of the house until within three or four feet of the front, where it suddenly terminates, leaving an area from thence to the wall, in which every night the calves are tied, to protect them from the storms or wild beasts. Now it would be natural to suppose, that should the hyæna enter, he would seize the first object for his prey, especially as the natives always lie with the fire at their feet; but, notwithstanding this, the constant practice of this animal has been in every instance to pass by the calves in the area, and even by the fire, and take the children from under the mother’s kaross, and this in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has been unconscious of her loss until the cries of the little innocent have reached her from without, when a close prisoner in the jaws of the monster.” In the above horrid narrative, the hyæna is called wolf: its more common vernacular name among the Cape colonists.

From these and many similar testimonies by African travellers, from Le Vaillant and Bruce down to Denham and Gordon Cumming, we may infer that the hyæna,

although it subsists principally on the remains of animals that have died or been killed by others, does not refuse to grapple with a living prey when it can do so stealthily, or when it can overpower such prey by force of numbers.

The gloomy abodes of the hyæna are caves and the recesses of rocky hill-sides, or the vaults of old sepulchres, deserted dwellings, and ancient ruins. Here it abides in slothful slumber during the broad light and heat of day, and as darkness falls, emerges from its lair to fulfil its loathsome or cruel purposes. To these haunts it drags the carcasses or parts which have remained after its hunger has been satiated on the spot during the nocturnal prowl, and in process of time leaves many peculiar and unmistakeable characteristics of its domestic life. Marvellously have these evidences been traced out by the perspicacity of our great geologist, Buckland, in the Yorkshire caves, which in the very olden time, before human tradition or history, formed the dwellings of fell hyænas, as they prowled about the moor-sides and valleys of Yorkshire. But, into the interesting and instructive particulars of this discovery, my present limits forbid me to enter.

From the earliest periods of history, the hyæna has especially attracted the attention of zoologists; and the striking peculiarities of its habits, gait, and voice, have excited the imaginative

faculty to set down more than has ever fallen under the sober observation of modern naturalists. Even old Aristotle, whom they claim as the father of their science, and who has so generally been confirmed in what he has advanced respecting the animals he was able to observe, hazards some strange and apocryphal bits in his account of the *crocota*. Cuvier, indeed, excuses the allegation that that quadruped differed from others in having only one bone in its neck, by good-naturedly suggesting that the Stagyræ might have dissected an old hyæna, in which, from the frequent and violent strain that the cervical vertebræ are subject to in the living animal, those seven bones might have become anchylosed or soldered together into one piece. From the good old gossiping Roman Encyclopædist we know what to expect, and we read his "Naturalis Historia" more with the view of being amused by the stories that were current among the vulgar, and perhaps the polite circles of Imperial Rome, than of gaining instruction from any exercise of Pliny's own eyes on the beautiful and varied nature that surrounded him.

Doubtless, the interest of the lovely patricians who, from the dress circles of the amphitheatre, looked down on the ten hyænas introduced to be fought with, baited, and slaughtered before their eyes in the famous year 1,000 of the foundation of the eternal City, was vastly enhanced by the

remarks of their polite and well-read Cicerone. "Those hideous brutes — fair and noble dames — are wont to repair to the shepherds' huts and imitate the human voice, and even learn some person's name, who, when he answers to the call and comes out, is immediately torn to pieces." Oh! dreadful: can it be possible? Yes, ladies, the elder Plinius hath written it.*

If Mr. Mitchell has hitherto failed in teaching the hyæna to rival the parrot, perhaps it may be because he has not tried the laughing brute with the Latin tongue.

The myth of the untameable ferocity of the hyæna, like that of the quill-shooting dexterity of the porcupine, is now limited to the lore of those dear zoological instructors of our childhood — the showmen of the travelling menageries. And, verily, I would fain exchange a good deal of the sober certainties of animal biography, imparted by my accurate and respected authority of the R. S., for some of those beliefs that thrilled through my youthful breast.

Certain it is that the aspect of the hyæna does him some injustice; the beast is not so bad as he looks. Pennant testifies to having seen, in London, a hyæna as obedient

* "Sermonem humanum inter pastorum stabula assimilare, nomenque alicujus addiscere, quem evocatum foras laceret." Pliny even goes on to aver "Item vomitionem hominis imitari ad sollicitandos canes quos invadat." — Nat. Hist. 1. 8, c. 30.

and tractable as a dog. Buffon narrates that there was a hyæna shown in Paris, in his time, which had been tamed when young, and was apparently divested of its natural ferocity. The Rev. Mr. Bingley, in his amusing *Animal Biography*, states that "Mr. John Hunter had, at Earl's Court, a hyæna, near eighteen months old, that was so tame as to admit strangers to approach and touch him. After Mr. Hunter's death it was sold to a travelling exhibitor of animals. For a few months previously to his being carried into the country, he was lodged in the Tower. The keeper informs me that he there continued tolerably gentle, so much so as to allow a person who knew him, to enter the den and handle him." — vol. i., p. 244.

Bishop Heber saw a striped hyæna in India, that followed its master and fawned on him like a dog. Barrow also narrates with respect to the spotted hyæna, that, in the district of Scheufberg, at the Cape, it is domesticated and used like a hound for the chase. Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes tamed a young hyæna in India; he brought it over to England when full grown; but, out of respect, doubtless, for the prejudices of Oxford Street in regard to the quadruped followers of its promenaders, he presented the animal, though as gentle as a spaniel, to the Zoological Society. "In India," writes that gallant and accomplished officer, "It was allowed to run about my house,

and on board ship it was released from its cage two or three times a day to play with the sailors, and gambol with the dogs. It early recognised my person and voice, would obey when called, and in general was as playful and good-humoured as a puppy. My visits to it in the Gardens have been rare and at long intervals, nor have I ever carried it food. I anticipated therefore, that it would outgrow its early affection, and that I should be to it as any other stranger; but it has always greeted me, not only as an old acquaintance, but as an old friend; and if I am to judge from its agitation and peculiar cries, the animal's recognition is that of affection. On Sunday last it was asleep in its cage when I approached. On calling it by its name it looked up, distinguished me in the crowd, started on its legs, and on my applying my hand to its mouth to smell to, it threw itself down against the bars, rubbed its head, neck, and back against my hand, and then started on its legs and bounded about its cage, uttering short cries. On ceasing to speak to it and moving away, it looked wistfully after me, nor resumed its motions till I addressed it again. Its manifestations of joy were so unequivocal as to excite the surprise of a great number of bystanders." (*Zoological Proceedings* for eighteen hundred and thirty-three, page 'seventy-six.) To their successors in that attractive part of the Society's Gardens, I would wish, in taking

leave of the hyæna — with these the kindest words ever offered in behoof of the poor imprisoned brute — to recommend it to the best sentiments that its visage and voice may permit them to feel in its favour.

THE GOLDEN VALE.

THERE is not a more fertile part of land in the world than that which is called, and precisely on account of its fertility, the Golden — or rather, as they pronounce it, the Goolden—Vale, in the county Tipperary. To look at it a little before harvest time, were at once to be convinced of its fertility; a fact which one might doubt at any other time, especially if the squalor of the population and the wretchedness of the hovels be contemplated also.

No travellers in this part of Ireland should fail to visit the Rock of Cashel. The Rock will always be beautiful; but, it was once surmounted by one of the most beautiful specimens of old Irish ecclesiastical architecture in the island. Not many years since, the ruins of the old cathedral — for it was no less — were still in a perfect state. Time and neglect, however, have done their worst service, and less and less remains, every year, of that most stately structure. But the Rock of Cashel is still there, and from it the view of the Golden Vale is something that will not moulder away, and will make very

nearly as deep an impression as the ruined cathedral itself.

A casual visitor might, as we have observed, doubt the great fertility of the vale: Liebig, however, or one of his disciples, would recognise the truth in a very short survey, and would account for it by the continuous washing of fertilizing matter from the bare limestone of the hills down on to the deep recipient valley. What a happy race the owners and landlords of such a region ought to be! How amply must it be in their power to make the peasants dependent on them and their employment, more comfortable than the peasants in a poorer district! What scope for improvement, for justice, for charity, for good agriculture, for all the elements of virtue and happiness.

Unfortunately the history of the Golden Vale cannot be written in such characters. There is scarcely one of the gentlemen's seats which dot it, that has not been the scene or the subject of a sad story. Recklessness, prodigality, cruelty, murder — all the great temptations and besetting sins of Irish life have been here accumulated and exaggerated. In consequence of the great fertility of the land, and of the great rise of corn prices, the competition amongst the tenants was perfectly insane. Instead of doubting and checking delirium, the squires thought their land a permanent source of wealth, and spent and mortgaged in proportion to the rent offered. At that time — in the years of war

and war-prices—the ousted tenant went to the wars himself, turned pig-driver, or found some other way of life. But, when peace came and with it that downfall of prices which roused the squirearchy of Ireland—and, indeed, of England too—to the poorness of reality, then, neither peasant nor landlord had patience to bear his reverses. The squire, ruined by the change of circumstances, if he did not commit actual, perpetrated moral, suicide. He plunged into vice, drank, gambled, did anything to keep up his spirits, and that only for a day. The tenant felt the bad effects of his landlord's behaviour: he got small abatements, and no mercy. He had no longer the resource of the war, or of the many modes of life open where there is a quick demand for men. He clung to his bit of land with desperation. When it was torn from him he became desperate; from his despair arose those terrible associations, to which Captain Rock and other equally famed and famous desperadoes give their names.

Kiltubby was a nice little village, while things went well. Its landlord—one of the numerous tribe of the Masseys—had a handsome house upon the hill, amid the short limestone sward that the sheep like to nibble. The lady drove to church in a yellow chariot; the husband had his hunters and his kennel. And, after all, the chariot might not have rolled him out of existence, nor his hounds and horses have

eaten their own heads off and his too, had it not been for a frantic resolve of Mr. Massey to drink claret and to grow claret. A squire of no greater degree in the county of Tipperary did the same. Claret was not grown in the Golden Vale, and had to be paid at last with much more produce of the said Vale than when the debt was contemplated or incurred. At last the wine-merchant employed his solicitor, and Mr. Massey transferred himself and family from the Golden Vale of Tipperary to a little Dutch *château*, situated on an elegant canal within view of the steeples of Bruges.

In order to relate how and by whom Mr. Massey left his property to be managed, it is necessary to give some further and more detailed account of Kiltubby, and its principal inhabitants. The village had been much distracted and divided by a feud, that had raged from their earliest days between two of the cleverest boys of the place. *Clever*, in the Tipperary tongue, means six feet high, with shoulders, limbs, and sinews in proportion. But the cleverness of Tim Ryan and Mike Doolan of Kiltubby reached a great stroke higher than their athletic powers. There had been a capital hedge-school at Kiltubby; that is, there had been a man, who for a few meals of potatoes would, in the summer days, instruct under a hedge all the little gossoons of the village. A few of the most capable of them actually learned to read in this great hall

of education, and to know English. These two accomplishments enabled the successful achievers, among them our two worthies, to proceed to a mighty fine school further up the Vale, where a much greater pedagogue in a brown wig knew Latin and Greek, and taught both, as well as 'rithmetic, and a very irregular course of mathematics. More than one of these hedge and half-hedge scholars contrived to make their Tipperary learning the stepping-stone to a university education, although classical learning, as a native of the hedges, flourished far more and better down in the depths of Munster than in Tipperary.

Tim Ryan and Mike Doolan took, each what suited him, out of the primary and secondary schooling thus obtained. And if they grumbled, it was not because of their liking the same portions and tit-bits of the dish of education. Mike swallowed the 'rithmetic, and Tim the rythm; for their teachers were great at prosody, and of course at poesy — in the Irish especially, but also in all other tongues. Mike conned over the figures, and Tim the rhymes. The rule of three charmed instead of puzzling the one, while the other cultivated polite letters. Tim and Mike became greatly renowned in consequence, although the priest — but it was said to be all jealousy — declared them a pair of as fine bog-trotters as was ever spiled by larning. Neither of them at first took kindly to the spade. Mike be-

came manager to an accountant, a dabbler in other people's business rather than in any, at least in any agricultural, business of his own; and Tim set up a school. Of course a school would not keep the one, any more than his figures would keep the other. Both had their friends, used them as they could, and got on as best they might. Tim, in the matter of the school, was accused of having a proud and philanthropic purpose rather than a mere money-making one; and this calumny, which had a bit of truth in it, was a real weight upon Tim's character.

That two such clever and mighty men could subsist in the same village was greatly wondered at, and more than wondered at when both of them fell a-coorting the beauty of the village. They were sure to do this, the priest said, and sure to lay up a store of broken heads and bloody noses by so doing.

It was a great trial for Nelly, and indeed the same trial befell all the people of Kiltubby, for it was necessary for one and all to make choice between the friendship of Tim and the friendship of Mike. To be well with both was impossible. Each had his mode of courting. Mike built a stone house in place of his mud one, transferring the old mud walls to the convenience of a cow. And how could Nelly resist so substantial, and yet so respectful and delicate an appeal to her good sense as well as her good feeling? Tim's mode of parrying such an

attack was what the French would call *leger*. He snipped a bit of ribbon from Nelly's cap, and stuck it in his own caubeen, at the next fair; brandishing an oak stick, and declaring aloud, at the same time, that he was ready to fight whomsoever would question the superiority of the ankle of the owner of that ribbon, to any other ankle in the Goolden Vale. If Nelly's heart were touched by the successful and manly hullabaloo, how could it resist a string of verses, which were quite interminable, to her honour and glory? Nelly looked coldly on the stone house. "Mud's warmer!" cried Tim. Nelly thought so; she married Tim, and preferred his mud palace to his rival's stone one.

Mike swore that he would take terrible vengeance, and he was a man to keep his word. He could wait for it; and he thought the first best means of compassing it was to get as rich as possible. He well knew that Tim and Nelly must grow poorer. Mike, to increase his store and dissipate his grief, turned pig-jobber, and then became one of the agents for the collection of those domestic companions of the Irishmen, and for their furtherance to the English market. Mike converted dollars into pounds, and was enabled to take Mr. Massey's largest farm, and stock it in a manner far beyond the ever known capabilities of Kiltubby. Yet Kiltubby admired, and did not envy. There is little of that black passion in

the Irish character. And when, on the occasion of Mike one morning mounting his black mare, and in an unaccountable fit of high spirits spurring off among the followers of the Galtees Hunt, people looked astonished, Tim was generous enough to say, that "Mike Doolan made jist as good a squireen as any of 'em."

Poor Tim had no such flattering unction to lay to his own soul. Instead of rising in any way, his struggles grew harder as a family came around him. The school paid him little, and made him lazy; although the sedentary and unlaborious life gave him such high spirits, such abundant verses, and so allowed him to develop a tact for music, that he was the life and prime Apollo of every wedding, pattern, christening, funeral, or other merry-making. There was no fun in the Golden Vale, that Tim did not help to make; and as he always had his skinful on such occasions, and brought away more tenpennies than he took with him, his dissipation was not prodigality. Still so much money went for the potatoes, of which more and more were piled upon the *skieeve* for the meals of a growing family, that Tim's affairs grew yearly more disordered and dilapidated, and he was always in arrear of rent.

During the war there had been factions, for how could Tipperary exist without them? There had existed two parties among the peasantry — the Shanavests and the Caravats — which hated each

other mortally, beat each other à *l'outrance*, and battered in each others skulls, at fairs and other parties of pleasure, with true Irish relish, and with such determination, as no police or magistrates could interfere with. Police or magistrate, in truth, saw no reason for such interference, for there was nothing dangerous or seditious in the contests. No person could explain the difference in principle, in leaning, or in anything else, between a Shanavest and a Caravat.

This ceased with the golden reign of high prices and abundant employ. Feuds, fighting, and vengeance, were then called forth by the passions and distresses of private life. Instead of unmeaning Shanavests and Caravats, people in Tipperary began to range themselves into the class that had land, and the class that either had not land, or was in danger of losing it. Landlords were so distressed to pay mortgages and jointures, that they grasped with despairing eagerness at any offer that approached the old rent. By doing so, they in general got rid of an honest tenant, and introduced in his place one who could not keep his engagements. Yet he, when in turn ousted, was twenty times more turbulent and vindictive than the honest tenant, who on being first displaced, very probably converted his stock into cash, and crossed the Atlantic to find a more secure investment in the back woods.

If some good men were of the

oppressed, the ousted, and of course the disaffected faction, there were other good men and valuable, who often fell victims to unmerited obloquy. If a farmer with agricultural knowledge and some little capital, fancied he could do more with a certain portion of land than traditional culture had hitherto done; and if, to try the experiment, he offered a little more than other slovenly competitors; he became a marked man, liable to be beaten on all fitting occasions. As party grew fiercer, and land more scarce, death became the merciless and too certain award of what was considered his crime.

Mike, as a prosperous man, content with things as they were, became attached to one of these factions; Tim, as one of the ousted and declining, to the other. Mike made the door and outworks of his dwelling stronger; Tim let the door of his cabin fall off its hinges, and contented himself with half a one, just to keep the baby from drowning itself in the black hole that adjoined the dung heap.

Mike was desirous of taking more land, which he felt he had time, skill, and money to manage; but he felt that he was risking his life to fill his purse — a reflection that made him pause, but not give over. He knew that Tim was one of the party who prohibited his extended industry, and he was grateful in proportion. Mr. Massey's, like all the property in the country, was undergoing a change.

It was not merely wine-merchants' bills that distressed him, but his smaller tenants grew every day more unable and more unwilling to pay rent. It was, perhaps, of the highest, that small holders, trusting to the chapter of lucky accidents rather than to stated calculations, covenanted to pay. To eject was painful, yet inevitable, and led to the horrors of agrarian disturbance and crime. Besides the system of small holdings, of which the inconveniences were not perceived in a season of war, Mr. Massey had done something equally inconvenient — had kept a large quantity of ground on his own hands. Neither from this, did he feel any inconvenience during high prices. However slovenly the work done, and however plundered the master in labour and produce, good prices, like charity, covered all defects, and left the sum of profit great. Now, it was different. Produce was cheap, labour proportionately dear. Self-farming was found unprofitable, and went by degrees out of fashion in Tipperary. Instead of forty or fifty inhabitants of Kiltubby being employed on Mr. Massey's land, and paid by Mr. Massey or his steward every Saturday night, their eightpence or ninepence a day, they were obliged to work for farmers who took the same land, and who had no money to cross themselves with. These were fine doings and fine times for Captain Rock, to whom in fact, too many began to look.

At this pass of circumstances came Squire Massey's crash, and the seizure of his house by officers of the law — a thing that never would have been thought of as possible in the war-time. It ended by the principal creditors coming down and holding council together, when Mike appeared as one of them, and not the least important. He was on the spot, knew the land and the people, was a creditor himself to some amount, was shrewd, bore a good character, understood accounts; in short, Mike Doolan was, by the desire of the creditors and with the consent of Mr. Massey, installed as manager and head-man of the property, for the benefit of creditors: he undertaking to transmit two hundred and fifty pounds a-year of the receipts to Bruges.

The news was most unwelcome in Kiltubby. It made one of themselves landlord and master for the time being, but this was precisely what neither labourers nor tenants liked. Poor Tim whistled as light an air as his fancy could suggest, and wished his old friend and rival good luck. But, he thought to himself quietly, that now would be the time for him to be off to the 'Mericas, if such an escapade were feasible. Nelly pleaded for home, sweet home — of which the sweetness was all moral, and even that questionable — and Tim asked her, if she would not prefer Yankee Land to Botany.

The new manager of the Kil-

tubby property was not long in giving warnings to several tenants. These tenants met, along with others equally menaced, and employed their secretary, Captain Rock, to write no mild notice to Mike Doolan, that they would make such an example as would be told for ten thousand years to come in the Goolden Vale, if he came the hard master over them. The only symptom of answer vouchsafed was the addition of a few stand of arms to Mike's arsenal, already pretty well provided. Challenges having been thus exchanged on both sides, *à la mode de Tipperary*, were not long in producing a combat. One night Captain Rock's forces surrounded the dwelling of Mike Doolan, and commanded him, under pain of the infliction of very barbarous tortures, to surrender his arms. This was all that was for the present required of him. Compliance, however, on his part, he knew to be the first of concessions, of which the inevitable consequence would be his being necessitated to leave the country. Mike showed fight, and fired upon his besiegers from embrasures which he had cunningly prepared. The besiegers tried to force the door, or to burn it down by a heap of blazing wood laid against it. But Mike succeeded in wounding several of his antagonists, and putting them to flight before they had made any breach in his stronghold.

Although the party engaged in the attack were, by the regular

laws of Irish agricultural outrages, men from other parishes, Mike revenged the wrong upon the ill-affected near him. And finally he sued Tim in arrear of rent — which indeed was the normal state of the county and himself. He seized Tim's cow, and *canted* it, that is, had it sold by auction. It was bought by friends, and conveyed to a not distant bog, where Tim had some small profit from his cow, through poor Nelly trudging to and fro with her pail, over miles of dry and dreary road.

Others were as severely treated, so a cow became a rarity in Kiltubby. When the cow was taken away, the bit of land was taken with it; one was of little use without the other. The land was withdrawn, because there was not the excuse of a cow to feed, nor the means of a dung-heap to manure it. Wages became the sole support of the labourer; and the ninepence a day upon which he subsisted was paid in any way that pleased Mike Doolan.

The only mode in which this shrewd manager would allow the men of Kiltubby to "have any call to the land," was in the way of con-acre; that is, a bit of land given to them in March for the potato season, and taken from them in October, as soon as the potato harvest was dug out. Those who paid twenty, or at most thirty shillings an acre for annual rent, would be asked and would consent to pay five, six, eight, ten pounds, and even higher still, per con-acre. Mike calculated the

number of barrels of potatoes — as they admeasure them in Ireland; he calculated the outlay also; and he exacted, as rent, a sum which was a fraction under what the potato produce would fetch in the market. Mike, in fact, ground down the people of Kiltubby, till they declared, there was not a bit of nose left on their face.

Had there been even the semblance of fairness in the management, the poor man who secured an acre for potatoes, ought to have been allowed two or three years more to take the rest of the value out of his manure, paying a moderate rent. But Mike had the manure, and thence he grew; and yet he charged moreover a tremendous rent. The fleeced peasant in revenge pointed his gun at Mike from behind a hedge, but hesitated, as yet, to fire.

The highest price affixed by Mike, and by others of his grinding class, per con-acre, was that paid for hay land; that is, for meadow and grass land to be broken up, and having an accumulated fertility sufficient to produce a crop of potatoes without manure. Those who had lost their cattle, and were otherwise, and every way, behindhand, had no resource but to ask for a con-acre of hay land. The paying for it was another and an after consideration, which was not worth being considered, inasmuch as the con-acre was indispensable.

Tim was obliged to ask Mike for a con-acre of hay land. Little

funds as there were left him, it galled him to do so. Mike demanded for it sixteen pounds sterling an acre.

This is no fiction. It is the exact price asked, on a certain occasion, for an acre of land; nor is there anything in this narrative unreal, except the proper names and the scene. Tim scratched his hapless poll, and though his tongue remained silent, his countenance sufficiently told Mike:

“You have caught your old rival at a ’vantage, and you are taking it out of him with merciless extortion!”

But Tim had no resource. He agreed, and in writing, to pay the sixteen pounds, and he put his name to the document which his Shylock carefully insisted upon. Fortune but too fully favoured the vindictive design of Mike to crush Tim altogether, or to drive him from the country. For, it so happened that this season the potatoes, owing to drought or other causes, completely failed on hay land. Tim did not dig out enough to feed a pig for a fortnight. He had to look elsewhere for the winter provision of his family. But, Mike was inexorable and demanded his rent. The case — a well-known one — came before the sessions at Tipperary, and it was pleaded on both sides with Irish earnestness. The bond, however, was there, and the law was there; and give judgment for other than Mike the magistrates could not. But, in giving the award which sanctioned his claim, and in giving him the

power to enforce it, the chairman, as was afterwards remarked, observed to Mike that the sentence which rendered him so triumphant, would infallibly prove a sentence of death! The judge himself said so!

There is no use in dwelling on the catastrophe. Mike Doolan was carried home that night, on a door, with six bullets through his body. About two months afterwards Tim was observed within sight of the American shore. He had climbed the foremast to discern it, and a heel of the vessel flung him overboard. His handsome widow, much pitied, lived for many years undisturbed at Kiltubby.

MY MAN. A SUM.

I WILL take a man, as Lawrence Sterne took a solitary captive in a cell. I desire not to view, however, like the writer of *Tristram Shandy*, the iron entering into his soul. I have nothing to do with his thoughts, his motives, his feelings, his sympathies. I will take a man and give him three-score and ten years to live, and breathe, and act in — a fair mean, I think. He shall be robust, laborious, sober, steady, economical of time, fond if you will of repeating the fallacious apothegm, "Time flies," and ever anxious to cut the wings of Time with the scissors of Industry.

Providence has given my man, you will not deny, a rope or cable

of life composed of three hundred and sixty-five times, twenty-four hours, forming alternate days and nights for seventy years. Give me the twenty-four hours to regulate the daily portion of my man by, and let us see how many of those hours necessity, habit, and the customs of the state of society he is born, and lives, and dies in, will allow him to turn to useful and profitable account.

My man must sleep. He shall not be chuckle-headed, dunder-headed, nightcap-enamoured. He shall have no occasion, as a sluggard, to consider the ways of the ant. "Let the galled jade wince," my man's withers are unwrung when Doctor Watts hears the sluggard complain and express his wish to slumber again. Yet my man shall not observe the ration of sleep fixed, I believe, by George the Third, our gracious king, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He shall be a fool, in one sense at least, and sleep eight hours *per noctem* — a reasonable, decent, honest, hygienic slumber season. This sum of sleep will amount, in the course of my man's life, to twenty-four years to be deducted from the seventy. For twenty-four mortal years shall my man lie between the sheets, talking to people he never saw, sitting down to dinners he is never to eat, remembering minutely things he never knew, reconciling impossibilities through that system of dream-philosophy of which only the dream-master has the key;

listening oft times to ravishing strains of music, of which the remembrance, as they never were, will come upon him even when he is awake, and amid the most ordinary occurrences of life — strains so sweet, so mysterious, so unearthly, so silent, yet so sentimentally distinct, that they must be, I think, the tunes the angels play in Heaven upon the golden harps. Four-and-twenty years, shall my man doze away in "Bedfordshire."

My man being sober, does not, necessarily, go to bed nightly in his boots, with a damp umbrella under his arm, his hat on his head, and his waterproof paletot on his back; nor, being cleanly, does he rise in the morning without washing, shaving, shower-bathing, and ultimately dressing himself in decent attire. I will retrench the shower-bath. I will sink the existence of such things as flesh-brushes, bear's-grease, bandoline, whisker pomatum, musk, patchouli, and bergamot. My man shall be neither a fop nor a sloven. He shall not spend unnecessary matutinal minutes in cultivating a moustache, in imparting an extra curl to a whisker, or tittivating an imperial. He shall not cut himself in shaving, and waste clock time in searching for an old hat; neither shall he wear tight boots and consume unnecessary half hours in pulling them on; nor yet shall he have corns to cut, nor stays to lace. He shall not even be delayed in his daily toilet by the lack of shirt or wrist-buttons; for I will give him a wife, and an accomplished wife — a domestic wife — who shall be everything he desires, and attend to his mother-of-pearl wants without even being asked. Yet my man, though a model of cleanliness, neat-handedness, and simplicity, cannot get up, and go to bed, and dress and undress himself, in less than half an hour per diem. *Ergo*, deduct from seventy years, eighteen months, or one year and a half.

This man of mine must live. Hence, it is essential that he should exercise, at certain given periods in each day, his manducatory organs: in other words, that he should eat. He is not to be a glutton, or even a *gourmand*, wandering furtively all day over town in quest of truffles, or rising with the lark to intercept fish-trains laden with Colchester oysters. Appetites for Strasburgh pies of goose liver, for elaborate *petits plats*, for seductive Rhine wines that sparkle, and, while they sparkle, overcome, I do not allow him. He is not to have four courses daily. He shall dispense with *entrées*: *entremets* shall be unknown to him. He shall not sit for so long over his dinner, and over the vinous beverages that follow it, that the green wax tapers multiply themselves unwarrantably by two, and dance in their sockets indecorously. He shall be a plain man, enjoying his plain roast and boiled, his simple steak, or unsophisticated chop, with an unimpaired digestion, powers of mastication not to be called in

question, and a frame of mind prompting him to eat only when he is hungry: to eat in order that he may live; not to live in order that he may eat. Yet such a monument of abstemiousness must consume, if he take that bellyfull of victuals essential to equable health and strength, at least two hours a day. He may or may not use knives and forks, damask napkins, hubble-bubble finger glasses; he may or may not call the various meals he takes for the sustentation of his body, breakfast, dinner, lunch, snack, tiffin, tea, supper, *en cas de nuit*, or what not; but, to the complexion of this two hours' eating daily, he must come. Turtle and venison, or "potatoes and point," Alderman Gobble, or Pat the labourer, my man eats two hours per diem. There you have six years more, by which to thin the threescore and ten years.

More years to take: more minute strokes to efface from the dial of the watch of life. Love! Ah me! when you and I and all of us can remember how many entire days and weeks and months we have wasted over *that* delusion, how callous and unsympathising must seem a minute calculation of the space love mulcts man's life of. A summer's day over a pink ribbon; hours of anguish over a crossed t in a love letter; days of perplexity as to whether that which you said last night would be taken in good part, or indeed, as to whether you said it at all; are these to be taken for nought?

They shall count for nothing on my man's chronometer. He shall not waste in despair, or die because a woman's fair. He shall just catch love as one might catch the typhus fever, and be "down" with that fever for the usual time, then grow convalescent and "get over it," and forget that he ever was ill. A month for that. Yet my man, without being inflammatory, is mortal. Besides his first hot love-fever, it is but natural to mortality that he should feel, at certain periods during the seventy years he runs his race in, the power of love again; not hot, strong, ferocious, rival-hating hearts-and-darts love, but love, the soft, the tender, the prolegomena of domestic joys — of singing tea-kettles, and cats purring by the kitchen fire; not the love for black eyes and ruby lips and raven hair, but the love that makes us listen for a voice, that takes us four hundred miles to hear a word — to dwell upon a look — to press a hand that never can be ours. Such love — if my man feel as most of us do — will take him at least one hour a day. Add to that, the month for the first raging love-typhus, and you have three years more to take from seventy.

I hope I have not exaggerated this average — this common man — not denying as I do that there be *some* stony-hearted men in the world, some impervious cynics, who set their faces against love as they would against Popery. It must be remembered, too, in sup-

port of my hour a day, that all lovers are intolerable prattlers, and that a major part of the daily hour of love would be consumed in purposeless gabble — that unknown tongue, which only the professor of Fonetics, called Cupid, can expound.

Few men are so “accursed by fate,” so utterly desolate, as not to possess some friends or acquaintances. A man may have associates with whom he may cultivate the choicest flowers of the heaven-sent plant, friendship; or, he may simply have pot companions, club friends, or business acquaintances. Still, he must know somebody, and, being by nature a talking animal, must have something to say when he meets his fellow men. I do not wish to exempt my man from the common rule. He shall be gregarious, like his fellows. He shall be no misanthrope — neither a ceaseless chatterer, nor a stock-fish of taciturnity. He shall talk in season, saying only good and sensible things — not holding men by the button, unnecessarily, in the open street; not telling them futile stories of the Peninsular war; hazarding imbecile conjectures about the weather, the ministry, or the state of Europe; nor detailing his grievances, his ailments, or the tribulations of his family, out of proper time and place. Yet, I will defy him to consume less than one hour per diem in talking. This gives me three years more to deduct from the seventy of my man’s life.

I have already conceded my man to be a pattern of sobriety, regularity, and morality. No fast man shall he be, entering at all sorts of hours, with his coat pockets full of door knockers and champagne corks; pouring the minor contents of the coal-scuttle into the boots of his neighbours, or winding up his watch with the snuffers. He shall avoid casinos, select dancing academies, free-and-easies, “assaults of arms,” and harmonic meetings. He shall never have heard of the Coal Hole; and the ghastly merriment known as “life in London” after midnight, shall be as a sealed book to him. Yet he must amuse himself sometimes. “All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.” Perhaps my man belongs to a literary and scientific institution; perhaps he attends Mesmeric lectures, or is present at expositions of the “Od force;” perhaps he sits under my humorous and accomplished friend Mr. John Parry, or joins in the sturdy chorusses with which Mr. Henry Russell delights to entertain his audience. Or, he may have a fancy for Thursday evening lectures at his chapel; or for chemistry, and burning holes in the carpet and furniture with strong acids; or for Sadler’s Wells Theatre, or for Doctor Bachhoffner and the Polytechnic Institution, or for a quiet, nightly game at twopenny whist. At any rate, I will suppose that moderate amusements and the *agréments* of society, including an evening party now and then, and

some high days and holidays at Christmas and Easter or so, will give an average of two hours per diem — or six years more to be struck off the seventy.

Healthy and laborious and robust as I am willing to allow my man to be, he cannot expect to go through life without an attack of some of those ailments to which all human beings are liable. He will probably, as a child, have the usual allowance of teething fits, measles, hooping cough, chicken pox, and scarletina; to say nothing of the supplementary, and somewhat unnecessary fits of sickness suffered by most babies through involuntary dram-drinking in a course of "Daffy's Elixir," "Godfrey's Cordial," and the nurse's pharmacopœia in general. When my man grows up, it is probable that he will have two or three good fits of illness: strong fevers and spasms at the turning points of life. Then, there will be days when he will be "poorly," and days when he will be "queer," and days when he will be "all overish." Altogether, I assume that he will be ill an hour a day, or three years during the seventy; and a lucky individual he will be, if he gets off with *that* allowance of sickness.

And let it be thoroughly understood that, in this calculation, I have never dreamt of making my man:

A smoker—in which case goodness alone knows how many hours a day he would puff away in pipes,

hookas, cigars, cheroots or cigarettes.

A drinker — or what is called in the North of England, a "bider" in public-house bars, or snuggeries; simpering over a gin-noggin, or blinking at the reflection of his sodden face in a pewter counter.

A "mooner," fond of staring into shop windows, or watching the labourers pulling up the pavement to inspect the gas-pipes, or listening stolidly to the dull "pech" of the paviour's rammer on the flags.

A day dreamer, an inveterate chess player, an admirer of fly fishing, a crack shot, a neat hand at tandem driving, or an amateur dog fancier. Were he to be any of these, the whole of his daily four-and-twenty hours would be gone, before you could say Jack Robinson.

No; steady, robust, laborious, shall be this man of mine. Let me recapitulate, and see how many hours he has a day to be steady and laborious in.

In bed	8 hours.
Washing and Dressing . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.
Eating and Drinking . .	2 hours.
Love	1 hour.
Talking	1 hour.
Amusements	2 hours.
Sickness	1 hour.

Total 15½ hours.

These fifteen daily hours and a half, amount in all to forty-six years and six months. To these, must be added fifty-two days in every year; on which days, being Sundays, my man is forbidden to work at all. These fifty-two sab-

baths amount in the aggregate to eight years, seven months, ten days and twelve hours; and the grand total to be deducted from the span of man's life is fifty-five years, one month, ten days and twelve hours: leaving fourteen years, ten months, nineteen days and twelve hours, for my man to be steady and laborious in.

Oh, sages of the East and West! oh, wise men of Gotham, for ever going to sea in bowls, political and otherwise — boastful talkers of the “monuments of human industry,” and the “triumphs of human perseverance,” — lecturers upon patience and ingenuity, what idlers you all are! These few paltry years are all you can devote from three-score and ten, to wisdom, and learning, and art! Atoms in immensity — bearers of farthing rushlights amid a blaze of gas, you must needs think Time was made for you, and you not made for Time!

Did I so greatly err then, when, in a former article, I asked what antiquity was to a man, or a man to antiquity? Should he be licensed to prate so glibly of ages gone by, when he can give but so sorry an account of the years he really possesses for his own use and benefit?

“What do you call Antiquity?” the Titans might ask him, not in any way sneeringly but in a tone of good-humoured banter. “Where are your remote ages — your landmarks of the days of old? Do you know that from the first day that you were permitted

to call CHRISTMAS DAY, to the end of that year which expired on the thirty-first of December last, there have only elapsed nine hundred and seventy-three millions, five hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes; — nine hundred and odd million revolutions of the minute hand on your watch? And do you call that antiquity? Are these few minutes to count for anything considerable among the accumulated ages of the World?”

The World! I speak of ours — the *parvenu* — the yester-born — the ball that has but been some five thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years a rolling, whose certificate of birth is but of three billions, seventy-five millions, nine hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes, date. The Egyptian mummies buried three thousand years ago in the caves behind Medinet Abou, but now present amongst us in the British Museum, make Time a baby. In its face, Homer, with his paltry three thousand years of age, seems as juvenile as the veriest schoolboy who ever spouted Terence in the Westminster Dormitory. The Chinamen, the Hindoos, nay, the old Egyptians even — Osiris, Cheops, Mummy wheat and all — would make Time smile with pity, if the mouth of Time were not immovable like himself.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years, only, have been numbered with the dead since the Shepherds saw the Star in the East. The lives of thirty-

eight men, each living an average life of fifty years, would take us back to Solomon's temple in all its glory — to the pool of Bethesda, the feast by the mountain, and the Sunday corn-field. More; each century can boast of some patriarch, some centenarian, some old Parr, in some quarter or other of the globe. Acting on this calculation, we should want but the lives of eighteen men and three quarters, to reach to more than the time of Herod of Galilee, and Caiaphas the high priest.

Talk not to my man then, of your antiquity. The lives of four fifty years' men, place within our grasp Oliver Cromwell in semi-sovereignty at Whitehall, Blake scouring the seas for Dutchmen, Prince Rupert buccaneering, the "young man" Charles Stuart "hard up" at the Hague, entreating the Queen of Hungary to prick him down corantos and send him a fiddler. Seven men of the like age, flaunt Peter the Hermit's cross in our eyes; pour the refuse of Europe on the hot shores of Syria; pit the crafty Greeks of Byzantium against the rude half-bandit Latins; chorus in our ears the Crusaders' war-cry, "*Hierosolyma est perdita!*" Not quite twenty half-century men, and we shall be at Hastings, where, in years yet to come, the Abbey of Battle is to be built — by the side of Harold the last Saxon king — of Guillaume Taillefer — of William of Normandy, erst called the Bastard, but soon to bear the prouder *soubriquet* of Conqueror.

Antiquity! I might have had a grandfather (if I ever had one, which is doubtful to Your Highness) who might have fought at Preston Pans. My great-grandfather might have beheaded Charles the First. My great-great-grandfather might have talked scandal about Queen Elizabeth, when Queen Elizabeth was alive to cut *his* head off for daring to talk it — or for daring to have such a thing as a head about him, if so her Royal humour ran.

Still, man, be thankful. The fourteen years, ten months, and odd, allowed you to work and learn in are sufficient. Who shall gainsay it! Wisdom and Mercy have struck the great average of compulsory idleness in man's life. I take one moral of my man to be that an Injustice or a Wrong, which seems in his slight vision eternal, is but a passing shadow that Heaven, for its great purposes, permits to fall upon this earth. What has been, may be, shall be, must be, cry the unjust stewards and wrong-doers. No, my good friends, not so. Not even though your families "came over" with the Conqueror, or trace back in a straight line to the wolf that suckled Romulus and his brother. Be in the right, keep moving and improving, stand not too much on that small footing of antiquity, or a very few generations of My Man shall trip you up, and your ancient places shall know you no more.

SILK FROM THE PUNJAUB.

SINCE it is not very widely known in India, of course it must be scarcely known at all in England, that there is a considerable germ of a silk trade at Umritser, Lahore, and other towns in the Punjaub. There are growing in the Punjaub mulberry trees with no silk-worms upon them, and very little sunshine from without falls on the germ of a trade. A brief account of the silk manufacturers of Lahore, read in that town about three months ago before the agri-horticultural society of the Punjaub, by its secretary, has just found its way into our hands, and though we have been terribly perplexed therein among Khutree, Putpheras, and Tanee-walas, we have fought our way through a shower of such whizzing terms as khora, oora, vana, kuchur, guz, peta, chooree, sujeer, zubz, khe, poombee, and others, and have taken by storm, in the teeth of the battery, one or two safe positions. It is true that we have been obliged totally to abandon our attempt to master this parenthesis (*jub shuhur burbad hogeea*), but when we say that we have not been baffled by the information that "the stock-in-trade of the putphera consists of two oorees, costing six pies each," that we were only for a moment led to remark upon the unsuitability of pies, especially those of a fruity and juicy kind, for transfer from hand to pocket in the character of money, that we did

not go more deeply into any question of the merits or demerits of a pie currency, or inquire how many hours any youth under such a monetary system could be supposed able to avoid breaking into his pocket-money, it is evident that we have not been altogether mowed down by the hostile regiments of Chowdrees, Churkhs, and Kuchurs. We have enjoyed the pleasure of a little Indian conquest, and after all our battles with the Churkhs and Chowdrees, this information following is what remains to us as masters of the field.

Runjeet Singh, as became the first gentleman in the Punjaub, kept a well-dressed court; he and his sirdars, and many of their military retainers, wore a great deal of silk, and their patronage gave full employment to the local weavers. There were oppressive imposts which checked any display of mercantile enterprise, or growth of trade by foreign intercourse; therefore it happened that before, and in the time of Runjeet Singh, the silk made in the Sikh dominions rarely crossed the Sutlej, and was almost unknown among the English. The patronage of Runjeet Singh being now lost, and the trammels of trade being now loosened, the silk trade of Umritser, Lahore, and other towns in their position, must get a little name in the world's market if it is to prosper. The silks made in these places are not dear, they are of good appearance, and have (with one or

two exceptions) the unusual advantage of being washable without the slightest injury to their appearance. Good silk dresses, warranted to wash as readily as linen, and with quite as little damage to their beauty, ought to obtain patronage in Europe.

One great peculiarity about the silk fabrics of the Punjaub, is that they are made from the raw silk brought by Lohanee merchants across the Indus, through Afghanistan, from Khorasan and Bokhara. In Khanikoff's account of Bokhara, its Emeer and People, it is said that, "the silk of Bokhara is much inferior to that of China, and even to the French and Lombard silks." The silk-workers of the Punjaub are of a very different opinion. A great deal of silk from Bengal and some from China, *viâ* Bombay, finds its way into the Punjaub, but the best of it only fetches half the price of silk from Bokhara; often it will fetch only a third. Bokhara silk is called by the natives "Hatheesingul"—strong-enough-to-hold-an-elephant, a name which gives some promise of strength and durability for dresses woven from its thousand threads.

The methods of silk winding, twisting, dyeing, and weaving, followed in the Punjaub are of course extremely primitive. The cost of manufacture is not great, and if the cost of the raw silk were lessened by the introduction of silkworms, a very valuable branch of trade might be promoted which

would help to keep the fingers of the people out of border frays. In many of the valleys at the foot of the Saleeman range, and in the fertile valley of Bunoo, particularly, the common mulberry abounds, and its growth is favoured by the care and cultivation of the natives, who enjoy a doze under its leafy shade, and in due season mend their diet with its fruit. Dr. W. Jameson, Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, N. W. P., says in his MS. Report on the Physical Aspect of the Punjaub, lent to the Lahore Society by the Board of Administration:—"In this (the Julundur) Doab, the mulberry grows with great luxuriance, and silk is a great article of trade in Julundur. The introduction of the silkworm might, therefore, if properly conducted, be attended with success. The *Morus Multicaulis* has been introduced from the Saharanpoor garden, and is growing with great vigour. The subject is, therefore, well worthy of attention, seeing that in the province itself there is a large demand for the raw material."

The Government of India has spent money to good purpose on the introduction of the tea plant. Its success would be equally certain if it took measures that would raise the silk trade of the Punjaub and of other provinces, depressed just now by change of Government, to a flourishing condition. If the weavers and dealers of Umritser, Lahore, and Mooltan could obtain the raw silk cheaply,

close at hand — both mulberry trees and silkworms being, if possible, transplanted out of Bokhara — they could lower the price of their wares, and command extended sale. The Punjaub might even come in time to export raw silk. Bengal exports two million of pounds yearly for the English trade, and there is no geographical reason why the Punjaub should not help us too.

Of the process of silk manufacture, as it is now carried on at Lahore, a very brief account will be sufficient. There are no factories, of course; nor is there even any direct communication between the capitalist and the artisans. The different processes through which the silk must pass between the states of raw material and manufactured fabric, are represented by so many classes of work-people, who all work at their own homes or shops. In each class there are brokers who obtain work from the dealer, distribute it among the shops, conveying the material in all cases to and fro, and paid a small commission by the workman from his wages.

The raw silk is first placed in the hands of the winder. There are two hundred and twenty-five winders in Lahore, some Mussulmen and some Hindoos. The stock-in-trade of the winder consists of two small wheels, placed eight or ten feet apart, one against a wall near the ceiling, and the other near the floor, with a few smaller reels on which, as they

move swiftly round to the jerks of a stick, he winds the silk. It passes between the fingers of his left hand as it runs, and the moment that his touch perceives a change of quality, he breaks the thread off with his teeth and takes another reel; the respective ends on the reel and the winding-stick being expeditiously knotted by the tongue, and so finely that, although the join is then felt by the fingers, it disappears entirely in the dyeing. The whole stock and business outfit of a winder at Lahore, costs not more than three shillings and fourpence.

The broker of the winders having returned to the dealer the raw silk parted into three qualities according to its fineness (corresponding respectively to our organzine, tram, and refuse), the broker of the twistors takes it to the twistors, of which class of people there are eighty-seven in Lahore, working in twelve open sheds, and earning an average of about sevenpence a day. All that is done in this country by mechanism, is done by the twistors of Lahore by hand; their whole stock-in-trade, the reels included, being worth only sixteen or eighteen pence.

The dye-house, to which the silk next goes, has more costly fittings; there are ten silk dyers in Lahore, and the expense of setting up a dye-house, including two iron pans, two copper ones, two furnaces, and six washing pans, is between eleven and twelve pounds. The dyers are

rather clever; their chief colours are white, yellow, green, and scarlet, but they are competent to dye from any pattern.

The dyers say that their ancestors went to the south to learn, and brought the art from Mooltan, in the reign of Akhbar, when Lahore was in a flourishing condition. That when the Sikhs first took possession of the town, trades of all kinds were discouraged; and here occurs the battery we cannot force, the terrible parenthesis (*jub shuhur bur-bad hogeea*). The dyers emigrated, some to Jumoo and some to Jugraon, but returned, on the government assuming a more settled aspect under Runjeet Singh. They are all Mussulmen. They earn a living, with no margin out of which to save. They hire no labourers; but all the males of a house, father, brothers, sons, and nephews, work together. Their shops are all disorderly, dirty, and unwholesome, surrounded by their little hoards of filth.

Finally, and again by means of an intervening broker, the dyed silk is taken to the weaver's. The Lahore weaver works very much as the English weaver worked a hundred years ago, except that his machinery is even ruder. The number of weavers in Lahore is four hundred and forty-seven: they are at work in about a hundred and thirty shops. They are all Mussulmen, and the earnings of one of them rarely exceed fourpence halfpenny a day. The whole

cost of a loom is between sixteen and seventeen shillings.

These people all work, except the dyers, in confined apartments; and it is curious, that although the winding and the twisting could be done very well indeed by women, there is not one woman employed in the silk manufacture at Lahore.

Having spoken our word on behalf of encouragement to the beginnings of a silk trade in the Punjaub, we are reminded to add, that free admission of silk goods from Lahore, France, or from any other foreign place is not courted by the customs of this country. English silk manufactures are protected, and however much the English farmer may believe in the protective principle, the English manufacturer has wit enough to beg that he may not be put on the low footing of a domestic pet. The manufacturers of broad silk in Manchester, in consequence of the depressed state of their trade, have been petitioning the Government of late, not for any compensation or protection, but for the cessation of protective duties in their favour. They believe that their foreign trade is seriously damaged by the impression made in the markets of the world, that in the matter of silk England is unable to compete with the continental manufacturer, and that therefore she bolsters up her trade with a protective duty. To this error the broad silk manufacturers object, and they desire, therefore, in a manly way,

to be put out of leading-strings, and left to depend solely on their own exertions. That, indeed, is what we must all do, sooner or later; and a government that would assist its subjects in their industry should not only open new roads of enterprise, but also take away as much as possible the turnpike gates from any that are now frequented.

THE GREAT CRANFORD PANIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SOON after the events of which I gave an account in a former article, I was summoned home by my father's illness; and for a time I forgot, in anxiety about him, to wonder how my dear friends at Cranford were getting on, or how Lady Glenmire could reconcile herself to the dulness of the long visit which she was still paying to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jamieson. When my father grew a little stronger I accompanied him to the sea-side, so that altogether I seemed banished from Cranford, and was deprived of the opportunity of hearing any chance intelligence of the dear little town for the greater part of that year. Late in November — when we had returned home again, and my father was once more in good health — I received a letter from Miss Matey; and a very mysterious letter it was.

She began many sentences without ending them, running them one into another, in much the same confused sort of way in which written words run together on blotting-paper. All I could make out was, that if my father was better (which she hoped he was), and would take warning and wear a great coat from Michaelmas to Lady-day, if turbans were in fashion, could I tell her? such a piece of gaiety was going to happen as had not been seen or known of since Wombwell's lions came, when one of them ate a little child's arm; and she was, perhaps, too old to care about dress, but a new cap she must have; and, having heard that turbans were worn, and some of the county families likely to come, she would like to look tidy, if I would bring her a cap from the milliner I employed; and oh, dear! how careless of her to forget that she wrote to beg I would come and pay her a visit next Tuesday; when she hoped to have something to offer me in the way of amusement, which she would not now more particularly describe, only sea-green was her favourite colour. So she ended her letter; but in a P.S. she added, she thought she might as well tell me what was the peculiar attraction to Cranford just now; Signor Brunoni was going to exhibit his wonderful magic in the Cranford Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday and Friday evening in the following week.

I was very glad to accept the

invitation from my dear Miss Matey, independently of the conjuror; and most particularly anxious to prevent her from disfiguring her small gentle mousey face with a great Saracen's head turban; and, accordingly, I bought her a pretty, neat, middle-aged cap, which, however, was rather a disappointment to her when, on my arrival, she followed me into my bed-room, ostensibly to poke the fire, but in reality, I do believe, to see if the sea-green turban was not inside the cap-box with which I had travelled. It was in vain that I twirled the cap round on my hand to exhibit back and side fronts; her heart had been set upon a turban, and all she could do was to say, with resignation in her look and voice:

"I am sure you did your best, my dear. It is just like the caps all the ladies in Cranford are wearing, and they have had theirs for a year, I dare say. I should have liked something newer, I confess — something more like the turbans Miss Betty Barker tells me Queen Adelaide wears; but it is very pretty, my dear. And I dare say lavender will wear better than sea-green. Well, after all, what is dress that we should care about it! You'll tell me if you want anything, my dear. Here is the bell. I suppose turbans have not got down to Drumble yet?"

So saying, the dear old lady gently bemoaned herself out of the room, leaving me to dress for the evening, when, as she in-

formed me, she expected Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester, and she hoped I should not feel myself too much tired to join the party. Of course I should not; and I made some haste to unpack and arrange my dress; but, with all my speed, I heard the arrivals and the buzz of conversation in the next room before I was ready. Just as I opened the door, I caught the words — "I was foolish to expect anything very genteel out of the Drumble shops — poor girl! she did her best, I've no doubt." But for all that, I had rather that she blamed Drumble and me than disfigured herself with a turban. Miss Pole was always the person, in the trio of Cranford ladies now assembled, to have had adventures. She was in the habit of spending the morning in rambling from shop to shop; not to purchase anything (except an occasional reel of cotton, or a piece of tape), but to see the new articles and report upon them, and to collect all the stray pieces of intelligence in the town. She had a way, too, of demurely popping hither and thither into all sorts of places to gratify her curiosity on any point; a way which, if she had not looked so very genteel and prim, might have been considered impertinent. And now, by the expressive way in which she cleared her throat, and waited for all minor subjects (such as caps and turbans) to be cleared off the course, we knew she had something very particular to relate, when the due pause came — and I defy any people,

possessed of common modesty, to keep up a conversation long, where one among them sits up aloft in silence, looking down upon all the things they chance to say as trivial and contemptible compared to what they could disclose, if properly entreated. Miss Pole began:

"As I was stepping out of Gordon's shop, to-day, I chanced to go into the George (my Betty has a second-cousin who is chambermaid there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was), and, not seeing any one about, I strolled up the staircase, and found myself in the passage leading to the Assembly Room (you and I remember the Assembly Room, I am sure, Miss Matey! and the *minuets de la cour*!); so I went on, not thinking of what I was about, when, all at once, I perceived that I was in the middle of the preparations for to-morrow night — room being divided with great clothes-maids, over which Crosby's men were tacking red flannel — very dark and odd it seemed; it quite bewildered me, and I was going on behind the screens, in my absence of mind, when a gentleman (quite the gentleman, I can assure you,) stepped forwards and asked if I had any business he could arrange for me. He spoke such pretty broken English, I could not help thinking of Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Hungarian Brothers, and Santo Sebastiani; and while I was busy picturing his past life to myself, he had bowed me out of the room.

But wait a minute! You have not heard half my story yet! I was going downstairs, when who should I meet but Betty's second cousin. So, of course, I stopped to speak to her for Betty's sake; and she told me that I had really seen the conjurer; the gentleman who spoke broken English was Signor Brunoni himself. Just at this moment he passed us on the stairs, making such a graceful bow, in reply to which I dropped a curtsey — all foreigners have such polite manners, one catches something of it. But when he had gone downstairs, I bethought me that I had dropped my glove in the Assembly Room (it was safe in my muff all the time, but I never found it till afterwards); so I went back, and, just as I was creeping up the passage left on one side of the great screen that goes nearly across the room, who should I see but the very same gentleman that had met me before, and passed me on the stairs, coming now forwards from the inner part of the room, to which there is no entrance — you remember, Miss Matey! — and just repeating, in his pretty broken English, the inquiry if I had any business there — I don't mean that he put it quite so bluntly, but he seemed very determined that I should not pass the screen — so, of course, I explained about my glove, which, curiously enough, I found at that very moment."

Miss Pole then had seen the conjuror — the real live conjuror! and numerous were the questions

we all asked her: "Had he a beard? Was he young or old? Fair or dark? Did he look" — (unable to shape my question prudently, I put it in another form) — "How did he look?" In short, Miss Pole was the heroine of the evening, owing to her morning's encounter. If she was not the rose (that is to say the conjuror), she had been near it.

Conjuration, sleight of hand, magic, witchcraft were the subjects of the evening. Miss Pole was slightly sceptical, and inclined to think there might be a scientific solution found for even the proceedings of the Witch of Endor. Mrs. Forrester believed everything, from ghosts to death-watches. Miss Matey ranged between the two — always convinced by the last speaker. I think she was naturally more inclined to Mrs. Forrester's side, but a desire of proving herself a worthy sister to Miss Jenkyns kept her equally balanced — Miss Jenkyns, who would never allow a servant to call the little rolls of tallow that formed themselves round candles, "winding-sheets," but insisted on their being spoken of as "roly-poleys!" A sister of hers to be superstitious! It would never do.

After tea, I was despatched downstairs into the dining-parlour for that volume of the old encyclopedia which contained the nouns beginning with C, in order that Miss Pole might prime herself with scientific explanations for the tricks of the following evening. It spoilt the pool at

Preference which Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester had been looking forward to, for Miss Pole became so much absorbed in her subject, and the plates by which it was illustrated, that we felt it would be cruel to disturb her, otherwise than by one or two well-timed yawns, which I threw in now and then, for I was really touched by the meek way in which the two ladies were bearing their disappointment. But Miss Pole only read the more zealously, imparting to us no more interesting information than this: —

"Ah! I see; I comprehend perfectly. A represents the ball. Put A between B and D — no! between C and F, and turn the second joint of the third finger of your left hand over the wrist of your right H. Very clear indeed! My dear Mrs. Forrester, conjuring and witchcraft is a mere affair of the alphabet. Do let me read you this one passage?"

Mrs. Forrester implored Miss Pole to spare her, saying, from a child upwards, she never could understand being read aloud to; and I dropped the pack of cards, which I had been shuffling very audibly; and by this discreet movement, I obliged Miss Pole to perceive that Preference was to have been the order of the evening, and to propose, rather unwillingly, that the pool should commence. The pleasant brightness that stole over the other two ladies' faces on this! Miss Matey had one or two twinges of self-reproach for having interrupted

Miss Pole in her studies; and did not remember her cards well, or give her full attention to the game, until she had soothed her conscience by offering to lend the volume of the Encyclopædia to Miss Pole, who accepted it thankfully, and said Betty should take it home when she came with the lantern.

The next evening we were all in a little gentle flutter at the idea of the gaiety before us. Miss Matey went up to dress betimes, and hurried me until I was ready, when we found we had an hour and a half to wait before the "doors opened at seven, precisely." And we had only twenty yards to go! However, as Miss Matey said, it would not do to get too much absorbed in anything, and forget the time; so, she thought we had better sit quietly, without lighting the candles, till five minutes to seven. So Miss Matey dozed, and I knitted.

At length we set off; and at the door, under the carriage-way at the George, we met Mrs. Forrester and Miss Pole: the latter was discussing the subject of the evening with more vehemence than ever, and throwing As and Bs at our heads like hail-stones. She had even copied one or two of the "receipts" — as she called them — for the different tricks, on backs of letters, ready to explain and to detect Signor Brunoni's arts. We went into the cloak-room adjoining the Assembly Room; Miss Matey gave a sigh

or two to her departed youth, and the remembrance of the last time she had been there, as she adjusted her pretty new cap before the strange, quaint old mirror in the cloak-room. The Assembly Room had been added to the inn about a hundred years before, by the different county families, who met together there once a month during the winter, to dance and play at cards. Many a county beauty had first swam through the minuet that she afterwards danced before Queen Charlotte, in this very room. It was said that one of the Gunnings had graced the apartment with her beauty; it was certain that a rich and beautiful widow, Lady Williams, had here been smitten with the noble figure of a young artist, who was staying with some family in the neighbourhood for professional purposes, and accompanied his patrons to the Cranford Assembly. And a pretty bargain poor Lady Williams had of her handsome husband, if all tales were true! Now, no beauty blushed and dimpled along the sides of the Cranford Assembly Room; no handsome artist won hearts by his bow, *chapeau bas* in hand: the old room was dingy; the salmon-coloured paint had faded into a drab; great pieces of plaster had chipped off from the white wreaths and festoons on its walls; but still a mouldy odour of aristocracy lingered about the place, and a dusty recollection of the days that were gone made Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester

bridle up as they entered, and walk mincingly up the room as if there were a number of genteel observers, instead of two little boys, with a stick of toffy between them with which to beguile the time.

We stopped short at the second front row; I could hardly understand why, until I heard Miss Pole ask a stray waiter if any of the County families were expected; and when he shook his head, and believed not, Mrs. Forrester and Miss Matey moved forwards, and our party represented a conversational square. The front row was soon augmented and enriched by Lady Glenmire and Mrs. Jamieson. We six occupied the two front rows, and our aristocratic seclusion was respected by the groups of shopkeepers who strayed in from time to time, and huddled together on the back benches. At least I conjectured so, from the noise they made, and the sonorous bumps they gave in sitting down; but when, in weariness of the obstinate green curtain, that would not draw up, but would stare at me with two odd eyes, seen through holes, as in the old tapestry story, I would fain have looked round at the merry chattering people behind me, Miss Pole clutched my arm, and begged me not to turn, for "it was not the thing." What "the thing" was I never could find out, but it must have been something eminently dull and tiresome. However, we all sat eyes right, square front, gazing

at the tantalizing curtain, and hardly speaking intelligibly, we were so afraid of being caught in the vulgarity of making any noise in a place of public amusement. Mrs. Jamieson was the most fortunate, for she fell asleep. At length the eyes disappeared — the curtain quivered — one side went up before the other, which stuck fast; it was dropped again, and, with a fresh effort, and a vigorous pull from some unseen hand, it flew up, revealing to our sight a magnificent gentleman in the Turkish costume, seated before a little table, gazing at us (I should have said with the same eyes that I had last seen through the hole in the curtain) with calm and condescending dignity, "like a being of another sphere," as I heard a sentimental voice ejaculate behind me.

"That's not Signor Brunoni!" said Miss Pole decidedly, and so audibly that I am sure he heard, for he glanced down over his flowing beard at our party with an air of mute reproach. "Signor Brunoni had no beard — but perhaps he'll come soon." So she lulled herself into patience. Meanwhile, Miss Matey had reconnoitred through her eye-glass; wiped it, and looked again. Then she turned round, and said to me, in a kind, mild, sorrowful tone: —

"You see, my dear, turbans *are* worn."

But we had no time for more conversation. The Grand Turk, as Miss Pole chose to call him,

arose and announced himself as Signor Brunoni.

"I don't believe him!" exclaimed Miss Pole, in a defiant manner. He looked at her again, with the same dignified upbraiding in his countenance. "I don't!" she repeated, more positively than ever. "Signor Brunoni had not got that muffy sort of thing about his chin, but looked like a close-shaved Christian gentleman."

Miss Pole's energetic speeches had the good effect of wakening up Mrs. Jamieson, who opened her eyes wide in sign of the deepest attention, a proceeding which silenced Miss Pole, and encouraged the Grand Turk to proceed, which he did in very broken English — so broken that there was no cohesion between the parts of his sentences; a fact which he himself perceived at last, and so left off speaking and proceeded to action.

Now we *were* astonished. How he did his tricks I could not imagine; no, not even when Miss Pole pulled out her pieces of paper and began reading aloud — or at least in a very audible whisper — the separate "receipts" for the most common of his tricks. If ever I saw a man frown, and look enraged, I saw the Grand Turk frown at Miss Pole; but, as she said, what could be expected but unchristian looks from a Mussulman? If Miss Pole was sceptical, and more engrossed with her receipts and diagrams than with his tricks, Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester were mystified and per-

plexed to the highest degree. Mrs. Jamieson kept taking her spectacles off and wiping them, as if she thought it was something defective in them which made the legerdemain; and Lady Glenmire, who had seen many curious sights in Edinburgh, was very much struck with the tricks, and would not at all agree with Miss Pole, who declared that anybody could do them with a little practice — and that she would, herself, undertake to do all he did, with two hours given to study the Encyclopædia, and make her third finger flexible.

At last, Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester became perfectly awestruck. They whispered together. I sat just behind them, so I could not help hearing what they were saying. Miss Matey asked Mrs. Forrester, "if she thought it was quite right to have come to see such things? She could not help fearing they were lending encouragement to something that was not quite —" a little shake of the head filled up the blank. Mrs. Forrester replied, that the same thought had crossed her mind; she, too, was feeling very uncomfortable; it was so very strange. She was quite certain that it was her pocket-handkerchief which was in that loaf just now; and it had been in her own hand not five minutes before. She wondered who had furnished the bread? She was sure it could not be Dabine because he was the churchwarden. Suddenly, Miss Matey half turned towards me: —

"Will you look, my dear — you are a stranger in the town, and it won't give rise to unpleasant reports — will you just look round and see if the rector is here? If he is, I think we may conclude that this wonderful man is sanctioned by the Church, and that will be a great relief to my mind."

I looked, and I saw the tall, thin, dry, dusty rector sitting, surrounded by National School boys, guarded by troops of his own sex from any approach of the many Cranford spinsters. His kind face was all agape with broad smiles, and the boys around him were in chinks of laughing. I told Miss Matey that the Church was smiling approval, which set her mind at ease. I have never named Mr. Hayter, the rector, because I, as a well-to-do and happy young woman, never came in contact with him. He was an old bachelor, but as afraid of matrimonial reports getting abroad about him as any girl of eighteen: and he would rush into a shop, or dive down an entry, sooner than encounter any of the Cranford ladies in the street; and, as for the Preference parties, I did not wonder at his not accepting invitations to them. To tell the truth, I always suspected Miss Pole of having given very vigorous chase to Mr. Hayter when he first came to Cranford; and not the less, because now she appeared to share so vividly in his dread lest her name should ever be coupled with his. He found all his interests among the poor and helpless; he had treated the Na-

tional School boys this very night to the performance; and virtue was for once its own reward, for they guarded him right and left, and clung round him as if he had been the queen bee, and they the swarm. He felt so safe in their environment that he could even afford to give our party a bow as we filed out. Miss Pole ignored his presence, and pretended to be absorbed in convincing us that we had been cheated, and had not seen Signor Brunoni after all.

I think a series of circumstances dated from Signor Brunoni's visit to Cranford, which seemed at the time connected in our minds with him, though I don't know that he had anything really to do with them. All at once all sorts of uncomfortable rumours got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies — real bonâ fide robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial; and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time at Miss Matey's, I know, we used to make a regular expedition all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matey leading the way, armed with the poker, I following with the hearth-brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire-irons with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back kitchen, or store-room, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over,

we recollected ourselves, and set out afresh with double valiance. By day we heard strange stories from the shopkeepers and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt, in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door. Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports, so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins' worn-out hats to hang up in her lobby, and we (at least I) had my doubts as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matey made no secret of being an arrant coward; but she went regularly through her housekeeper's duty of inspection, only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, till at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matey adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over the sooner."

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town, that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other, that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers, who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French. This last comparison of our nightly state of defence and fortification, was made by Mrs. Forrester, whose father had served under General Burgoyne in the American war, and whose husband had fought the French in Spain. She indeed inclined to the idea that, in some way, the French were connected with the small thefts, which were ascertained facts, and the burglaries and highway robberies, which were rumours. She had been deeply impressed with the idea of French spies, at some time in her life; and the notion could never be fairly eradicated, but sprung up again from time to time. And now her theory was this: the Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers — if strangers, why not foreigners? — if foreigners, who so likely as the French? Signor Brunoni spoke broken English like a Frenchman, and, though he wore a turban like a Turk, Mrs. Forrester had seen a print of Madame de Staël with a turban on, and another of Mr. Denon in just such a dress as that in which the conjurer had made his appear-

ance; showing clearly that the French, as well as the Turks, wore turbans: there could be no doubt Signor Brunoni was a Frenchman — a French spy, come to discover the weak and undefended places of England; and, doubtless, he had his accomplices; for her part, she, Mrs. Forrester, had always had her own opinion of Miss Pole's adventure at the George Inn — seeing two men where only one was believed to be. French people had ways and means, which she was thankful to say the English knew nothing about; and she had never felt quite easy in her mind about going to see that conjurer; it was rather too much like a forbidden thing, though the rector was there. In short, Mrs. Forrester grew more excited than we had ever known her before; and, being an officer's daughter and widow, we looked up to her opinion, of course. Really I do not know how much was true or false in the reports which flew about like wild-fire just at this time; but it seemed to me then that there was every reason to believe that at Mardon (a small town about eight miles from Cranford) houses and shops were entered by holes made in the walls, the bricks being silently carried away in the dead of the night, and all done so quietly, that no sound was heard either in or out of the house. Miss Matey gave it up in despair when she heard of this. "What was the use," said she, "of locks and bolts, and bells at the windows,

and going round the house every night? That last trick was fit for a conjuror. Now she did believe that Signor Brunoni was at the bottom of it."

One afternoon, about five o'clock, we were startled by a hasty knock at the door. Miss Matey bademerun and tell Martha on no account to open the door till she (Miss Matey) had reconnoitred through the window; and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape, as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little hand-basket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" said she to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matey. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the George. I can sit up here all night, if you will allow me; but my house is so far from any neighbours; and I don't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so!"

"But," said Miss Matey, "what has alarmed you so much? Have you seen any men lurking about the house?"

"Oh yes!" answered Miss Pole. "Two very bad-looking men have gone three times past the house,

very slowly; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half an hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving, and she must speak to the mistress; you see, she said 'mistress,' though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said 'master.' But Betty shut the door in her face, and came up to me, and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlour-window watching, till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town."

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole, who had professed such bravery until she was frightened; but we were too glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity to exult over her; and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matey's bed for the night. But before we retired, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder, that I quite quaked in my shoes. Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience that she was justified in her sudden panic; and Miss Matey did not like to be outdone, and capped every story with one yet more horrible, till it reminded me, oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a nightingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which

could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards, was of a girl, who was left in charge of a great old house in Cumberland, on some particular fair day, when the other servants all went off to the gaieties. The family were away in London, and a pedlar came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying, he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter) roaming about in search of amusement, chanced to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, hit the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as if she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she baffled the robbers with Italian irons, heated red hot, and then restored to blackness by being dipped in grease. We parted for the night with an awe-struck wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning — and, on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone: I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking-place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But, until Lady Glenmire came to call next day, we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire-irons were in exactly the same position against the back door, as when Martha and I had skillfully piled them up like spillikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter, if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matey that we should cover up our faces under the bed-clothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking that we could identify them; but Miss Matey, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should certainly do her best to lay hold of them, and lock them up in the garret till morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower-borders, underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be;" and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad. Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room, in the third story, and when his night-capped head had appeared over the bannisters, in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his

bed-room, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say, if the supposed robbers would come to him he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own, before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed, if they neglected the opportunities of robbery presented by the unguarded lower stories to go up to a garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house. Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself warmly up on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed, and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this, she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off the plate, they had changed their

tactics and gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was! Poor Carlo! his barking days were nearly over. Whether the gang who infested the neighbourhood were afraid of him; or whether they were revengeful enough for the way in which he had baffled them on the night in question to poison him; or whether, as some among the more uneducated people thought, he died of apoplexy, brought on by too much feeding and too little exercise; at any rate, it is certain that two days after this eventful night Carlo was found dead, with his poor little legs stretched out stiff in the attitude of running, as if by such unusual exertion he could escape the fell pursuer, Death. We were all sorry for Carlo, the old familiar friend who had snapped at us for so many years; and the mysterious mode of his death made us very uncomfortable. Could Signor Brunoni be at the bottom of this? He had apparently killed a canary with only a word of command; his will seemed of deadly force; who knew but what he might yet be lingering in the neighbourhood willing all sorts of awful things! We whispered these fancies among ourselves in the evenings; but in the mornings our courage came back with the daylight, and in a week's time we had got over the shock of Carlo's death; all but Mrs. Jamieson. She, poor thing, felt it as she had felt no event since her husband's death; indeed, Miss Pole said, that as the Honourable Mr. Jamieson drank a good deal, and occasioned her much uneasiness, it was possible that Carlo's death might be the greater affliction. But there was always a tinge of cynicism in Miss Pole's remarks. However, one thing was clear and certain; it was necessary for Mrs. Jamieson to have some change of scene; and Mr. Mulliner was very impressive on this point, shaking his head whenever we inquired after his mistress, and speaking of her loss of appetite and bad nights very ominously; and with justice too, for if she had two characteristics in her natural state of health, they were a facility of eating and sleeping. If she could neither eat nor sleep, she must be indeed out of spirits and out of health. Lady Glenmire (who had evidently taken very kindly to Cranford), did not like the idea of Mrs. Jamieson's going to Cheltenham, and more than once insinuated pretty plainly that it was Mr. Mulliner's doing, who had been much alarmed on the occasion of the house being attacked, and since had said, more than once, that he felt it a very responsible charge to have to defend so many women. However, Mrs. Jamieson went to Cheltenham, escorted by Mr. Mulliner; and Lady Glenmire remained in possession of the house, her ostensible office being to take care that the maid-servants did not pick up followers. She made a very pleasant-looking

dragon: and, as soon as it was arranged for her to stay in Cranford, she found out that Mrs. Jamieson's visit to Cheltenham was just the best thing in the world. She had let her house in Edinburgh, and was for the time houseless, so the charge of her sister-in-law's comfortable abode was very convenient and acceptable.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick for alliteration's sake probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.

IN a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
For forty long years, as the neighbours declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety signboard no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he 'd to sell;
But for house and for man a new title took growth
Like a fungus; the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,
Old curtains — half cobwebs — hung grimly aloof;
'T was a spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop — less to buy than to stare;
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

But they pried not upstairs, through the dirt and the gloom,
Nor peeped at the door of the wonderful room
That gossips made much of, in accents subdued,
But whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed.

That room — forty years since, folk settled and decked it.
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.

The handsome young host he is gallant
and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with
him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers
bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no
guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly
shall hear.

Full forty years since, turned the key in
that door.
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's
uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table
was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they 're
every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights
come and go,
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row;
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat
and the mouse
Whose descendants have long left the
Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick
layers of dust;
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wines
swath'd in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special
chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it
lies there.

The old man has played out his parts in
the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he 's more
clean;
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or
ban
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty
Old Man.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE village of Nimporte, in
the Département de la Vigne,
gives birth to a fine, strong, male
infant, whom it takes the trouble
to have baptized Jacques by the
Curé — whom it subsequently

feeds with milk, and soup, and
bread, and salad, and wine, and
meat, and all the good things of
the *pots à feu* of France — whom
it sends to the Communale
School, to learn reading, and
writing, and a catechism which
would sadly puzzle you and me —
whose bodily powers it trains by
the gymnastic exercises of the
plough, the flail, the farmyard,
and the ball-room, — and whom
it supplies with tobacco, coffee,
drops of *eau-de-vie*, and domino
money, till he attains the age of
one-and-twenty.

At the same epoch, the village
of Cowthorpe, in the Central
Riding of Yorkshire, has also a
thrifty baby, which it christens
John, and rears on exactly the
same principles as Nimporte has
brought up Jacques to man's
estate — with merely a few altera-
tions in the details — till he like-
wise reaches his happy majority.

The philo-progenitive task ha-
ving proceeded thus far, and the
respective fatherlands having each
nursed and trained a strapping
son — then, Nimporte and Cow-
thorpe — seeing that they neither
of them have fields or vineyards
wanting arms and hands to cul-
tivate them, nor sick and aged
people requiring relations and
children to maintain them, nor
pretty girls wishing for husbands
to come and marry them — then,
Nimporte and Cowthorpe, having
no further use for Jacques and
John, set them face to face on a
certain patch of level ground, with
strict injunctions to knock one

another on the head; which they forthwith effectually execute. That is war! Herr Teufelsdröckh's appeal to the absurd in Sartor Resartus is beautiful, even in the shape of this feeble translation from the difficult original.

Such then is war, when analysed into its component elements! A walk which I was taking, not many weeks ago, suggested to my mind the true bearings of taxation, that is, of certain modes of taxation, which are still maintained by zealous advocates.

Every man, I suppose, who has lived in the world for thirty or forty years, has a little private picture-gallery in his head, consisting of landscapes, portraits, and perhaps a few history pieces. He can shut his eyes, and, with a mental catalogue in hand, can make the whole series pass before him, in all the vividness and variety of dioramic effect. It is very like amusing one's self, though at a cheaper rate, with those magnificent folios and artistic gleanings of travel, which are sometimes to be seen in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy. Now, one of the landscapes in my own mind's eye collection, is the scene of an illustration of the real nature of Custom House dues, somewhat similar to Sartor's case of the two soldier lads — if His Transcendency will, without offence, permit so audacious a piece of familiarity on my part.

My dissolving-view landscape, which is a coast scene, is this. A white, perpendicular, chalk and

limestone cliff, four hundred feet high, has its summit covered with short green turf. I am walking upon the turf along the upper edge of that cliff, with the English Channel on my left, but with the shores of England sunk far below my horizon. After I have proceeded a few score paces, the ground slopes suddenly towards the sea, and, at the bottom of the hollow, at the very edge of the precipice, is a coast-guard's hut. I descend to the hut, thinking there to reach the end of all things; but the narrow little path, which leads me thither, makes a sharp turn, and dips between the sides of an enormous chink in the cliff. I follow it; down it leads me, step by step — down, like the ruined staircase of some primæval steeple; and, instead of wall-flowers in the broken masonry, here we have wild cabbage, thrift, and samphire, luxuriating overhead, below, and on that ungainly peak in mid-air, where no creature but a bird could contrive to gather them. Down, and still down I go, for four hundred feet. The path does not wind; it writhes, and wriggles, and plunges so suddenly, that it threatens to play the mole and imitate a Derbyshire lead mine, as soon as it arrives at level ground. But at last, with a gentler inclination, it deposits me upon the rocky shore, and tells me I may now lounge and stare about me, without fear of breaking my neck.

The place is a tiny bay, formed

by a vast hollow in the cliff, which answers to the slope above. On the left is a natural archway in the rock, through which the waves are tumbling boisterously, like children breaking out of school. In the extreme distance, an alabaster cliff, surmounted by a tall loaf-sugar light-house, is stretching into the azure sea. But the spot itself on which I stand lies sheltered, snug, and hidden apparently from every mortal eye, beneath the overhanging ramparts of limestone.

I am not, however, the only living mortal there; at some distance stands a white-haired fisherman, in a scarlet nightcap, mending some bow-nets; nearer, a couple of naked-footed boys, with baskets at their backs, are searching for periwinkles; and, almost at the very foot of my little pathway, a martial figure, clad in a light slate-grey surtout, is seated on a ledge of rock, with a carbine and sabre at his side, as if he were posted there to repel some expected hostile invasion. He is one of the *douaniers*, or coast-guards stationed at the neighbouring village. At my approach, he rises and bows, and I cannot, without incivility, escape saying *Bonjour* in return.

"This is a magnificent scene!" I observed, as the most obvious remark I could make.

"Yes, it is superb; but still, it is very dull and lonely for me. Six hours here at a spell with nothing to do except watching the water, and without a soul to speak to, is

but melancholy work, although it is my trade. In summer, we frequently have visitors, like yourself, look in upon us here; but winter is coming, and you are now the last stranger in the place. It is cold too—so completely open to the north—and I come from the south, from the other side of Bordeaux. Of course, we expect to feel a little chilly in the night-watches; but, even by day, the winter's sun never shines at the foot of these tall cliffs; and English flannel is so prettily dear!"

"*Pardon!* Not so very dear," I replied, turning back the cuff of my coat sleeve. "This elastic under-garment, which keeps me warm almost from head to foot, cost me four francs, and will last me several winters."

"You could not buy such a one in France for double the money. We take care to keep so sharp a look-out, that the contrabandists would not find it very easy to land their English flannels here."

He pronounced this with a highly satisfied air. Coast-guard clan-feeling—perhaps I ought to say duty—had stifled every other consideration. After a while, he asked, "Is England the same as France? I know everything there is much dearer than here, but have you cliffs and seas like these? Have you fields, and soldiers, and coast-guards the same as we have?"

"In the first place," I answered, "everything is not dearer in England than in France. Besides flannel, which has just been men-

tioned, we have sugar, which you are all so fond of, better, and at little more than half the price; besides print dresses, iron, cutlery, and several other useful things. As to the sea, the cliffs, the fields, and so on, we have them all quite as beautiful as in France, and you would not find yourself altogether in a new world in England. We have also the honour to maintain a coast-guard."

"But have you good cider and wine, and plenty of them, like us?"

"Of cider we make a little, but not near enough. Wine we buy of you and other foreign nations; but our coast-guard makes them very dear in England, exactly as you make flannel, and sugar, and iron so costly in France. The last bottle of cider which I drank in London cost me a franc; the last bottle of Bordeaux, a good many francs — all in consequence of the polite attentions of the English *douaniers*."

"*Saprestie!* I shouldn't like that at all! A bottle of wine would be quite out of the question for such as me."

"Of course it would, just as much as a stock of fine lamb's-wool flannel shirts, like mine, are out of the question now, unless you smuggle them, which, as a man of honour, you cannot. But it is simply a game of tit for tat: both parties are punished alike. Two great nations, England and France, each maintain an army of

douaniers, for the purpose of cutting short one another's supplies. You go without sugar and flannel; that is to say, you have not half enough of either, and we, to the same extent, go without cider and wine. Excuse what I am saying — I mean no personal offence — but this double army of *douaniers* does more permanent and widespread mischief, than would a double army of soldiers on the field of battle; because, when the battle is over, and they have killed and wounded on each side as many fellow-creatures as they deem expedient, a peace may follow for ten, twenty, or even thirty years, during which men can make railways, discover electric telegraphs, build ocean steam-boats, and found colonies. But, between the two armies of *douaniers* the warfare is incessant; there is no interval of truce in which people can enjoy, even for a short-lived season, the transitory comfort of cheap sugar, and wine, and flannel, and cider. And if you have a mind for a few *camisoles* like mine, and wish your wife to go to mass next summer in a smart English *indienne* robe, I can see only one way in which it may be managed."

"*Ma foi!* Monsieur, I wish you would tell me."

"Listen, then, with all your ears. You know that you have as much cider as you can consume at home, and more. You know that during the long drought last spring, when water was scarce and had to be fetched from a long

distance, people in this neighbourhood made use of the weaker cider, or *boisson*, instead of water, as being the cheaper fluid of the two. You know that, in some years, there are so many apples and so much apple-juice, that you have not barrels sufficient to contain it, and that cart-loads and cart-loads of fruit are wasted, for want of vessels to put their produce in. And, as you come from the south, you know that in the wine provinces you could grow wine enough to supply all England, as well as all France, if you could only persuade the English to come and fetch it at a moderate price. Is not that the truth, Monsieur le Douanier?"

"Monsieur l'Anglais, it is the true truth," he replied, nodding his head in confirmation of every separate assertion which I made, as it was uttered.

"Well, then; the only way for you to have cheap flannel and sugar, and for us to have cheap wine, is this: On the line of coast between Dunkirk and Brest there is stationed, I think, a tolerably large army of Customs-men. You say that you are dull and cold for half the year in this romantic spot, and I have seen a good many of your comrades during my travels hither, who look just as dull and cold as you are. Suppose, then, that your Government were to give you something else to do by way of an amusing change; suppose it were to put this whole grand army of *douaniers* upon the retiring list, and then were to set

one half of them to make more cider-barrels and wine-casks, and the other half to plant more apple-trees and vineyards. Suppose that my Government were, in like manner, to discharge or pension off every coast-guard between the Godwin Sands and the Scilly Islands, and commission one half of them to build more trading vessels, and employ the other half to navigate them, and to bring to France clothing and garden tools, flannels, calicos, and pruning knives, to pay for your cider and wine and fruit, so that there should be nobody left on either shore to stop the comforts of life from being landed thereon; but that the very men who now prevent a mutual exchange of superfluities, should assist in handing them across the water, what do you think of that way of getting flannel waistcoats, not only for yourself, but for your rheumatic father, and your tall, pale-faced girl, who are neither of them a bit too warmly clad?"

"But the revenue, and the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of War, and the beet-root sugar manufacturers, and the iron-founders, and the spinners of *rouenneries* by foreign machinery worked by foreign coals?"

"There are divers ways of raising a revenue, besides starving, or at least pinching and inconveniencing one another to do it. In France, a dog-tax would bring you in a trifle, as well as serve to check a serious nuisance. But here comes one of your friends

to take his turn at your post. It may be sage not to let him overhear us discussing this important question. My motive for silence is not the difficulty about the revenue, but the immense changes which such a proposition would seem to imply."

"The changes!" he exclaimed, with a shrug of unrivalled expression. "It must be a wonderful change to surprise anybody in France. *Au plaisir*, Monsieur, I am going to dinner; and, on the word of a Frenchman, the secret you have just mentioned is as safe in my keeping, as if you had not confided it to a living soul."

BLACK-SKIN A-HEAD!

If there be any man, woman, or child alive who is not satiated with accounts of the South Sea whale fishery, will he, she, or it, be good enough to read what follows.

Thirty days out from Hobart Town, our vessel floated under an unbroken arch of pure blue sky, clear and translucent. On the distant horizon rested the light trade-wind clouds reflecting all the splendour of the rising sun. The quiet dreamy beauty of the scene was indescribable—so I am saved the trouble of describing it. The helmsman felt it and leaned sleepily against the wheel. The officer of the watch shut his eyes to it, and nodded on the sky-light. I, with head and arms resting on

the bulwarks, was chewing a quid, when from the topmast crosstrees a clear voice rang out, "There she spouts! Black-skin a-head! There, there she blows again!"—"Where away?" shouted the mate.—"Three points on the weather bow. Hurrah! There she breaches clean out! Single spouts—a school of sparms!" The quiet people of the ship were wakened up as though they had all suddenly been galvanized, and jumped about with a delirious activity. The captain rushed up half-dressed from his cabin, with one side of his face elaborately lathered, and a little rivulet of blood trickling from the other. The men blocked up the fore scuttle, and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to reach the deck. Then followed rapid orders, rapidly executed. The ship, which had been slipping along under double-reefed top-sail, foresail, and mizen, was easily hove to. "Haul up the foresail! Back the mainyard! Pass the tubs into the boats. Bear a hand, and jump in! See the tackle falls clear. Ready?"—"Ay, ay, Sir; all ready!"—"Lower away!" The falls whizzed through the davit heads; the men, already seated at their oars, struck out the instant the boats touched the water. Among the men who struck out I was one, and I was then about for the first time to commit assault and battery against the monarch of the sea, and help, if possible, to part leviathan among the merchants.

I take upon myself now to describe a whale boat. South Sea whalers may be distinguished at sea by their boats; they usually carry five, sometimes seven, hung over the side by tackles attached to wooden or iron cranes, called davits, the bow of each boat hanging from one davit and the stern from another. The tackle falls are carefully coiled upon the davits, so that they can be let go with a certainty of running clear; and to the bottom of the tackle blocks is attached a weight which instantly unhooks them when the boat touches the water. The boats are of peculiar shape; made low, and of great beam amidships, they gradually taper towards each end. Head and stern are alike, both sharp as a wedge, and raised by a gentle curve which traverses the whole length of the boat. The whale boats, being made in this way, are nearly flat-bottomed in the middle, and have little hold of the water. Their light build, sharp stems, and rounded sides, give them great swiftness; and their width and low centre of gravity cause them to be, when properly managed, very safe. They are steered by a long and heavy oar, which passes through a rope strap attached to the stern-post. The long leverage gives to the steersman great power over his boat, and enables him to alter her direction, or to turn her round in far less time than if he used the common rudder. In the stern of the boat is fixed a strong, round piece of timber called the logger-head, to which the towing rope is affixed, and which also serves to check the line when fast to a whale. The head-sheets are covered in by a strong board having a deep circular cut on its inner edge, used by the harpooner as a support when in the act of striking. The harpoon, or "iron" as we whalers call it — I say we whalers on the strength of my first cruise — is made of the very best wrought iron, so tough that it will twist into any shape without breaking. It is about three and a half feet in length, with a keen, flat, barbed point at one end, and at the other a socket, in which is inserted the point of a heavy pole or staff. The whale-line is firmly fastened to the iron itself, and then connected with the staff in such a manner that, when the blow is struck and the line tightens, the staff comes out of the socket, leaving only the iron in the whale. If this plan were not adopted, the heavy pole, by its own weight and its resistance to the water, would tear out the iron, and so we should lose the fish. When in chase, the harpoon lies on the boat's head with its point over the stem ready for immediate use. Two harpoons are frequently fastened to the same line. Beneath the gunnel in the bows are several brackets, containing a hatchet, knives, and a couple of lances. The whaler's lance resembles, in some measure, the harpoon — but instead of barbs, it has a fine steel blade, and is only attached to a short hand-line. Leather sheaths are provided

for all instruments when not in use.

In the stern, or sometimes in the middle of each whale boat, is the tub. In this the line is coiled with the greatest care, as the least hitch, when it is running out, would probably turn the whole boat's crew into the water. The line — which though small is of great strength — passes along the whole length of the boat, between the rowers, and runs on a roller fixed into the stem. The rollocks, in which the oars work, are muffled with rope matting. Every oar is fastened to the boat with a strong lanyard (a piece of small line), so that, when in tow of a whale, it can be tossed overboard — hanging by the lanyard — and leave all clear for the line to run out. Some boats are fitted with iron rollocks that move on a swivel; by these, the oars can be brought parallel to the boat's length, and yet remain shipped ready for use.

Each boat is usually manned by five hands and a headsman. The headsman steers during the chase, and afterwards he kills the whale, but does not "fasten to her" with the iron. He has sole charge of the boat; and every officer of a whaler is supposed to be a headsman. Each of the boat's crew bears a particular title, thus — there are the after or stroke oar's-man, the starboard and larboard midship oars-men, and the bow oarsman or boat-steerer. The bow oarsman — who pulls the foremost oar — is

harpooner, though not bearing that title, for it is unknown to South Sea whalers. He strikes the fish, and, as soon as possible, goes aft and takes the steer-oar; that is why he is called also boat-steerer. The headsman then takes his station in the bows, tends the line, and prepares to lance the whale when she rises. That is all I have to tell about the routine of a whale boat, and so now I can go on with my story.

Another boat lowered soon after we left the ship and pulled in our wake; she followed as a "pick up boat" in case of accident. The ship — which had still a boat's crew and the idlers aboard — with yards braced sharp up, and the leech of the top-gallant sail touching, was laying a course nearly parallel to our own. The chief mate "headed" the boat in which I rowed, and we had with us the best boat-steerer in the ship. Both were anxious to be first "fast" to the first whale of the season. For me, it was the first whale of my life, and, though I had been rather scared by the tough yarns of the old stagers about being "chawed up by whales," and eaten alive by sharks, yet the active exercise and rapid motion soon stirred my blood, and I shared fully in the general excitement. Three of our crew were natives of Tasmania (born of English parents), the best boatmen and the most daring whalers in the world; and, impelled by their powerful strokes,

our boat was soon considerably a-head of the others. Though able to pull a good oar in a common way, I quickly found that this was very different sport to any that I had before attempted. Our tough ash oars of eighteen feet length bent and buckled with the strain. The boat sprang from each vigorous stroke, and hummed through the water as a bullet through the air. The headsman standing in the stern, with the peg of the steer-oar grasped in his left hand, stamped and raved with excitement, throwing his body forward in sympathy with each stroke, and with the right hand "backing up" the after oar with all his strength. At the same time, he was encouraging and urging us to fresh exertions, making the most absurd promises in case of success, and threatening the boat-steerer with all sorts of awful consequences if he missed the whale. By this time we were in sight of the school, and, turning my head, I could distinguish several of the low bushy spouts of the sperm whale, and catch an occasional glimpse of a huge black mass rolling in the water. But there was no time for contemplation. Another boat was creeping up to us, and we were yet some distance from the game.

The headsman grew more frantic. "Give way, my sons! Lift her to it! Long strokes! Pile it on, my hearties! Well done, Derwenters! I've three pretty sisters you shall pick from. There she

blows again! Twenty minutes more, and it's our whale." Suddenly his face changed. "Turned flukes!" said he. The whales had disappeared, and with peaked oars we lay motionless on the water waiting their return to the surface. In a few minutes, a short gush of steam and spray broke midway between the two boats. Half-a-dozen long strokes. "Steady, my lads, softly, so ho! Stand up!" and the boat-steerer, peaking his oar, took his place in the bows. "Into her! Starn all!" shouted the headsman. Both irons were buried in the whale, which lay for an instant perfectly still, whilst we backed hastily. Then the great black flukes rose into the air, and the whale "sounded" or dived, the line running out of the tub, round the loggerhead at the stern and out at the head, with wonderful velocity. The wood smoked and cracked with the friction, and the boat's head sank under the pressure.

More than half the line was carried out before it slacked, and in the moment that it did so, we began to haul in again and coil away in the tub. But the "struck fish" quickly appeared, the momentum acquired in rising carrying him nearly clean out of the water. He was evidently "gallied" (frightened), making short darts in different directions; but, as the boat approached, he started off, "eyes out," at full speed. The line was now checked by a turn round the loggerhead, and only

allowed to surge out gradually. The boat's velocity became terrific. We were carried through the water at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Our little craft swept on in a deep trough; a huge wave of foam rolling a-head of us, and two green walls rising above the gunwale, threatening every moment to descend upon the boat, already half filled by the blinding spray. But, the huge animal to which our boat was harnessed soon tired of this labour, the line again slackened, and the monster lay on the surface writhing in agony, snapping his enormous jaws, and furiously lashing with his tail. As we coiled away the line, and as the distance between us and our prey decreased, I will candidly own that I was as "gallied" as the whale itself, and would have given my own share of him to have been absent from the scene. Habit accustoms a man even to whaling; but few men, when "fast," for the first time, feel altogether easy. Our headsman stood coolly in the bows, lance in hand, exclaiming — "Haul me up, and he's a dead whale! A hundred barreller! Lay me on, lads!" And with the boat's nose nearly touching, he plunged a lance repeatedly into its side. "Starn all!" The whale started ahead, but the keen weapon had reached "the life," and, spouting thick jets of blood, he fell into the "flurry." That was a tremendous spectacle. The enormous animal, convulsed in the agonies of death, rapidly circling in the midst of a

dizzy whirl of blood and foam, striking alternately with head and tail, vast sheets of water flying from beneath the mighty blows, which roared like cracks of thunder. At the same time, beyond the vortex, the light boat danced as in triumph at her victory; and yet her slight frame trembled and vibrated with each stroke, as though she shuddered at the havoc she had caused.

In a short time the struggling ceased: the whale turned slowly over. We had then leisure to look about us. The two other boats were both fast to one fish, and nearly out of sight to windward. The fourth boat had struck a whale, but lost him, from the irons having drawn, and she was now making towards us. Uniting our strength we took the prize in tow, and turned our course towards the ship, eight or nine miles distant. She was making a long stretch in the direction of the fast boats. It was afternoon when, with no better dinner than dry biscuit and water, and under a burning sun, we fastened our tow line, and commenced the weary drag — the hardest, but the most welcome part of a whaler's labour. With scorched faces and blistered hands, we pulled steadily on, lightening our toil with many a chorus, and making rough calculations of the value of our prize. It was nightfall when we reached the ship, and then the whale, having been firmly lashed alongside by strong chains and hawsers, everything was prepared for cut-

ting in next morning. Our ship-mates soon followed with their fish, which was dropped astern, and buoyed with empty casks to prevent its sinking; for whalers not unfrequently lose the fruits of their toil by such an accident. The ship remained hove to all night, and by daylight we were hard at work. I could then have a good look at our prize.

It was a large sperm whale or cachalot, the most valuable and the most ferocious of the tribe.

The sperm whale differs considerably, both in shape and habits, from the common Greenland whale, and from the "right whale" of the Pacific. Neither of these has teeth, but they have, instead of teeth, as is well known, a certain apparatus for procuring food. In the "right whale," with which only I have the pleasure of any actual acquaintance, there are attached to the whole surface of the roof of the mouth slabs of black bone, the common whale-bone. These slabs, which are from five to nine feet long, twelve inches wide in the broadest part, and half an inch thick, are ranged parallel to each other on their edges, with half-inch spaces between them. From each slab hangs a narrow fringe of hair, forming a complete network. With its mouth wide open the whale rushes through the immense shoals of medusæ that are found floating in the South Seas; then, closing its jaws and raising the lips, the water flows out and the little red creatures ("whale feed,"

sailors call them) are retained by the fringe. "What a capital shrimp trap!" said Sir Joseph Banks. The immense tongue, which sometimes yields six or seven barrels of oil, lies on the lower jaw. It is of a glossy white, so that when the capacious mouth is open, it may be compared fancifully to a grotesque chamber with a ceiling of hair cloth and a white satin carpet.

But the sperm whale, of which I have just described the capture, has not this apparatus. Its lower jaw contains a formidable row of more than forty teeth, the jaw itself being fifteen feet long. Some of these teeth are nine inches in circumference at the base, and fit into a groove adapted to them in the upper jaw. The roof of the mouth is, in the sperm whale, covered with glistening plates of a bluish white. These plates are said to act as a bait to the fishes upon which the whale feeds, for the cachalot does not confine himself to shrimps; and, though he usually dines upon "squid," or cuttle-fish, of which whole acres are found floating in the Pacific, yet he does not object to a dolphin or bonito, and even the wary shark sometimes has the bad luck to be eaten by the great sea ogre. Our whale measured fifty-four feet in length. Of the whole bulk, the head occupied nearly a third. Round the fins and lips hung hundreds of barnacles and whale lice, and I was only deterred from pronouncing our prize ugly by the fact that he was worth some six

or seven hundred pounds — a handsome sum.

Our cutting in was not delayed. Tackles were rove in the massive blocks that hung from the fore and main-mast heads; others were suspended from the yards and spans; and strong purchases were prepared to cant the whale, so as to get the blubber from his back and sides. The head was cut off and dropped astern for a while, until the carcass was disposed of, though this is an unusual mode of cutting in, and only practised in some ships. Strips of blubber, called "blanket pieces," were cut along the whole length of the fish. A wooden toggle having been passed through one end of the strip and a block hooked to it, the men in-board hoisted away, those on the whale loosening the mass with their blubber spades. Other toggles were inserted to form fresh supports; and when the blanket piece had been thus hoisted in, it was passed into the blubber room — a square apartment under the main hatch. Some of these blanket pieces will weigh thirty or forty hundredweight. In the blubber room they were cut into "horse pieces" more than a foot square, and piled in heaps, from which the blood and oil flowed out in streams. As the strips were cut off, the whale was canted, or turned, by the tackles until every morsel of fat had been stripped from the carcass.

While we were thus occupied, sea birds in thousands gathered

round the ship. The sea was covered with fatty matter and white patches of spermaceti, and from beneath us, shoals of sharks darted up at their dead enemy, tearing off large pieces of his flesh. The sharks prefer "whale beef" to a tough bony man.

The fins having been cut off, and the body of the whale clean picked, it was turned adrift, and, deprived of the light blubber, sank immediately. The "case," or head, was next brought alongside, the lower jaw being uppermost. This was separated from the case and hoisted on deck. The bony palate or upper jaw was then raised, and from beneath it was cut the "junk," an enormous mass of blubber, weighing some thousands of pounds. We had then reached the real case, in which is secreted the most valuable product of the sperm whale. Strong tackles hoisted it above the wash of the waves, and a hole was broken into it, through which buckets were let down and whipped on deck filled with the precious liquor. This was pure spermaceti: whalers call it "head-matter." When first extracted, it is a clear liquid slightly tinged with pink; but, on being exposed to the air it coagulates and solidifies. The oil with which it is mixed is expelled by pressure, and the spermaceti remains in hard masses of thin irregular flakes. The oil thus procured is the finest and purest of all animal oils, and burns with a peculiarly bright clear flame.

One of the men presently stepped into the case, and proceeded to knock down the partitions which divide it into several small apartments, each filled with head-matter. The whole space was thus turned into a large room.

The blubber having been separated from the "white horse" of the junk, all the remainder of the carcase was turned over to the sharks. "White horse" is a term sometimes applied to all the useless flesh of the whale, but more particularly to a mass of whitish stringy gristle, which covers the head, and seems to serve the purpose of a "cork fender" in defending it from blows.

The "try-works" were then in full play. They are three iron pots, firmly bedded in brick-work, amidships, with fire-places beneath them, separated from the deck by a pen filled with water. Into these pots a barrel of oil was poured from the case (which yields from twelve to twenty barrels), and the fires lighted. The "horse-pieces" were pitched upon deck from the blubber-room with a long fork, and carried to the "mincing horses" — small blocks or tables securely fastened to the deck. A boy holding a horse-piece on the block by a small hook, a man with a two-handled knife — resembling a joiner's drawing-knife turned upside down — rapidly cut it into thin slices, which just hung together. It was then a "book," ready for melting, or "trying out." The pots were well filled with books, and as the oil rose to

the surface it was skimmed off with a large ladle, and poured into a copper cooler, from whence it was transferred to casks, and safely stowed in the hold. Whalers require very little fuel, as the scraps that remain from the melted blubber are enough to keep the fires going.

A whale ship presents a strange scene during the process of trying out. The decks are literally swimming in oil: it covers the ropes, the men's clothes; the very galley and cooking coppers are saturated with it, and every mouthful of beef and biscuit has the whale flavour. The white sails are blackened by the smoke, and the neat trim ship of yesterday has suddenly become a floating mass of dirt and grease enveloped in thick, black, and stinking clouds. Our sails were nearly all furled at sundown, but the work went on all night. The fires threw a red glare on the ropes and spars, and, fed by the oily scraps, sprang up in vivid flames that lightened all the sea. Dark figures moved in the red gleam, armed with strange weapons, or stood beside great cauldrons, slowly stirring round their boiling broth. Unearthly noises and wild songs mingled with the low dash of the sea, the mournful creaking of the spars, and the sad moaning of the tainted wind; whilst over all hung a thick canopy of heavy smoke which, in that calm weather, drooped around the ship, and formed a fitting veil for such a dismal spectacle.

But, to the actors in it the scene had nothing of dismalness, for out of all this smoke and dirt, we were to get clean gold. We were sea alchemists. Every man in a whale-ship shares in the profits of the voyage, his wages being paid by the "lay." A certain share is appropriated by the owners of the ship, and the remainder is divided among the crew; the lay of a foremast hand, a common "spouter," being about a sixty-fifth in a colonial whaler. The value of both oil and bone is fixed before the ship sails, so that the markets have no effect on the "lay;" but the price thus fixed is always far below the actual value of the articles.

Few vessels are now fitted out in England for the South Sea fisheries: nearly all the British ships in the trade belong to Australian ports; their oil is discharged at the Antipodes, and then reshipped for London. Colonial whalers usually remain at sea six months, taking sperm whales when they can catch them, and filling up with black oil from the "right whale." But the trade is chiefly engrossed by the Americans, who have always a numerous fleet employed in it. At some seasons it is almost impossible to enter a port on the west coast of South America, in the South Sea Islands, or New Holland without finding a "Yankee spouter" refitting or refreshing. The number of American whalers has ranged, for some years, between six and seven hundred; but the increasing scarcity of fish has latterly decreased their

number. The additional expense incurred, in consequence of the length of time which it now takes to fill a ship, has rendered whaling a less profitable business than it used to be. The American vessels are usually fitted for a four years' voyage, and often remain that time at sea.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WE now come to King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been too much the fashion to call "Bluff King Hal," and "Burly King Harry," and other fine names; but whom I shall take the liberty to call, plainly, one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath. You will be able to judge, long before we come to the end of his life, whether he deserves the character.

He was just eighteen years of age when he came to the throne. People said he was handsome then; but I don't believe it. He was a big, burly, noisy, small-eyed, large-faced, doubled-chinned, swinish looking fellow in later life (as we know from the likenesses of him, painted by the famous HANS HOLBEIN), and it is not easy to believe that so bad a character can ever have been veiled under a prepossessing appearance.

He was anxious to make himself popular, and the people, who had

long disliked the late King, were very willing to believe that he deserved to be so. He was extremely fond of show and display, and so were they. Therefore there was great rejoicing when he married the Princess Catherine, and when they were both crowned. And the King fought at tournaments and always came off victorious — for the courtiers took care of that — and there was a general outcry that he was a wonderful man. Empson, Dudley, and their supporters were accused of a variety of crimes they had never committed, instead of the offences of which they really had been guilty; and they were pilloried, and set upon horses with their faces to the tails, and knocked about, and beheaded, to the satisfaction of the people, and the enrichment of the King.

The Pope, so indefatigable in getting the world into trouble, had mixed himself up in a war on the continent of Europe, occasioned by the reigning Princes of little quarrelling states in Italy having at various times married into other Royal families, and so led to *their* claiming a share in those petty Governments. The King, who discovered that he was very fond of the Pope, sent a herald to the King of France, to say that he must not make war upon that holy personage, because he was the father of all Christians. As the French King did not mind this relationship in the least, and also refused to admit a claim King Henry made to certain lands in France, war was declared between the two countries. Not to perplex this story with an account of the tricks and designs of all the sovereigns who were engaged in it, it is enough to say that England made a blundering alliance with Spain, and got stupidly taken in by that country, which made its own terms with France when it could, and left England in the lurch. SIR EDWARD HOWARD, a bold admiral, son of the Earl of Surrey, distinguished himself by his bravery against the French in this business; but, unfortunately, he was more brave than wise, for, skimming into the French harbour of Brest with only a few row-boats, he attempted (in revenge for the defeat and death of SIR THOMAS KNYVETT, another bold English Admiral) to take some strong French ships, well defended with batteries of cannon. The upshot was, that he was left on board of one of them (in consequence of its shooting away from his own boat), with not more than about a dozen men, and was thrown into the sea and drowned: though not until he had taken from his breast his gold chain and gold whistle, which were the signs of his office, and had cast them into the sea to prevent their being made a boast of by the enemy. After this defeat — which was a great one, for Sir Edward Howard was a man of valour and fame — the King took it into his head to invade France in person, first executing that dangerous Earl of

Suffolk whom his father had left in the Tower, and appointing Queen Catherine to the charge of his kingdom in his absence. He sailed to Calais, where he was joined by MAXIMILIAN, Emperor of Germany, who pretended to be his soldier, and who took pay in his service: with a good deal of nonsense of that sort, flattering enough to the vanity of a vain blusterer. The King might be successful enough in sham fights, but his idea of real battles chiefly consisted in pitching silken tents of bright colours that were ignominiously blown down by the wind, and in making a vast display of gaudy flags and golden curtains. Fortune, however, favoured him better than he deserved, for, after much waste of time in tent pitching, flag flying, gold curtaining, and other such masquerading, he gave the French battle at a place called Guinegate: where they took such an unaccountable panic, and fled with such swiftness, that it was ever afterwards called by the English the Battle of Spurs. Instead of following up his advantage, the King, finding that he had had enough of real fighting, came home again.

The Scottish King, though nearly related to Henry by marriage, had taken part against him in this war. The Earl of Surrey, as the English general, advanced to meet him when he came out of his own dominions and crossed the river Tweed. The two armies came up with one another when the Scottish King had also crossed

the river Till, and was encamped upon the last of the Cheviot Hills, called the Hill of Flodden. Along the plain below it, the English, when the hour of battle came, advanced. The Scottish army, which had been drawn up in five great bodies, then came steadily down, in perfect silence. So they, in their turn, advanced to meet the English army which came on in one long line; and they attacked it with a body of spearmen, under LORD HOME. At first they had the best of it, but the English recovered themselves so bravely, and fought with such valour, that when the Scottish King had almost made his way up to the Royal standard, he was slain, and the whole Scottish power routed. Ten thousand Scottish men lay dead that day on Flodden Field, and among them, numbers of the nobility and gentry. For a long time afterwards, the Scottish peasantry used to believe that their King had not been really killed in this battle, because no Englishman had found an iron belt he wore about his body as a penance for having been an unnatural and undutiful son. But, whatever became of his belt, the English had his sword and dagger, and the ring from his finger, and his body too, covered with wounds. There is no doubt of it, for it was seen and recognised by English gentlemen who had known the Scottish King well.

When King Henry was making ready to renew the war in France, the French King was contempla-

ting peace. His queen dying at this time, he proposed, though he was upwards of fifty years old, to marry King Henry's sister, the Princess Mary, who, besides being only sixteen, was betrothed to the Duke of Suffolk. As the inclinations of young Princesses were not much considered in such matters, the marriage was concluded, and the poor girl was escorted to France, where she was immediately left as the French King's bride, with only one of all her English attendants. That one was a pretty young girl named ANNE BOLEYN, niece of the Earl of Surrey, who had been made Duke of Norfolk after the victory of Flodden Field. Anne Boleyn's is a name to be remembered, as you will presently find.

And now the French King, who was very proud of his young wife, was preparing for many years of happiness, and she was looking forward, I dare say, to many years of misery, when he died within three months, and left her a young widow. The new French monarch, FRANCIS THE FIRST, seeing how important it was to his interests that she should take for her second husband no one but an Englishman, advised her first lover, the Duke of Suffolk, when King Henry sent him over to France to fetch her home, to marry her. The Princess, being herself so fond of that Duke, as to tell him that he must either do so then, or for ever lose her, they were wedded; and Henry afterwards forgave them. In making

interest with the King, the Duke of Suffolk had addressed his most powerful favourite and adviser, THOMAS WOLSEY — a name very famous in history for its rise and downfall.

Wolsey was the son of a respectable butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk, who gave him so excellent an education that he became a tutor to the family of the Marquis of Dorset, who afterwards got him appointed one of the late King's chaplains. On the accession of Henry the Eighth, he was promoted and taken into great favour. He was now Archbishop of York; the Pope had made him a Cardinal besides; and whoever wanted influence in England, or favour with the King, whether he were a foreign monarch, or an English nobleman, was obliged to make a friend of the great Cardinal Wolsey.

He was a gay man, who could dance and jest, and sing and drink; and those were the roads to so much, or rather so little, of a heart as King Henry had. He was wonderfully fond of pomp and glitter, and so was the King. He knew a good deal of the Church learning of that time, much of which consisted in finding artful excuses and pretences for almost any wrong thing, and in arguing that black was white, or any other colour. This kind of learning pleased the King too. For many such reasons, the Cardinal was high in estimation with the King, and being a man of far greater ability, knew as well how

to manage him, as a clever keeper may know how to manage a wolf or a tiger, or any other cruel and uncertain beast, that may turn upon him and tear him any day. Never had there been seen in England such state as my Lord Cardinal kept. His wealth was enormous: equal, it was reckoned, to the riches of the Crown. His palaces were as splendid as the King's, and his retinue eight hundred strong. He held his Court, dressed out from top to toe in flaming scarlet, and his very shoes were golden, set with precious stones. His followers rode on blood horses, while he, with a wonderful affectation of humility in the midst of his great splendour, ambled on a mule with a red velvet saddle and bridle and golden stirrups.

Through the influence of this stately priest, a grand meeting was arranged to take place, in France, but on ground belonging to England, between the French and English Kings. A prodigious show of friendship and rejoicing was to be made on the occasion, and heralds were sent to proclaim with brazen trumpets through all the principal cities of Europe, that on a certain day, the Kings of France and England, as companions and brothers in arms, each attended by eighteen followers, would hold a tournament against all knights who might choose to come.

CHARLES, the new Emperor of Germany (the old one being dead),

wanted to prevent too cordial an alliance between these sovereigns, and so came over to England before the King could repair to the place of meeting; and besides making an agreeable impression upon him, secured Wolsey's interest by promising that his influence should make him Pope when the next vacancy occurred. On the day when the Emperor left England, the King and all the Court went over to Calais, and thence to the place of meeting, between Ardres and Guisnes, commonly called the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here, all manner of expense and prodigality was lavished on the decorations of the show; many of the knights and gentlemen being so superbly dressed that it was said they carried their whole estates upon their shoulders.

There were sham castles, temporary chapels, fountains running wine, great cellars full of wine free as water to all comers, silk tents, gold lace and foil, gilt lions, and such things without end; and, in the midst of all, the rich Cardinal out-shone and out-glittered all the noblemen and gentlemen assembled. After a treaty made between the two Kings with as much solemnity as if they had intended to keep it, the lists — nine hundred feet long, and three hundred and twenty broad — were opened for the tournament; the Queens of France and England looking on with great array of lord and ladies. Then, for ten days, the

two sovereigns fought five combats every day, and always beat their polite adversaries — though they do write that the King of England being thrown in a wrestle one day by the King of France, lost his kingly temper with his brother in arms, and wanted to make a quarrel of it. Then, there is a great story belonging to this Field of the Cloth of Gold, showing how the English were distrustful of the French, and the French of the English, until Francis rode alone one morning to Henry's tent, and, going in before he was out of bed, told him in joke that he was his prisoner; and how Henry jumped out of bed and embraced Francis; and how Francis helped Henry to dress, and warmed his linen for him; and how Henry gave Francis a splendid jewelled collar, and how Francis gave Henry, in return, a costly bracelet. All this and a great deal more was so written about, and sung about, and talked about at that time (and, indeed, since that time too), that the world has had good cause to be sick of it, for ever.

Of course, nothing came of all these fine doings but a speedy renewal of the war between England and France, in which the two Royal companions and brothers in arms longed very earnestly to damage one another. But, before it broke out again, the Duke of Buckingham was shamefully executed on Tower Hill, on the evidence of a discharged servant — really for nothing, except the

folly of having believed in a friar of the name of HOPKINS, who had pretended to be a prophet, and who had mumbled and jumbled out some nonsense about the Duke's son being destined to be very great in the land. It was believed that the unfortunate Duke had given offence to the great Cardinal by expressing his mind freely about the expense and absurdity of the whole business of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At any rate, he was beheaded, as I have said, for nothing. And the people who saw it done were very angry, and cried out that it was the work of "the butcher's son!"

The new war was a short one, though the Earl of Surrey invaded France again, and did some injury to that country. It ended in another treaty of peace between the two kingdoms, and in the discovery that the Emperor of Germany was not such a good friend to England in reality, as he pretended to be. Neither did he keep his promise to Wolsey to make him Pope, though the King urged him. Two Popes died in pretty quick succession, but the foreign priests were too much for the Cardinal, and kept him out of the post. So the Cardinal and King together found out that the Emperor of Germany was not a man to keep faith with; broke off a projected marriage between the King's daughter MARY, Princess of Wales, and that sovereign; and began to consider whether it might not be well to marry the

young lady, either to Francis himself, or to his eldest son.

There now arose at Wittemberg, in Germany, the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called The Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned Doctor, named MARTIN LUTHER, who knew all about them, for he had been a priest and even a monk, himself. The preaching and writing of Wickliffe, mentioned in a former article, had set a number of men thinking on this subject; and Luther, finding one day, to his great surprise, that there really was a book called the New Testament which the priests did not allow to be read, and which contained truths that they suppressed, began to be very vigorous against the whole body, from the Pope downward. It happened, while he was yet only beginning his vast work of awakening the nation, that an impudent fellow named TETZEL, a friar of very bad character, came into his neighbourhood selling what were called Indulgences, by wholesale, to raise money for beautifying the great Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome. Whoever bought an Indulgence of the Pope was supposed to buy himself off from the punishment of Heaven for his offences. Luther told the people that these Indulgences were worthless bits of paper, before God, and that Tetzel and his masters were a crew of impostors in selling them.

The King and the Cardinal were mightily indignant at this presumption; and the King (with the help of SIR THOMAS MORE, a wise man, whom he afterwards repaid by striking off his head) even wrote a book about it, with which the Pope was so well pleased that he gave the King the title of Defender of the Faith. The King and the Cardinal also issued flaming warnings to the people not to read Luther's books, on pain of excommunication. But, they did read them for all that; and the rumour of what was in them, spread far and wide.

When this great change was thus going on, the King began to show himself in his truest and worst colours. Anne Boleyn, the pretty little girl who had gone abroad to France with his sister, was by this time grown up to be very beautiful, and was one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Catherine. Now, Queen Catherine was no longer young or handsome, and it is likely that she was not particularly good-tempered, having been always rather melancholy, and having been made more so by the deaths of four of her children when they were very young. So, the King fell in love with the fair Anne Boleyn, and said to himself, "How can I best get rid of my own troublesome wife whom I am tired of, and marry Anne?"

You recollect that Queen Catherine had been the wife of Henry's young brother. What

does the King do, after thinking it over, but calls his favourite priests about him, and says, O, his mind is in such a dreadful state, and he is so frightfully uneasy, because he is afraid it was not lawful for him to marry the Queen! Not one of those priests had the courage to hint that it was rather curious he had never thought of that before, and that his mind seemed to have been in a tolerably jolly condition during a great many years, in which he certainly had not fretted himself thin; but, they all said, Ah! that was very true, and it was a serious business; and perhaps the best way to make it right, would be for His Majesty to be divorced! The King replied, Yes, he thought that would be the best way, certainly; so they all went to work.

If I were to relate to you the intrigues and plots that took place in the endeavour to get this divorce, you would think the History of England the most tiresome book in the world. So I shall say no more, than that after a vast deal of negociation and evasion, the Pope issued a commission to Cardinal Wolsey and CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, (whom he sent over from Italy for the purpose) to try the whole case in England. It is supposed — and I think with reason — that Wolsey was the Queen's enemy, because she had reproved him for his proud and gorgeous manner of life. But, he did not at first know that the King wanted to marry Anne Boleyn; and when he did know it, he even

went down on his knees, in the endeavour to dissuade him.

The Cardinals opened their court in the Convent of the Black Friars, near to where the bridge of that name in London now stands; and the King and Queen, that they might be near it, took up their lodgings at the adjoining palace of Bridewell, of which nothing now remains but a bad prison. On the opening of the court, when the King and Queen were called on to appear, that poor ill-used lady, with a dignity and firmness and yet with a womanly affection worthy to be always admired, went and kneeled at the King's feet, and said that she had come, a stranger, to his dominions; that she had been a good and true wife to him for twenty years; and that she could acknowledge no power in those Cardinals to try whether she should be considered his wife after all that time, or should be put away. With that, she got up and left the court, and would never afterwards come back to it.

The King pretended to be very much overcome, and said, O! my lords and gentlemen, what a good woman she was to be sure, and how delighted he would be to live with her unto death, but for that terrible uneasiness in his mind which was quite wearing him away! So, the case went on, and there was nothing but talk for two months. Then Cardinal Campeggio who, on behalf of the Pope, wanted nothing so much as delay,

adjourned it for two more; and before that time was elapsed, the Pope himself adjourned it indefinitely, by requiring the King and Queen to come to Rome and have it tried there. But by good luck for the King, word was brought to him by some of his people, that they had happened to meet at supper THOMAS CRANMER, a learned Doctor of Cambridge, who had proposed to urge the Pope on, by referring the case to all the learned doctors and bishops, here and there and everywhere, and getting their opinions that the King's marriage was unlawful. The King, who was now getting into a hurry to marry Anne Boleyn, thought this such a good idea, that he sent for Cranmer, post haste, and said to LORD ROCHFORD, Anne Boleyn's father, "Take this learned Doctor down to your country-house, and there let him have a good room for a study, and no end of books out of which to prove that I may marry your daughter." Lord Rochfort, not at all reluctant, made the learned Doctor as comfortable as he could, and the learned Doctor went to work to prove his case. All this time, the King and Anne Boleyn were writing letters to one another almost daily, full of impatience to have the case settled; and Anne Boleyn was showing herself (as I think) very worthy of the fate which afterwards befell her.

It was bad for Cardinal Wolsey that he had left Cranmer to render this help. It was worse for him

that he had tried to dissuade the King from marrying Anne Boleyn. Such a servant as he, to such a master as Henry, would probably have fallen in any case; but, between the hatred of the party of the Queen that was, and the hatred of the party of the Queen that was to be, he fell suddenly and heavily. Going down one day to the Court of Chancery, where he now presided, he was waited upon by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, who told him that they brought an order to him to resign that office, and to withdraw quietly to a house he had at Esher, in Surrey. The Cardinal refusing, they rode off to the King, and next day came back with a letter from him, on reading which, the Cardinal submitted. An inventory was made out of all the riches in his palace at York Place (now Whitehall), and he went sorrowfully up the river, in his barge, to Putney. An abject man he was, in spite of his pride, for being overtaken, as he was riding out of that place towards Esher, by one of the King's chamberlains who brought him a kind message and a ring, he alighted from his mule, took off his cap, and kneeled down in the dirt. His poor fool, whom in his prosperous days he had always kept in his palace to entertain him, cut a far better figure than he; for, when the Cardinal said to the chamberlain that he had nothing to send to his lord the King as a present, but that jester who was a most excellent one, it took six strong

yeomen to remove the faithful fool from his master.

The once proud Cardinal was soon further disgraced, and wrote the most abject letters to his vile sovereign, who humbled him one day and encouraged him the next, according to his humour, until he was at last ordered to go and reside in his diocese of York. He said he was too poor, but I don't know how he made that out, for he took a hundred and sixty servants with him, and seventy-two cart-loads of furniture, food, and wine. He remained in that part of the country for the best part of a year, and showed himself so improved by his misfortunes, and was so mild and so conciliating that he won all hearts. And indeed, even in his proud days, he had done some magnificent things for learning and education. At last, he was arrested for high treason, and coming slowly on his journey towards London, got as far as Leicester. Arriving at Leicester Abbey after dark and very ill, he said, when the monks came out at the gate with lighted torches to receive him, that he had come to lay his bones among them. He had indeed, for he was taken to a bed, from which he never rose again. His last words were, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over, in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is my just reward for my pains and diligence, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my Prince." The

news of his death was quickly carried to the King, who was amusing himself with archery in the garden of the magnificent Palace at Hampton Court, which that very Wolsey had presented to him. The greatest emotion his Royal mind displayed, at the loss of a servant so faithful and so ruined, was a particular desire to lay hold of fifteen hundred pounds which the Cardinal was reported to have hidden somewhere.

The opinions concerning the divorce, of the learned doctors and bishops and others, being at last collected, and being generally in the King's favour, were forwarded to the Pope, with an entreaty that he would now grant it. The unfortunate Pope, who was a timid man, was half distracted between his fear of his authority being set aside in England if he did not do as he was asked, and his dread of offending the Emperor of Germany, who was Queen Catherine's nephew. In this state of mind, he still evaded and did nothing. Then, THOMAS CROMWELL, who had been one of Wolsey's faithful attendants and had remained so, even in his decline, advised the King to take the matter into his own hands, and make himself the head of the whole Church. This, the King, by various artful means, began to do, but he recompensed the clergy by allowing them to burn as many people as they pleased, for holding Luther's opinions. You must understand that Sir Thomas More, the wise man who had helped the King

with his book, had been made Chancellor in Wolsey's place. But, as he was truly attached to the Church as it was, even in its abuses, he in this state of things resigned.

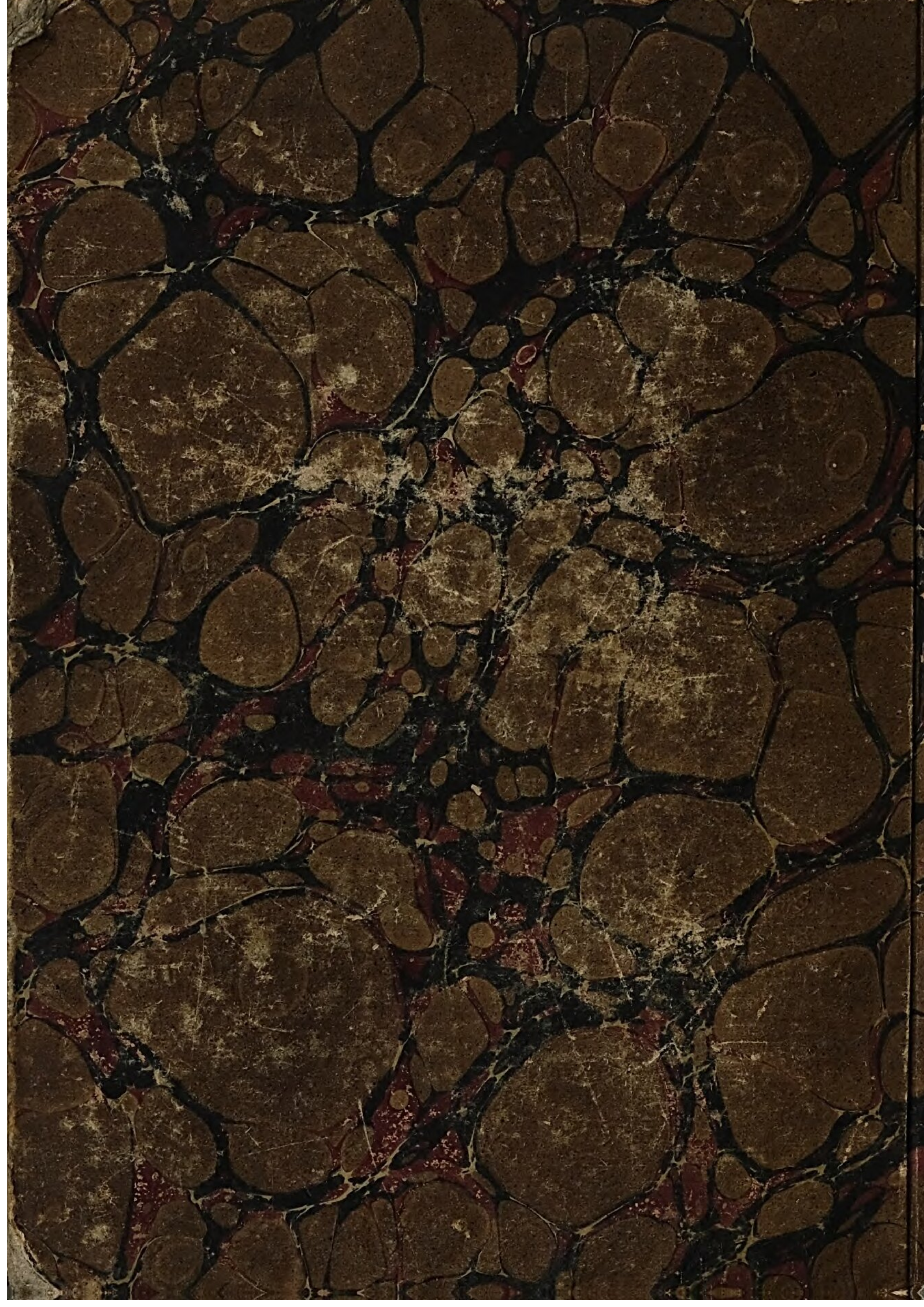
Being now quite resolved to get rid of Queen Catherine, and marry Anne Boleyn without more ado, the King made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, and directed Queen Catherine to leave the Court. She obeyed, but replied that wherever she went, she was Queen of England still, and would remain so, to the last. The King then married Anne Boleyn privately; and the new Archbishop of Canterbury, within half a year, declared his marriage with Queen Catherine void, and crowned Anne Boleyn Queen.

She might have known that no good could ever come from such wrong, and that the corpulent brute who had been so faithless and so cruel to his first wife, could be more faithless and more cruel to his second. She might have known that, even when he was in love with her, he had been a mean and selfish coward, running away, like a frightened cur, from her society and her house, when a dangerous sickness broke out in it, and when she might easily have taken it and died, as several of the household did. But, Anne Boleyn arrived at all this knowledge too late, and bought it at a dear price. Her bad marriage with a worse man came to its natural end. Its natural end was not, as we shall too soon see, a natural death for her.

END OF VOL. XVII.

3/1/84.

✓



Dickens, Charles,

Household words

Bd.: 17

Leipzig 1853

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.40

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11715089-2